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THE MODERN SCREEN

Magazine

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Kay Francis

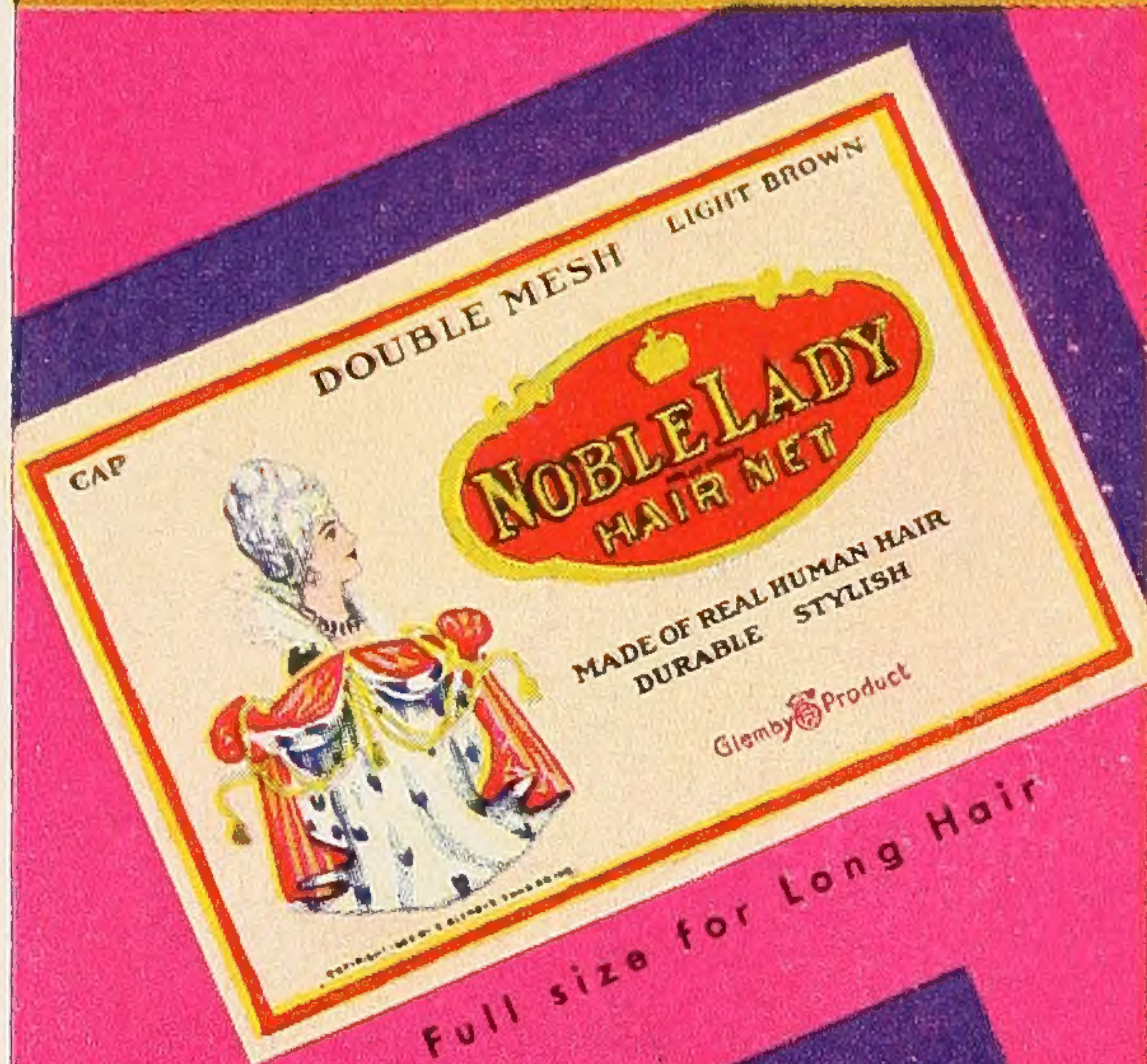
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HIDING
PLACE

EAVESDROPPING ON
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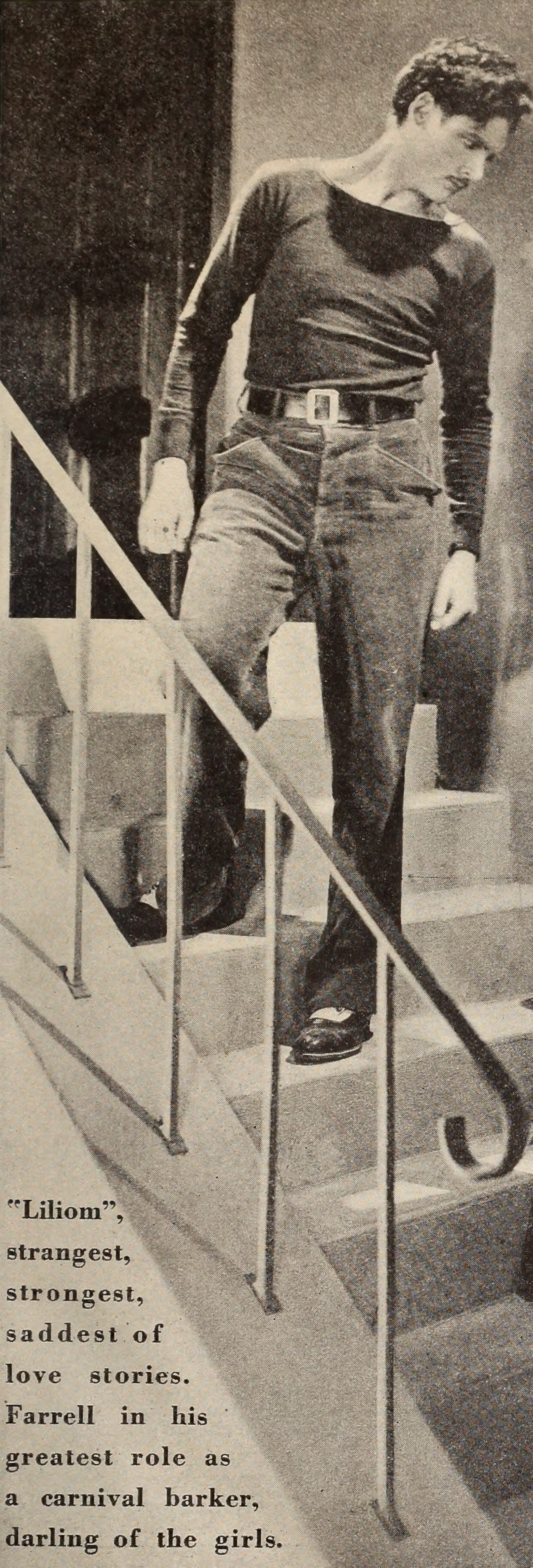
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THE MODERN SCREEN Magazine

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Ernest V. Heyn, Managing Editor

K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor

Walter Ramsey, Western Representative

The MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Forecast for next month:

Thyra Samter Winslow

whose amazingly human stories have graced the pages of most all the leading periodicals, including Liberty, the Saturday Evening Post, Redbook, Cosmopolitan, etc., again is represented in the MODERN SCREEN Magazine with an article which strikes a fascinatingly reminiscent key—containing hitherto unpublished data about important screen personalities, past and present.

Adele Whitely Fletcher

that ever wide-awake interpreter of Hollywood personalities and developments, follows up her courageous letter to Clara Bow, which appears in this issue, with a most helpful and interesting feature, containing the hairdressing advice and suggestions of several of the important studio beauty and make-up experts. This is an article no woman of any age can afford to miss.

Carroll and Garrett Graham

exuberant and fearless authors of that riotous and scathing novel of Hollywood life, "Queer People," continue their career of shocking and fascinating film fans with a stimulating article called, "Queerer People," in which they expose and describe many of the amazing personalities who go to make up the Hollywood scene.

Wynn

whose readings of folks' destinies in the Zodiac during the past decade have amazed these same folks with the accuracy and almost gruesome actuality of his analyses and predictions, offers the readers of the MODERN SCREEN Magazine a startling astrological analysis of JANET GAYNOR.

Walter Ramsey

that writer of Hollywood doings and personalities whose viewpoint is unequalled for enthusiasm, interest, and vitality, continues his series, "The Unknown Hollywood," which presents to the American public aspects of the film capital never before revealed, as well as his "Little Impressions of Big People," which, in this issue, offers that amazing story called "Garbo the Athlete." Walter Ramsey writes exclusively for the MODERN SCREEN Magazine.

Besides:

Chevalier's Paris Days

in which Charleson Gray unearths some amazing facts about the Frenchman's pre-America experiences.

Charlie Chaplin's Secret Sorrow

in which Bob Moak reveals "The Little Mouse" and its startling importance in the great comedian's life.

And many other completely entertaining and often invaluable instructive features and departments: the MODERN SCREEN Magazine Directory of Players and Pictures brought up to the minute, George Gerhardt's continuation of his department, "Hollywood Highlights," another installment of "All Joking Aside," by Jack Welsh, continuations of the series "Hollywood Wardrobes" (Lilyan Tashman next month), "Scoops of the Month," reviews of current films, and Mary Biddle's most helpful "Beauty Advice."

Space prohibits further description of the many other features, novelties, and picture pages which will make the next issue of the MODERN SCREEN Magazine one of the finest numbers of any film publication ever printed. Don't miss it.

ON SALE AT ALL S. S. KRESGE
AND S. H. KRESS STORES ABOUT
NOVEMBER 15



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THE MODERN SCREEN

(PLAYERS)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE ROLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

ALVARADO, DON; married to a non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at United Artists Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Fall Guy," RKO and "For The Love O'Lil," Columbia. Now at work on "Lightnin'," Fox.

AMES, ROBERT; married to Marion Oakes; born in Hartford, Conn. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. "Marianne," "The Trespasser," United Artists, "Rich People," Pathe. Johnny Case in "Holiday," Pathe.

ADOREE, RENEE, unmarried; born in Lille, France. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Tide of Empire," and "The Singer of Seville," M-G-M. Now recovering after several months illness.

ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to non-professional; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "The Wild Party," and "So This is London," Fox. Now at work on "Just Imagine."

ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in Charlottesville, Va. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Jim Cleve in "The Border Legion." Philip "Pink" Barker in "The Sea God." Now at work as Lawrence Payne in "Social Errors."

ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Brothers Studio. Contract star. The Raja in "The Green Goddess." Title role in "Disraeli." Heythorp in "Old English."

ARMIDA; unmarried; born in Sonora, Mexico. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player. Lead opposite John Barrymore in "General Crack." Featured role in "Under a Texas Moon." Now on vaudeville tour.

ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; married to Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at Pathe Studio. Contract star. Keene in "The Racketeer." Dude in "Oh Yeah?" Loaned to RKO for Larry Doyle in "Danger Lights."

ARTHUR, GEORGE K.; married to non-professional; born in Aberdeen, Scotland. Write him at Darmour Studio. Contract player. Featured in series of two reel comedies for RKO release.

ARTHUR, JEAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Lia Eltham in "The Return of

Gangster in "Handful of Clouds," Warner Brothers. Now playing Billy Benson in "East is West," Universal.

BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Cal. Write him at Universal Studio. Free lance player. Jimmy in "On With the Show," Warner Brothers. Juvenile lead in "The Gold Diggers," Warner Brothers. Featured role in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Now working in "Dark Star," M-G-M.

BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Haynes Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National Studio. Contract star. Dick Courtney in "Dawn Patrol." Now at work in "Adios."

BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello. Born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Warner Brothers Studio. Contract star. Title role in "General Crack." Lord Strathpeffer in "The Man From Blankley's." Capt. Ahab in "Moby Dick."

BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player and director. Featured roles in "Mysterious Island," "West of Zanzibar," for M-G-M and "Stark Mad," for Warner Brothers. Now devoting his energies to directing.

BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Boroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Blake Greeson in "The Mighty." Joe Forziati in "Ladies Love Brutes." Featured in "Paramount on Parade." Now working as Bill Rafferty in "Typhoon Bill."

BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract star. The Cisco Kid in "In Old Arizona." Title role in "The Cisco Kid." About to start work in stellar role in "The Modern World."

BEERY, NOAH; separated from Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National Studio. Contract player.

Here are the stars' birthdays for the next few weeks.
Why not drop them a line of congratulations?

Robert Armstrong	Nov. 20	Laura La Plante	Nov. 1
Jean Arthur	Oct. 17	Rod La Rocque	Nov. 29
Constance Bennett	Oct. 10	Charles Mack	Oct. 13
Sue Carol	Oct. 30	Marian Nixon	Oct. 20
Nancy Carroll	Nov. 19	Jack Oakie	Nov. 12
Reginald Denny	Nov. 30	Marie Prevost	Nov. 6
Karl Dane	Oct. 12	Will Rogers	Nov. 4
Janet Gaynor	Oct. 6	Lewis Stone	Nov. 15
James Hall	Oct. 20	Lilyan Tashman	Oct. 23
Buster Keaton	Oct. 4	H. B. Warner	Oct. 26

Dr. Fu Manchu." Loaned to RKO for Mary Ryan in "Danger Lights."

ASTOR, MARY; widow; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at First National Studio. Free lance player. Julia Seaton in "Holiday." Richard Barthelmess' sweetheart in "Adios."

AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to non-professional; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Basil Piston in "Let's Go Native." Sylvester Wadsworth in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." Now working as Lord Eustace Farrington in "Along Came Youth."

AYRES, LEWIS; unmarried; born in Minneapolis Minn. Write him at Universal Studio. Contract player. Young lover in "The Kiss," M-G-M. Leading role in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Lead in "Common Clay," Universal. The

DIRECTORY

Bolshevik leader in "The Song of the Flame."

BEERY, WALLACE; separated from Mary Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Butch, in "The Big House." Now at work in "Dark Star."

BELL, REX; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Taking a Chance," and "They Had to See Paris."

BENNETT, CONSTANCE; divorced; born in New York City. Write her at Pathe Studio. Contract star. Loaned to Warner Brothers as international spy in "Three Faces East." Co-starred in "Common Clay" for Fox. Next Pathe starring vehicle now being written.

BENNETT, JOAN; divorced; born in New York City. Write her at United Artists Studio. Contract player. Feminine lead opposite John Barrymore in "Moby Dick," Warner Brothers. Now starring in "Smilin' Thru," United Artists.

BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. The miner in "Dynamite," Matt in "Anna Christie." Now at work on "The Passion Flower."

BLACKMER, SYDNEY; married to Lenore Ulric; born in Salisbury, N. C. Write him at First National Studio. Contract player. Geoffrey Brand in "Woman Hungry." Morgan Pell in "The Bad Man." Now working in "Kismet."

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Universal Studio. Contract star. Featured in "The King of Jazz." Now playing male lead in "Lilli," United Artists.

BORDEN, OLIVE; unmarried; born in Richmond, Va. Write her at RKO Studio. Free lance player. Gloria Staunton in "The Social Lion," Paramount. Eve Quinn in "Wedding Rings." Now in New York.

BOW, CLARA; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Ruby Nolan in "True to the Navy." Pepper in "Love Among the Millionaires." Now working as Norma Martin in "Her Wedding Night."

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at Pathe Studio. Contract player. Bill O'Brien in "Officer O'Brien." Now working as Bill Thatcher in "Beyond Victory."

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Burt; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract player. Olesen in "The Cockeyed World." Featured roles in "The Big Trail" and "Svenson's Wild Party." Now at work on "Just Imagine."

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO Studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Framed." Now playing in "The Silver Horde."

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Ruth Hammond in "The Light of Western Stars." Cynthia Brown in "The Social Lion." Now playing Barbara Tanner in "Social Errors."

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn Frances McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National Studio. Contract player. Elmer Peters in "Top Speed." Rollo Smith in "Going Wild." Now at work on "Sit Tight."

BROWN, JOHNNY MACK; married; born in Dothan, Alabama. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Title role in "Billy The Kid." Now at work on "The Great Meadow" and "Great Day."

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO Studio. Contract player. Molly O'Neal in "Dancing Sweeties." Marie Thurston in "She's My Weakness." Marybelle Cobb in "The Golden Calf." Now playing
(Continued on page 120)

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California.
Pathe Studios, Culver City, California.
RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

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THE MODERN SCREEN



Dick Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a thrilling moment from "The Dawn Patrol." This ranks as one of the best air pictures ever to come out of good old Hollywood.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*United Artists*)—Reviewed in this issue.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (*Universal*)—The late war depicted in an amazing style. Don't fail to see it. Although—if you have a weak stomach—you may have to close your eyes in some sequences.

ANIMAL CRACKERS (*Paramount*)—The Marx Brothers again put over a corking comedy. You'll love it.

ANYBODY'S WAR (*Paramount*)—The Two Black Crows get mixed up in the A. E. F. and a lot of good comedy. Better go and see it.

ANYBODY'S WOMAN (*Paramount*)—Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in a story about a chorus girl who wanted to be a lady. The Chatterton plays a new type of rôle unusually well.

THE BAD MAN (*First National*)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE BIG HOUSE (*M-G-M*)—A corking story of life behind bars. Nothing to do with a speakeasy. Of course, there's a jail-break with tanks and what all, but it's good. Wallace Beery as Butch is great.

THE BIG POND (*Paramount*)—Meestair Chevalier is at it again, this time as a Frenchman who comes to America and marries the boss's daughter. The story is not terribly hot, but Chevalier is at his best, as usual.

THE BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT (*First National*)—This has everything in it but still does not quite come up to being a great picture. Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling and Lupino Lane give plenty of good comedy and the Technicolor is wonderful.

CAUGHT SHORT (*M-G-M*)—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran co-star in this number and do so with terrific success. Strongly advise you to see it.

COMMON CLAY (*Fox*)—Reviewed in this issue.

COURAGE (*Warner Brothers*)—Belle Bennett in another mother rôle, but far better than the one she's been getting lately. This is worth a visit.

DANCING SWEETIES (*Warner Brothers*)—Grant Withers and Sue Carol in a dance hall story. See it if you like that sort of thing.

THE DAWN PATROL (*First National*)—A really thrilling air story with Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton all contributing excellent characterizations. The air scenes are as good as any that have been seen so far.

THE DIVORCÉE (*M-G-M*)—The story which was based "unofficially" on the famous book, "Ex-Wife," with Norma Shearer in the leading rôle. Miss Shearer gives the best performance of her career.

DIXIANA (*RKO*)—Reviewed in this issue.

DOUGHBOYS (*M-G-M*)—Reviewed in this issue.

DUMBELLS IN ERMINE (*Warner Brothers*)—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong in a slangy comedy. You'll like it.

EYES OF THE WORLD (*United Artists*)—This is a typical Harold Bell Wright story in which the author does Wright by Our Nell.

THE FLORODORA GIRL (*M-G-M*)—Marion Davies comics through this one as a daughter of the Gay Nineties and, believe us, they were very, very gay. Do not fail to see it.

FOR THE DEFENSE (*Paramount*)—Kay Francis and William Powell do splendid work in this story of a lawyer, the woman he loved, and their troubles. The dialogue is excellent and the performances of these two are so good that you must see it.

FREE AND EASY (*M-G-M*)—The first talkie of our friend, Mr. Keaton, which moves through the movie lots of Hollywood. Pretty good entertainment.

THE GOLDEN DAWN (*Warner Brothers*)—A spectacle based on the famous operetta of the same name, done in the famous Hollywood lavish manner. Vivienne Segal is splendid.

A few terse pointers on the current pictures you ought to see

DIRECTORY (PICTURES)

Joan Crawford in one of the department store scenes from "Our Blushing Brides." She plays a clothes model with, of course, an admirer or two. This picture has everything in it to make it a success.



GOOD INTENTIONS (Fox)—Edmund Lowe in a gangster story again. This time he falls in love with a society girl and tries to give up his gangster operations. You'll like it.

GRUMPY (Paramount)—This is an English story, played by English actors in an English manner. If this doesn't deter you, you'll have a good time.

HELL'S ANGELS (Caddo Company)—Reviewed in this issue.

HELL'S ISLAND (Columbia)—A yarn about the Foreign Legion with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves pulling the buddy stuff to great advantage.

HOLD EVERYTHING (Warner Brothers)—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner in a story with many funny gags, based on prize fighting. These two comedians put this over in great shape.

HOLIDAY (Pathé)—This is good stuff, although a little slow in spots. Edward Everett Horton pulls some very, very funny comedy.

JOURNEY'S END (Tiffany)—A fascinating psychological study of what happens when men go to war. It's a little slow at times but, nevertheless, it will hold your interest to the finale—which is one of the most artistic we have ever seen.

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK (Harold Auten)—Here's an Irish play in talkie

form which was made in England. It's hardly suitable for an American audience and we do not advise you to see it unless you have a decidedly cosmopolitan outlook on things.

LADIES MUST PLAY (Columbia)—A kidding story of a broker and his stenographer. He takes her to Newport for the purpose of finding her a rich husband, for which he will receive a commission. Naturally, complications ensue. Good.

LET US BE GAY (M-G-M)—This has everything in it, including Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer, Raymond Hackett, Hedda Hopper, a good story and wonderful clothes. Yet, somehow, it's not quite as good as it could have been. However, you should see it.

LET'S GO NATIVE (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.

LIEBE IM RING (All Art)—None other than Max Schmelling, the heavyweight champion, playing in a German talkie. And, what's more, he does very well. Fine for those who understand German.

LITTLE ACCIDENT (Universal)—This is a pretty funny comedy about a man who, upon the eve of his marriage, finds himself mixed up with his child from a former annulled marriage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Anita Page shine.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES (Paramount)—This story is pretty

silly but Clara Bow and Stanley Smith act the romantic lovers in charming style. Mitzi Green, Skeet Gallagher and Stuart Erwin put in some swell comedy and make the picture well worth seeing.

MAMBA (Tiffany)—A story of South Africa and what it does to people who live there. Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt give corking characterizations.

A MAN FROM WYOMING (Paramount)—This is Gary Cooper's latest, but not his best. The story is decidedly silly but, nevertheless, his personality makes it a thing worth seeing. So, you'd better see it.

MANSLAUGHTER (Paramount)—Claudette Colbert and Fredric March in the talkie version of the famous silent film. Good entertainment.

THE MATRIMONIAL BED (Warner Brothers)—An amusing story which takes place in Paris, with Frank Fay and Lilyan Tashman playing the leading rôles in frothy style.

MOBY DICK (Warner Brothers)—Reviewed in this issue.

MONTE CARLO (Paramount)—Reviewed in this issue.

OLD ENGLISH (Warner Brothers)—Reviewed in this issue.

(Continued on page 121)

On page 82 you will find reviews of the new pictures

THE MODERN



We just had time to get this into print. It shows exactly what the interior of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company Incorporated looks like in the RKO production, "Check and Double Check," which—three guesses—features no one but Amos and Andy in person—not just a radio voice.

SCREEN MAGAZINE

FILM GOSSIP OF THE MONTH

THE heir to the M-G-M lion and other Culver City knickknacks made his celebrated arrival on the morning of August 24 and great was the rejoicing. In other words a son was born to Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer. The Metro lot resembled nothing short of holiday festivity and 'tis said that Irving even passed out cigars to actors whose contracts he had forgotten to renew.

He is the first baby in some time to crash the front pages of the local newspapers.

In spite of the eminence of his arrival no name had definitely been decided upon and two days after his birth both the happy mother and proud father were still referring to the new addition as merely "he." His illustrious mother was holding out for Irving Thalberg, Jr., but his father merely replied: "Let's give him a name of his own—a real identity."

* * *

BE B E DANIELS, Ben Lyon and Mrs. Lyon, *mater*, are making a conspicuous threesome at most of the social affairs of the colony. Wherever Bebe and Ben go Mrs. Lyon is pretty sure to be somewhere in the shadow of the honeymoon couple. Ben's devotion to his mother is most admirable, even though three has always been considered something of a crowd.

Hollywood is strong for mother-in-law, a n y w a y. Even the most cynical can't remember her having broken up a single Hollywood marriage.

Joseph Schenck once said his best friend in the world was "Peg" Talmadge, mother of Norma, and chief adviser to the Talmadge family.

Norma Shearer has lived under the same roof with her in-laws the entire time of her married life to Irving Thalberg.

* * *

Edwin Carewe is directing *Lupe Velcz* in "Resurrection" the picture in which he made her Mexican rival, Dolores Del Rio, famous. Wonder if the tempestuous *Lupe* will outshine Dolores. What do you think?

EVER since Frances Dee clicked as a leading lady on the Paramount lot after about six months of extra work, Jack Oakie has been giving the young lady quite a social rush. Jack isn't making any great secret of the fact that he thinks Frances is an awfully nice sort of person. Frances seems to like Jack, too. But who doesn't? Everybody falls for that famous grin.

* * *

LAST MINUTE NEWS

The John Barrymores' little daughter will be named Dolores Ethel Mae.

The Thalberg baby will be named Irving, Jr.

All M-G-M workers throughout the world ceased work for five minutes when the salute was fired at Lon Chaney's funeral.

Work on "The Dove" had to be stopped on account of the serious illness of Dolores Del Rio. She is reported to be better now.

Dorothy Sebastian and William Boyd are to be married in the near future.

Dorothy Mackaill has accepted a new contract by cable from England.

Howard Hughes is rumored to have made an offer for the Universal Studio. If the deal goes through, Carl Laemmle, Jr., stays on a five year contract.

Olive Borden may go on the stage in New York.

RICHARD DIX escorted Mary Lawlor to the opening of a new picture, and to a supper club, and started a lot of eyebrow elevation as to what Phillips Holmes was doing that night. Mary and Phil *had* been going together right smartly.

The old timers had rather begun to hope that Dix might some day get through a picture without a rumored romance with his leading lady. "Of course," says Mary Lawlor, "we're just good friends." The same old story. And Hollywood nods its head. The same old nod.

* * *

Mervyn Le Roy, the director, and his pretty, blonde wife, Edna Murphy, are reported to be on the verge of a divorce.

* * *

WHILE the Marquis de la Falaise was devoting most of his Hollywood visit to Constance Bennett, his younger brother was escorting his sister-in-law-but-not-for-

long, Gloria Swanson, to various places of local attraction. Evidently Gloria and Hank haven't allowed their separation to interfere with their sense of humor.

* * *

Maureen O'Sullivan, that cute little Irish trick over at Fox, is stepping places with John Farrow, who might very well be called A Young Man About Town.

* * *

THE first wedding anniversary of Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman was a brilliant dinner-dance affair, not only in the guest list but in the sumptuous glitter of two beautiful gifts of jewelry—both from Eddie to Marian.

We frankly think that this is the best news section of its kind



Milton Sills, Al Santell, director, and Jane Keith talk over location possibilities in the cabin of the prop boat being used in "The Sea Wolf." Sills is making his come-back in this.

Barbara Stanwyck has made a tremendous hit in the talkies and already has a large fan following. She was with Columbia for a while but her latest is a Warner release, called, "Illicit."

The bracelet which holds all records for bracelets, so far, is a band of solid diamonds about three inches wide, set with six pigeon-blood rubies. The necklace is a link of diamonds with a diamond "knot" drop.

Marian's gift to Eddie was a cream-colored Packard-phaeton, a neat little job running into about \$8000 at your nearest dealer's.

Among those who enjoyed the hospitality of Marian and Eddie were: Mr. and Mrs. Millard Webb (Mary Eaton), the latter wearing a pale blue dinner gown trimmed in rhinestones; Nick Stuart and Sue Carol—Sue also in blue with a big blue bow and a diamond necklace; Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson (Sally Eilers), the lady wearing something wispy and effective in midnight blue; Louise Brooks—in coral chiffon; Carmen Pantages—in black; Jean Harlow in one of her famous decolleté models—and who am I to remember what the lady had on?

* * *

Sue Carol is the best little "advice taker" in Hollywood. Sue never makes an important move without first consulting her lawyer, her mother, her husband, the cook, the maid, the chauffeur and her press agent. And her chauffeur's advice will often carry as much weight as her high-powered lawyer's.

* * *

JOHN BOLES is temperamental about his voice. The evenings before the days he is to sing into the "mike," John retires about nine-thirty p. m., eats practically nothing for dinner, particularly nothing sweet; and takes a long, brisk walk before going to the studio.

One afternoon we dropped in on John at his home. He was listening to the new batch of Victrola records of his voice which had been sent up as samples.

He carefully, and without any show of temper, broke two of them. "Just to make sure," he explained, "that they aren't released."

* * *

A "SEPARATION PARTY" is the latest thing in Hollywood!

It was Eddie Sutherland and his very pretty young wife who chose to show us a brand new idea for a 'party.' Ethel Kenyon, Eddie's wife, who deserted Broadway a few months ago, stood with her husband at the entrance



James Gleason and a friend prepare to conduct an unusual sort of a race while Russell Gleason, the younger generation of the Gleason family, sees to it that they toe the mark.

This fascinating Egyptian dancer is none other than Lillian Roth whom you've been seeing in those Paramount films so much lately. Her latest is in Jack Oakie's new number, "Sea Legs."



to the Embassy last Friday evening and welcomed the guests as though everything in the world was just about right.

Imagine everyone's surprise, then, when Ethel confided to some of her friends that she and Eddie (who is one of our handsomest directors) had decided to try a matrimonial vacation.

Hollywood, in the past, has given to a waiting world the "Wake for the lost husband" party . . . which is just another name for the time when all the lady's friends gather at some appointed spot and drink (many) toasts to her newly-found freedom. But this idea of the husband and wife *joining* hands and throwing a little shindig so that they might announce the separation is a wee bit different.

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON made her first public appearance at the Jimmie Gleasons wedding anniversary party. She looked remarkably well and lovelier than ever after her long fight for health. She confided that she expected to spend Christmas in Sweden and not until her return will she attempt the talkies.

* * *

Did you know that every time you hold out your hand to make a right turn—or left—or even stop, that you are following up a gag? It's true! The traffic signals now in use all over the United States are the results of a clever young press agent's dream. Jimmie Fidler, at that time press agent for Wally Reid, thought up the signals as a publicity gag to help Wally's racing pictures. And how it helped!

* * *

NOW the Federal boys are going to close all the night clubs around Hollywood because they serve ginger ale, ice and glasses "openly and notoriously." I suppose everyone in town will have to carry an affidavit that he or she really enjoys ginger ale straight. What a laugh.

* * *

AFTER being rather "cold" for a couple of years, the famous Cocoanut Grove has come back in the interest of the movie people and Tuesday nights there are as star-studded as ever. Just recently there were present:



Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons. Dolores created much admiration in an ivory-satin evening gown trimmed in rhinestones. With this she wore one of the new evening wraps—long and abundantly furred.

Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Mrs. Lyon, Mae Sunday and Doctor and Mrs. Harry Martin in one party. Bebe wore pink lace.

June Collyer at a "two-some" table with an unidentified young man. June's café gown was of wispy black lace with a small dinner-hat of the same material.

Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow—Maureen in brown satin with ornaments of amber-costume jewelry.

Betty Compson, Hugh Trevor, Richard Dix and Mary Lawlor made up another group. Both of the ladies wore white with orchid corsages.

Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd. These two looked as though they might have been attending an Embassy ball—Ivan in formal swallow tails and Thelma in her white gown that trailed the floor and her long white gloves.

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello dined alone, unless you want to count Lowell's monocle.

* * *

Now they're calling Ruth Chatterton "The first lady of the screen." Do they HAVE to title them?

* * *

GENEVIEVE TOBIN turned down an offer to return to the stage in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," in favor of a Universal Picture contract that ranks her with John Boles as the highest salaried star on that lot.

* * *

SEEN AT THE FIGHTS: Zelma O'Neal who has blondined her hair and now looks quite preferred, with her handsome husband, Tony Bushell.

S. M. Eisenstein, Paramount's newest importation, amazes Hollywood

Ray Hallor sitting in the ringside with none other than our own Molly O'Day.

John Boles, Alan Hale, Walter Heirs, Ernst Lubitsch and Billy Wellman crowded around the ring yelling instructions to a fallen Mex.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler standing up and waving across the ring to Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. Frank came way up out of his collar to say "Howdy."

Joe E. Brown giving Harry Green a grand (canyon) grin.

Lupe and Gary both wearing dark glasses so that the common dubbers won't know what they missed.

* * *

FEW people know that Greta Garbo has a brother, but it's true. He is also in pictures but not in this country and he is younger than Greta and bears the good old Swedish name of Swen.

Swen is appearing in Paramount's first all-Swedish talking picture, "Where Roses Bloom," which is in production in the company's studios in Paris.

* * *

Lina Basquette, who has been the victim of much sensational publicity with regard to an attempted suicide and divorce, has paved her own way with gold in case Hollywood studios do not see fit to cast her in forthcoming productions.

Lina has "backed" an actor's agency that numbers among its clientele some of the busiest and most celebrated players in Hollywood. Her business venture, however, is very *sub rosa*—not a single player knows what agency she is with. Quite a number of times lately, Lina

Here we have Eddie Quillan in the act of doing a good turn for a pal at the Culver City airport. Just a new way of seeing your friends off—off the ground, as it were.



has been up for parts in competition with some of her "own clients" and the fact that she failed to get the parts didn't make her a bit mad. "Whoever works . . . I get a check," is the way Lina takes the thing.

* * *

DOUGH, JR'S mother is on the set almost every day that her son is working these days. After each scene is completed, Doug rushes to his mother's side and asks her how she liked it. Sometimes she nods her head in partial approval, but more often Doug receives a huge kiss of "absolute okay." Mother and son as sweethearts are few and far between in Hollywood.

* * *

QUITE a bit of hue and cry lately about the Billie Dove-Howard Hughes romance. One faction is almost positive that the thing is just about on the rocks . . . but another (and just as positive) group is spreading the good word that Billie and Howard are to be married in Europe.

Having heard all about the costly fur coats and other nick-nacks that Hughes has been rumored to have given the lady of his heart, it is very easy to believe that they will get married as soon as the divorce courts allow them—but Hollywood romances have a way of doing things at odd moments that one hasn't figured on. Maybe we had all best dope this one out for ourselves.

* * *

S. M. EISENSTEIN, the new Russian director with Paramount, shocked the host at a recent Hollywood party by actually refusing a cocktail.

"When I came into

The younger brother of Hollywood. William Janney has played more young brother roles than anyone in the movies. His latest was "Shooting Straight," with Richard Dix. His next is, "Crime."

Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown have some fun at the expense of a friend of theirs who might be described as a dummy. They were making "Sit Tight," when this was taken.

America I swore to uphold the constitution," said Eisenstein bravely.

This is on the square. We'll vouch for it!

* * *

GEORGE OLSEN'S night club is one of the "must" places on every star's weekly program of late. Dick Barthelmess, Marion Davies, Chaplin and many others who are seldom seen in the regular watering places may be found at Olsen's. Which reminds us of a little story we heard about George: It seems he led his orchestra through some swell numbers in "Movietone Follies of 1930" and when they were shown in Denmark the crowd went wild at the thought of one of their own boys making good in the big city. George just smiles—and plays.

* * *

Douglas Fairbanks is reported to be receiving \$8,000 per day for his services in "Reaching For The Moon." And the more you think of that salary the more appropriate the title of the picture seems.

* * *

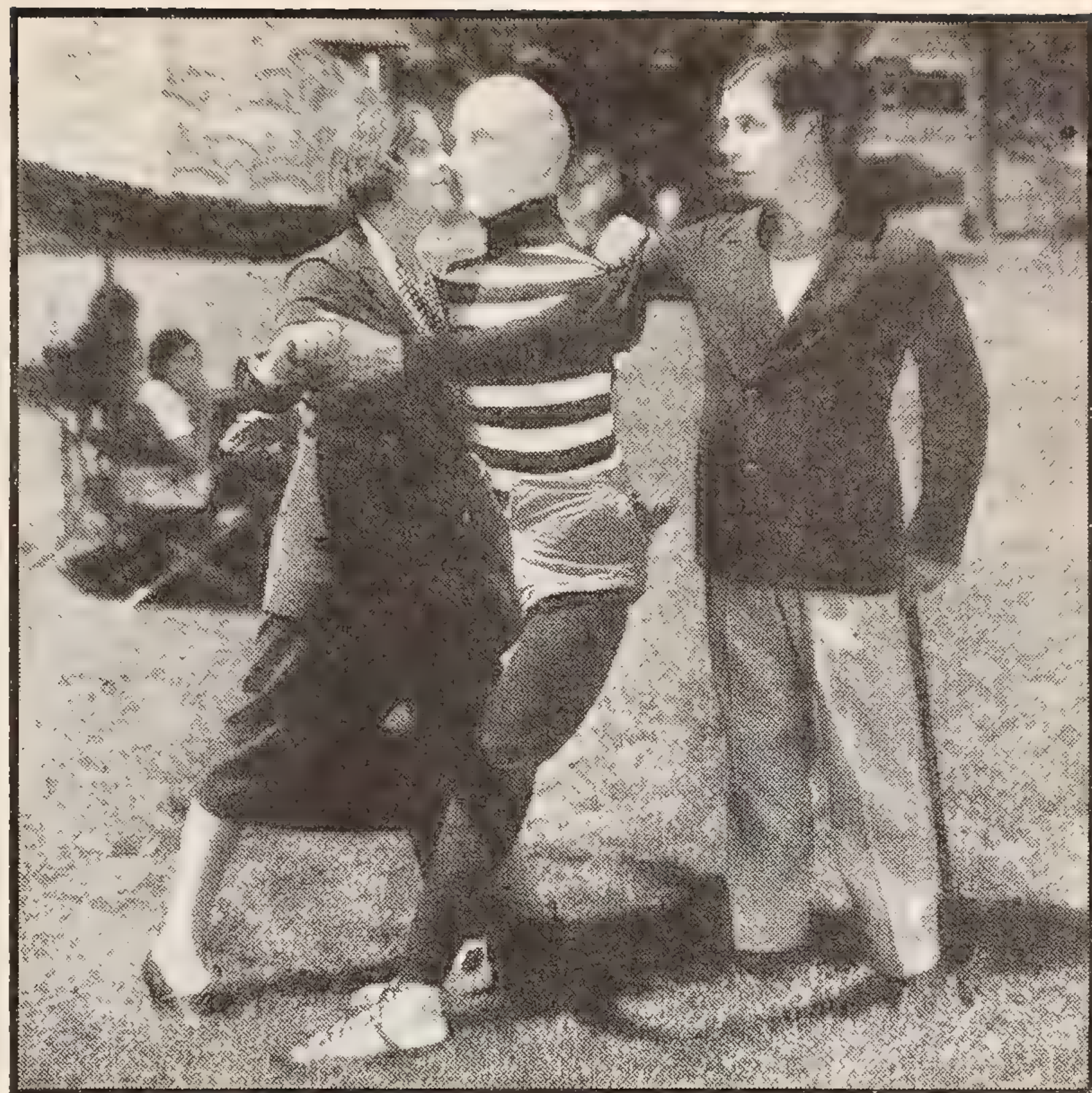
THEY are beginning to talk about re-filming "The Sheik," with Chester Morris in the role that made Valentino immortal. There was also talk not so long ago, that John Boles might play a musical version of that story. However, if they do make it, the part will probably go to Chester. United Artists own the story.

* * *

Now the mystery of how ZaSu Pitts got that first name is all cleared up:

Two aunts are responsible. One was named Eliza and the other Susan. In order to please both ladies ZaSu's mother took the last of one name and the first of the other and putting them together they spelled "ZaSu," just like that.

(Continued on page 118)



Just what is this about June Collyer, Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez?

ILLUSTRATED
BY
RUSSELL PATTERSON



The girls then became rather dashing, with fearfully short dresses, irresponsible manners and behavior, and in every way expressed flaming youth.

THE NEW "IT"

I WROTE an aphorism once which said:
"The virtue of the women of a nation depends upon the exigencies of its men."

I might have added: "And the fashions in the type of woman also"—for the same reason! Because, after all, what the men of a nation at any given time prefer is what the women strive to express!

After the war, all males were too tired and weary to stand any type which required them to think before they spoke. They wanted just baby-faced, golden-haired, child-like dolls, with big heads, curly, long bobs, or long curls of hair, like Mary Pickford. They seem plump to our eyes now. Every film after 1918 showed this type for a while.

Then, as the fearful strain of reopening the business world fatigued brain and muscle, males wanted perfectly straight, boyish "cuties" with shingled heads, or Eton crops, and no female attributes of roundness, or any suggestion of sex. The outline of the girl form was compressed into the look of the boy form. All the films showed this.

BUT, when the males grew less tired and prosperity again permeated business, they wanted very young

but go-ahead companions who were called "Flappers." These stimulated their renewed sense of life. They did not have to think, they could romp and joy-ride with them, and express their sprouting exuberance after war exhaustion.

The girls then became rather dashing, budding adolescents or precocious children in outline, with fearfully short dresses, all sorts of shingles and bobs, irresponsible manners and behavior, and in every way expressed blatant, flaming youth. Even those up to thirty years of age did not dare to suggest anything else, or no man bothered with them! They all had to conceal intelligence, and every studio turned out pictures by the dozen showing tipsy orgies of flappers and their friends.

Then came Clara Bow in my "IT" story, and, by that time, males had begun to weary a little of the flapper, because business seemed solid, and they had more time in which to think. The "ITS" and would-be "ITS," and self-styled "ITS" flooded the market in the film world. They intrigued the males and stimulated their imaginations. Thus the girls began to wear more subtle clothes, and to show the female outline once more, though the skirts were still very short. Lovely faces, tempting looks and alluring but slender rotundities were what men re-

THIS FAMOUS AUTHOR TELLS WITH SHREWD PERCEPTION



The girls now began to wear longer and longer dresses, let their hair grow and took on all the demure womanliness of old-time Southern belles.

By ELINOR GLYN

quired, and the faithful film, incredibly truthful chronicler of public taste, showed this type on a thousand screens.

Suddenly, the talkies sprang into being! It was all too sudden, though, and chaos reigned. The males, by this time, desired something hectic, because a frenzied gambling in the business world held most of their interests.

Talkies were a new excitement—and, with that uncanny astuteness which is almost second-sight, producers knew that, to get by with indifferent recording and untrained voices, the silver sheet must either be flooded with females expressing sex appeal and nothing else—or show crime and its perpetrators in the dens where it is born. Hence, we saw rows and rows of chorus girls' legs moving in a mad rhythm, with songs interpolated quite irrelevantly, just as the quite irrelevant fluctuations of the stock market took place. Heroines were all of the lowest class who bounced overnight from the gutter into perfect ladyhood, just as the fortunes of the males ascended from the Boweries of America into the aristocracy of the millionaires. That "IT" suited the spirit of the time. And all the first talkies represent exactly this spirit of the month or two before the crash. But when misfortune came, how did it effect the attitude of the men?

WHEN disaster, or, at best, a slump, fell upon the males, those surviving yearned for sympathetic darlings with the mother instinct who would care for them and give them tenderness. For, after all, what help could they have derived from any of the types which their exigencies of the last decade had evolved! The girls now began to wear longer and longer dresses; they let their hair grow, and, while they still contrived to remain young and charming, they took on all the demure and exquisite womanliness of Southern belles before the Civil War.

The talkies all show this. The reign of the uneducated and incredible crime heroines is over, and the chorus girl heroine, with her lovely legs, has also died. The males, recovering from their first stunning business blow and appreciating their new companions, are realizing that they are really the old ones, ever ready to follow their demands—and these demands now being for sympathy, collaboration in keeping the home going and helping to economize, a new race of really adorable females seems to be developing. And the talkies are showing the new "IT."

THE public has also had time to think during its impoverished months. It has touched reality. The voice destroys illusions sooner than (Continued on page 123)

THE CAUSE OF THE RAPID CHANGE IN MOVIE HEROINES

KNOW THEM?

You will get a smile and a grin from these clever caricatures by the well-known artist, Alex Gard



Her last was the feminine lead in a whaling story opposite a well known star. Her next will be a talkie version of a famous silent and stage play.



He's famous for his gangster rôles—with few exceptions. Does good work in an excellent prison story which is having a big Broadway run.



He got his nose broken in a college football game. Taught mathematics at Cornell. Is something of a linguist. And a cultured gentleman at heart. Played an important part in one of the best war pictures ever filmed.



She's a famous Mexican tornado. Usually plays a "wild-cat" rôle—and plays it to the hilt. Recently appeared in a talkie of the great Northwest. Her name has long been linked with that of one of the most popular strong young he-men of the screen.



She's famous for her long list of successes in which she always plays opposite the same romantic he-star. She recently walked off the lot—and stayed off it. But now she's back on the lot again—and working opposite the same romantic he-star.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

PORTRAITS

Stanley Smith is capping his list of successes by drawing the leading rôle in "Manhattan Mary"



Potograph by Russell Ball

Helen Twelvetrees will crown her amazingly rapid rise by her work in "Her Man." It's her latest and best.



Photograph by Hurrell

Robert Montgomery threatens to become one of the screen's most popular leading men. His next is called, "Dark Star."



Photograph by Hurrell

Joan Crawford's vivid personality will next be seen in "Great Day." "Our Blushing Brides" made a big hit everywhere.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Walter Huston's Lincoln was even better than expected.
His next screen appearance will be in "The Honor of
the Family"



Photograph by Fred R. Archer

The unspoiled youth of Joan Bennett is one of the highlights of pictures. She's working on "Smilin' Through."



Photograph by Ray Jones

Handsome Lewis Ayres has two smash hits to his credit:
"All Quiet" and "Common Clay." He's now making
"Saint Johnson."

GARBO'S HIDING PLACE

—is her home. This tells of the amazing lengths to which the Swedish star has gone to keep her place of residence a secret

By BOB MOAK



Greta Garbo, the magnificent, whose desire for privacy has caused her almost to live the existence of a hermit.



The entrance to Greta Garbo's hiding place. That white mark you see is a sign which showed the number of the house until our artist blotted it out.

The photographs of Greta Garbo's present residence on these two pages were taken specially for *The MODERN SCREEN Magazine*. You will note that any hint of her address has been carefully avoided.

SOME day in the not too far distant future, and while she still has her youth, Greta Garbo is going to retire from the screen and return to her native Sweden.

Then she is going to *be herself*, the one thing she hasn't been able to be in America!

The secluded life she has led since setting foot on these shores four years ago is beginning to pall on her. She is tired of hiding . . . wearing disguises . . . dodging . . . of being alone. And she is wearied of moving!

But it has been decreed, and by the star herself, that the public must never see her in person, for it is this

shroud of mystery in which she has wrapped herself that has done much to make her one of the greatest of cinema box-office attractions.

It has intrigued the world!

WHEN the late Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director, brought her to Hollywood to work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Greta was unable to speak or understand English. She knew nothing of American ways and customs. She was very timid.

She did the natural thing. She remained by herself and no one objected, for the name of Garbo meant nothing in screen circles at the time. While working, she would wander off alone to a corner of the stage between scenes. She seemed afraid that others on the lot were talking about her . . . making fun of her.

Her only companions during her first year here were Stiller, then her fiancé; Nils Asther, another fellow countryman, and her Swedish maid. Often she would walk

new player. But she would not have it. Bad enough to be laughed at by fellow-workers, but not by America in general. She refused to permit photographers to snap her at breakfast or on the beaches. She refused to talk of her past, of love, of clothes and the other things they write about movie heroines.

By the time "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love" were made in 1927, Garbo was way up on the list of fan mail recipients.

"Who is she? Tell us more about her!" pleaded the theater-goers. But there was no response from Greta. She still believed her private life was her own.

And her silence only increased the number of daily letters. The public had become more than interested.

Then followed rôles in "The Divine Woman" and "The Mysterious Lady." Her mail to the studio and to the movie magazines tripled. The public now demanded the facts about the golden haired Swede.

By this time, however, Garbo had learned many of America's ways. She realized that she stood out alone. The Bows, the Crawfords, the Gaynors and others could go on giving interviews for publication . . . making public appearances . . . posing for advertisements. She wouldn't!

SHE demanded that the studio heads keep people away from her. She demanded that all visitors be barred from the sets on which she was working. She continued to dine in her dressing room and not with the others in the commissary.

After much pleading on the part of M-G-M executives two years ago, Garbo granted



This is the front of the house. The evergreens hide a concrete wall which surrounds the grounds on both sides. Surely Garbo couldn't have found a better place for perfect seclusion.

And this is the side view of her decidedly private house. Besides the concrete wall, there is, on the fourth side of the house, just out of vision in this picture, a fifty-foot sheer drop. Sure privacy!



through the studio gates after a day before the cameras, a disappointed, discouraged and home-sick girl.

When she was cast in "The Torrent" and immediately afterward in "The Temptress," the studio decided on the usual campaign of publicity to acquaint the fans with the

a woman writer for a magazine a ten-minute interview. It was agreed in advance that there would be no extension of time.

The writer began questioning the actress about her love affairs—past, present, future. Garbo talked only about



The famous Miramar Hotel where Garbo resided before the world became so interested in her way of living. She moved from here to the house pictured below.

Garbo lived here undisturbed for several months, nobody being able to discover her hiding place. But it was finally found out and Greta promptly moved.

the weather, the Pacific Ocean.

Then the things that Garbo *didn't* say were penned into a three-installment story. It was the one and only interview ever granted by Garbo—bosses' orders or not. Many since have written "interviews" with Garbo, but they had not talked with her.

"The Single Standard," "Wild Orchids" and "The Woman of Affairs" followed in 1928 and Garbo soared into full stardom because of the demand for her films. Her mail now ranked with that of Clara Bow, who held the record at the moment.

GARBO more than ever determined to continue the shroud of mystery.

It became known that she was living in one of the bungalows at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica. The crowds started patrolling the grounds seeking a glimpse of her. She couldn't stand it, so she leased a home in Beverly Hills and refused to reveal the address to anyone but her manager. If the studio wanted to call her, it could be done through him.

She continued to wear smoked glasses. She adopted brunette wigs. She continued to take her walks after dark. She still remained away from the gathering places of the other stars. It was even said that Garbo never had attended the premiere of one of her pictures.

LAST February, a magazine wired me for a photograph of Garbo's abode—and to "get it at any cost." I appealed to studio executives for her address. They swore they didn't know it.

"All we have is her unlisted telephone number," they said. I tried tracing that, without avail, because the phone company had strict orders from Miss Garbo not to reveal her address.

There was one thing to do. I canvassed the Beverly Hills real estate offices. I failed again. Then I set out to cover the town. From door to door, I went ringing bells for two days. Finally, I found a maid who would talk.



"Why, Greta Garbo lives right next door," she told me. I thanked her and summoned a photographer.

"Set the camera up across the street, and get the front view first," I told him. As he finished the task, a big black sedan backed out of the driveway and came to a halt at the curbing.

I recognized the girl at the wheel. It was Garbo sans disguise. A colored maid walked across the lawn. Garbo's eyes were on her as I approached from the other side.

At last! Not only a picture of the house, but an interview as well! This *was* my lucky day.

With Garbo still unheeding of my approach, I spoke: "Miss Garbo, I—"

"Gott!" shrieked the lady at the wheel.

And with that there was a clashing of gears, and the car sped away, coughing and leaping under the over-supply of gas that reached the cylinders as the Garbo foot gave the accelerator everything. Apparently the interview was over. The servant followed with speedy shoes. A block away, Garbo halted long enough to permit the maid to catch up.

THREE days later, Garbo had moved, because, she said, she didn't want the world gaping and gazing as it does before the homes of other film notables.

But other writers and photographers took up the trail. So large was the army that it was only a matter of a few hours to cover all of Beverly. The new home was one owned by Marie Prevost. Greta must have peered through the windows while the men of the press were at work, for she moved the following day. This despite the fact that she had paid three months' rent in advance.

Her next location was the place where she is living now. While Matt Moore doesn't know anything about it, it was his police dog that led me to Garbo's modest house not far from one of her former residences.

For I had been ordered by The MODERN SCREEN Magazine to get a picture of her present abode—but on no account to divulge the address, or even the name of the district in which the house is situated.

I determined to canvass the houses of the district in which I had heard that Garbo was now living. I had ended my first block of bell-ringing and returned to my car when I glimpsed Matt's canine across the street, enjoying a nap on the lawn.

Club, where they dance once a month. If she ever has visited the Blossom Room or Cocoanut Grove, she has been so completely disguised that even persons who have worked in her pictures didn't recognize her.

SOcial functions are given by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and other leaders of the industry, including Greta's chief, Louis B. Mayer, for visiting royalty. The guests are limited to a select few. Garbo always is invited because even Kings and Queens want to meet this elusive person as much as do the John and Mrs. Does of America. But Greta never accepts.

It wasn't so long ago that Marion Davies gave a dinner at her beach house for Lord and Lady Mountbatten, cousins of the Prince of Wales. Her Ladyship, asked if there was anyone in particular she would like to meet, replied:

"Miss Garbo."

Marion, one of Greta's co-workers on the M-G-M lot, urged her to come. Garbo was (Continued on page 125)



This house which is located at Camden Drive and Carmelita Avenue, Beverly Hills, and owned by Marie Prevost, was occupied by Garbo for twenty-four hours.

As long as Garbo is a star, the world will be interested in her private life. So, it seems, she will continue her present secretive mode of living indefinitely.

And just then Greta Garbo herself and in person rushed out of the house to shoo the dog away.

I went into the corner drug-store and called up the photographer.

TOURISTS wait outside the Montmartre, the Roosevelt and Cocoanut Grove; they line the thoroughfares on première nights; drive up one street and down another, all in hopes of seeing Garbo. But few succeed.

Once, sometimes twice a week, Garbo motors into Hollywood to the Bank of America branch at Hollywood Boulevard and Whitley Avenue, to make deposits and buy gilt edge investments. But on these visits, her chauffeur has instructions to continue on if she thinks someone might be watching for her. Once inside, she closets herself with the manager, never remaining in view while she makes out her deposit slip.

Seldom does she visit Hollywood stores. When she does, she pays her visit at the opening hour and before the crowds are in the shops. Generally, she does her buying by having the store send samples to her home or her dressing room.

Garbo isn't a member of the Embassy Club, where the stars lunch and dine to escape the tourists who flock to the Montmartre. Neither does she belong to the movie folks' Mayfair





Jane Arden



Eleanor Vanderveer



Paula Drendell



Margaret Gray

THE BIG 8 OF

Every one of these names and faces is unknown to you—yet you have seen these people many times on the screen. Meet Hollywood's most successful extras—and be amazed at their meager rewards

THE value of a motion picture star, on the hoof, perhaps, should be judged by the number of pictures in which he appears. This is not true in the case of Charlie Chaplin, of course, or Harold Lloyd or Douglas Fairbanks.

But with a few exceptions, the big salaries—if in these hard times there are any left when these words reach your deep blue eyes, my dear—should go to the folks who are on the set the most days in the year.

Buddy Rogers, Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, to select a few, are on the job most of the time. They work steadily because the box office demands them. And there's no barometer of popularity like box office demand.

With this in mind suppose you sit right down and name the Big Eight of Hollywood—the four men and the four women who work in more pictures than anybody else.

Gary Cooper? Richard Barthelmess? Dorothy MacKail? Ronald Colman? Bebe Daniels?

Don't bother any more. You're all wrong.

THE Big Eight of Hollywood are:

Women: Jane Arden, Eleanor Vanderveer, Paula Drendell and Margaret Gray.

Men: Babe Green, William Boardway, Fred Lee and James Kilgannon.

"Who," you exclaim, "in the name of Saint Broncho Billy, are *they*?"

THEY may be an octette of unknowns to you, but call Hollywood 3701, which is the Central Casting Bureau, and no matter who answers the phone—the janitor stays until midnight—he will rattle off more intimate details about them—their age, color of hair, weight, accomplishments and wardrobe, than you'd ever want even your roommate to know about you.

Jane and Eleanor and Paula and Margaret, Babe and Bill and Fred and Jimmie are the world's greatest extra people and they have worked in more pictures in the last two years than any other eight persons on earth. If you could look over the casting sheet of any picture now in the making, it's a safe bet that you would find at least one of these names on the roll.

The four women averaged two hundred days each out of a possible three hundred and twelve, for each of the last two years. The men's average was four days less.

If you're going to the movies tonight, look closely at that crowd on the country club veranda, or the gang in

HOLLYWOOD

By JEROME BEATTY

the speakeasy, or the dancers at the costume ball. One or more of the eight are rather sure to be there.

THESE eight are the best of 17,541 men, women and children who are registered at the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood—champions in their line, they are. They have reached the peak toward which are climbing thousands of ambitious young men and young women who have cut loose from the Home Town and who are seeking a movie career.

The best, surely, must be well paid.

Well—Jane Arden, who has earned more in the last two years than any other extra, averaged only \$47.45 a week. Babe Green, who topped the men, averaged \$46.95.

The average weekly wage of the eight, for two years, was \$42.57.

For champions—\$42.57 a week!

But even that is not so bad, as you will learn if you snoop around Hollywood and ask about the earnings of the others who make up the 17,000 who are seeking the eight or nine hundred jobs that are open to extras every day. The average wage of an extra is \$2.63 a week. Not a day—a week!

Each successful extra must be equipped with a wardrobe that would satisfy Peggy Joyce or the Prince of Wales—almost. Jane Arden, for instance, has among other things, fifteen hats, twenty-one pairs of shoes, seven evening dresses and four evening wraps. Babe Green owns full dress, tuxedo, sport suits, military uniforms, cutaway, knickers, riding habit and every sort of ordinary clothing.

AN inventory of the wardrobe of any of the four girls would show that it cost more than \$2,000. The men—it's always the men who get the breaks in this cold world—can get along with \$1,000 worth of clothes. But the upkeep of dress shirts is rather high, especially in the warm weather when it takes two a day for even an ordinary job.

Ten dollars a day is the usual wage for these extra people and the producers are not taking any unkind advantage of anybody when they buy this casual labor. Extras are mighty glad to get \$10 a day and to work a little more than an average of four days a week, for they know that if the producers wanted to hire extras at bed rock prices they could fill the stages by offering half that, so great does the supply exceed the demand.

They're earnest, hard working people, these eight, who represent the best in extradom. Some are married. Some had responsible jobs before they decided to tackle Hollywood. All, at one time, had aspirations toward stardom but now they're resigned to their fate and have decided they'd rather be first class extras and work and eat regularly than waste their time fighting for parts, which come seldom these doleful days.

IT'S about time these important members of the cast received some publicity. You ought to know more about them and how they got that way. So here you are:

Jane Arden is twenty-four and she got a break because she was a good swimmer and happened to live in Los Angeles. In 1925, she heard that they wanted, at the Fox studio, girls who could swim. She went out and asked for a job and they gave it to her. That was all

Babe Green



William Boardway



Fred Lee



James Kilgannon



		2-28-28	
NAME	Jane Arden		WARDROBE
ADDRESS	PHONE	Ho 8913	Very complete
ADDRESS	PHONE	He 3715	
EXP. PICT.	1 yr	EXP. LEG.	Some
TYPE	CLASSIFICATION		
AGE	19	HEIGHT	5-3
		WEIGHT	116
CHEST	WAIST	HAIR	Blonde
		EYES	Dk Blue
SPORTS	Drive, Swim, Dance.		
		REMARKS	
SPECIALTIES		O. K. Dress A	
Has played parts, ingenue		Good figure.	
leads. Sidney Olcott,			
Henry Otto			

N.C.
 FORM 12 2M 12-28

Here is Jane Arden's information card which the Central Casting Bureau keeps on hand for immediate use when a busy casting director calls up impatiently.

there was to it. She built up an extensive wardrobe and, she admits, maybe they call her more often for her clothes than for her dramatic ability.

Eleanor Vanderveer is forty-three years old and has a daughter who is away at school. She is in demand because she is distinguished looking and is valuable in dressing a set that needs a variety of types. She attended the University of Washington for three years and has been in pictures nine years.

PAULA DRENDELL went to Los Angeles from San Francisco where she had been employed as a secretary. She is a graduate of Gardner Boarding School in New York City. She is thirty-two years old and can speak lines, swim, dance and drive. She supports her mother and has no income except her extra's pay. She has been in motion pictures seven years, and, like Eleanor Vanderveer, refutes the assertion that only *ingénues* get jobs as extra girls. Both of them look as if they "belonged" when they're cast as guests at a party on a Long Island estate.

Margaret Gray, twenty years old, born in Dallas, Texas, is fourth in earnings among the extra girls and, because of her

Act	Jewish
Blonde	Large
Beautiful	Long-Haired
Comedy	Latin
Character-Young	Maids
Character-M.A.	Nurses
Character-Elderly	Riding
Dress-Young	Specialties
Dress-M.A.	Swimmers
Dress-Elderly	Small
Dancers	Stunt
Eccentric	Tall
Fat	Thin
Good Figure	Toothless
Good-looking	Underworld
Gray-Haired	Voluptuous
Hags-Old	Remarks
Ingenué or Collegiate	Speak Lines
	Singing Voice

Above is the amusing list which adorns the back of the Casting Bureau's file card. You get an X opposite each description you fit. Make out your own.

beauty, has risen quickly to the top. When she left the University of Southern California she went to work as a secretary in Harry Langdon's production unit, and soon edged away from the typewriter and into the lights. Keep your eye on Margaret.

Myron C. Green, who prefers to be known as "Babe," tops the men in total wages. He went to Los Angeles from Kansas City where he was graduated from the Kansas City School of Law. He is thirty-three years old and, in Kansas City, sold motor cars and at one time was part owner in a wholesale grocery firm. He has been in motion pictures eight years.

WILLIAM BOARDWAY, second most successful male extra, supports a wife and two children by extra work. He is forty years old, a good rider and plays bits now and then. He is rated as "distinguished looking" and many a time he has played, at \$10 a day, a member of the board of directors of a billion dollar corporation. He is a graduate of Oswego, N. Y., high school and at one time was a partner in the Birk-Boardway Tire Co., at 828 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. This is his fifth year (Continued on page 123)

These extras are champions in their line. You can learn what they earn, what clothes they must wear and many other details

HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS



"Moby Dick," John Barrymore's latest vehicle, has a couple of shocking surprises.

By

GEORGE GERHARD

IF there is any lingering doubt, after a perusal of recent pictures, that the movies are coming of age, one has but to listen closely to some of the dialogue of "Moby Dick," John Barrymore's second attempt at the Herman Melville classic. For here, certainly, in the words of the gardener, a spade is a spade.

On two separate occasions in that opus, salty old mariners give vent to the quaint language of truck-drivers. They speak as sailors have spoken in times of stress from time immemorial, although from the very beginning screen characters have been saying "darn" and "drat it" when you know in your heart they are thinking something quite different.

If you are proficient in lip reading, you'll probably recall some of the nice words employed by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe in "What Price Glory?" but that was a silent picture, and you had to be good at reading lips to get the drift of what was said. Here, though, the ears have it.

WILLIAM POWELL nearly developed into a hero in Europe, it leaked out upon his return to the Paramount studio in Hollywood. Bill was explaining how he arrived in Naples the day after the terrific earthquake which scourged that part of the country. "Everything was in confusion," he said, "although the

Presenting a popular critic of Hollywood and its products who is not afraid of truth



Ben Lyon saved the producer of "Hell's Angels" from making a serious mistake.



William Powell, back from Europe, pulls a new one on the old "double" theme.

Robert Woolsey, the comedy kid, registers a complaint about his leading ladies.

city of Naples didn't show as much evidence of the disaster as you'd expect."

"Did you rescue anybody?" someone asked.

"Why, how could I?" returned the star. "I didn't have any double with me."

MORE than one person who has seen "Hell's Angels" has remarked upon the American dialect of its portrayals, although the story's locale is England and that part of France in which English flyers were stationed. And there's a reason.

When casting was being done for the picture Howard Hughes began to assemble young men whose qualities embraced an English accent as well as a knowledge of flying during the war. But Ben Lyon, who had been chosen for the leading rôle, instantly saw the pitfall in this. Consequently he explained to the producer that if all other players spoke with English accents they would show up the Americanese of Lyon and James Hall.

Thus the change.

ROBERT WOOLSEY, who has forsaken the stage for Radio Pictures, is wondering just how long it will be before he is permitted to have a leading woman who doesn't tower over him. Indeed, Bob has created a slogan, "Give me smaller women!"

Woolsey's first real picture was "Rio Rita," in which Helen Kaiser was his lady-love. She (Continued on page 111)





Will Rogers—America's
leading Ambassador of
good will and good cheer

EAVESDROPPING ON WILL ROGERS

In this novel feature, Will Rogers—who rarely grants an interview—gives his delightful views on a number of important subjects

By
ROBERT
FENDER



Movie actor, author, wit and philosopher, Will Rogers has proven himself an ever-flowing source of delight to hundreds of thousands of people both here and abroad. His words of wisdom have the added feature of being funny as well as true.

WILL ROGERS says:

That the young folks of today are no wilder than those of any other generation.

That the old-time custom of "visiting" was responsible for driving the children from the home.

That the modern kids should have more animals as companions.

That people who want to get into the movies ought to stick their heads in the noose of a rope, tie the rope around the branch of a tree and then lose their balance.

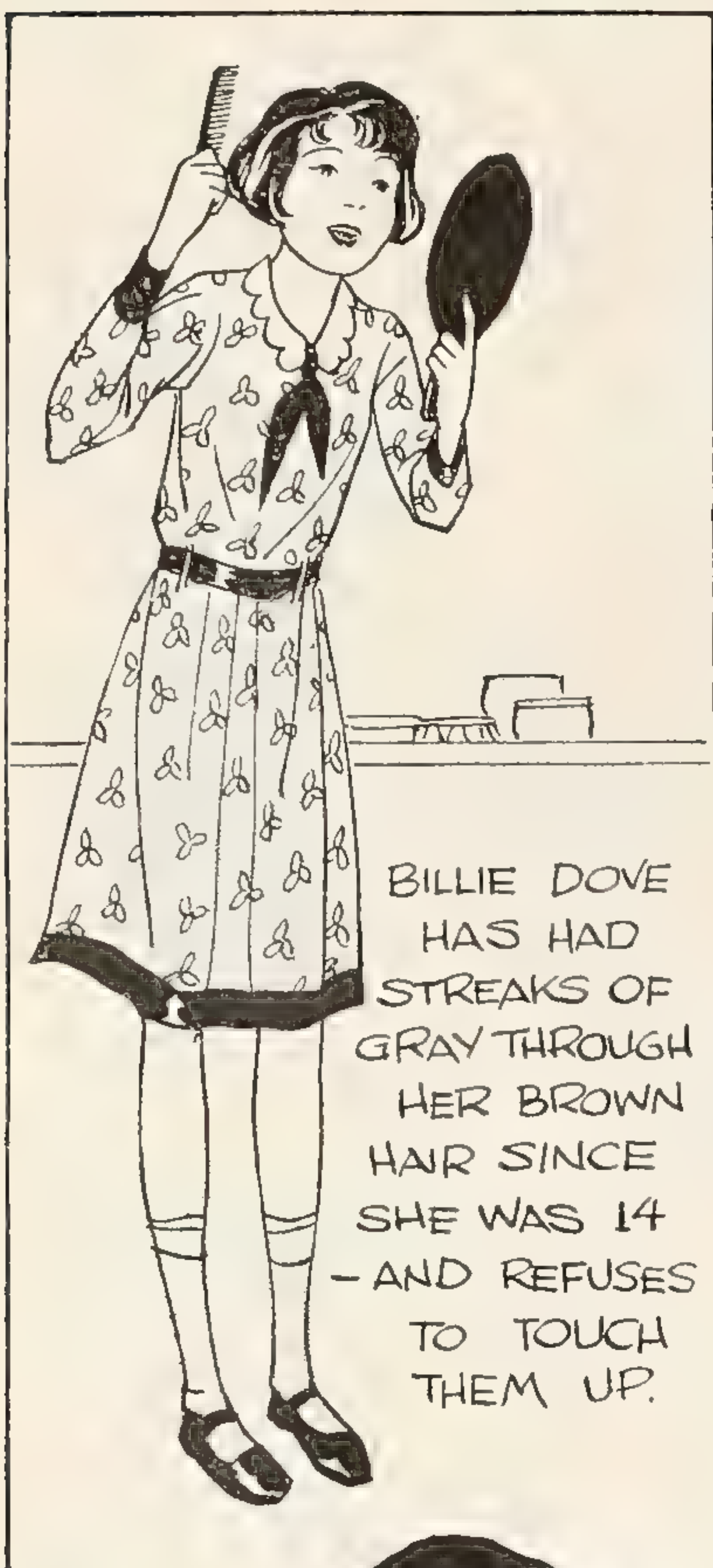
WILL ROGERS is one man who doesn't grant interviews—consciously. In the first place he doesn't like to sit still long enough for the writer to work on him. In the second, he prefers to do the job himself, at so much the word. Long ago I started figuring on a way to remedy the situation. The happy idea came last week when I went to the Fox lot for an interview with a less interesting person.

We were having luncheon in the Fox Munchers' Club when in came Rogers, closely followed by John Blystone and Frank Borzage, Fox directors. They took a table next to mine and started their conversation with a bang. "Their conversation," it soon developed, was little more than a game of questions and answers, with Will on the receiving end.

What the two didn't ask Will isn't worth asking. And for every query shot at him, Will had an answer; a good answer, that made the others rock with laughter and forget to eat their food. I decided to interview my man another day and, finding pencil and paper, settled down to catch some of the stuff Mr. Rogers was passing out.

First you should have a snap of Will Rogers as he sat there that day, dispensing humor and good old-fashioned wisdom. If you have seen him on the screen you already have that snap, for Will Rogers is precisely the same, in pictures and out. But if you feel that you don't know the (Continued on page 116)

ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



BILLIE DOVE
HAS HAD
STREAKS OF
GRAY THROUGH
HER BROWN
HAIR SINCE
SHE WAS 14
—AND REFUSES
TO TOUCH
THEM UP.



RAMON NOVARRO
HAS NEVER EVEN
BEEN **RUMORED**
ENGAGED.



WALLACE BEERY HAS
THE LARGEST
COLLECTION OF
UN-SET DIAMONDS
IN THE FILM
COLONY —



GRETA GARBO HAS NEVER
ONCE SAID: "I TANK I GO HOME."



FRED KOHLER — THE
"TOUGH GUY" OF THE
SCREEN — RAISES
CHICKENS AS A
SIDE LINE.



THAT
ELUSIVE
BACHELOR,
RICHARD DIX,
HAS TAKEN OUT
ONE MARRIAGE LIC-
ENSE IN HIS LIFE AND THAT TIME THE
NUPTIALS WERE INDEFINITELY POSTPONED

Mr. Thorne, man-about-town.
Do you know who he really is?
You say you do. But do you
know why he is a certain Mr.
Thorne of Hollywood?



The first of a series
in which hitherto
unrevealed facts of
the film city are
delightfully disclosed

By WALTER

RAMSEY

THE UNKNOWN HOLLYWOOD

THE card below the iron
knocker says simply: "Mr.
William Thorne
Apartment No 3-B."

The neighbors, who for Holly-
wood are not particularly snoopy
neighbors (since the apartment is
isolated from the beaten path of Hollywood gossip), know
the occupant of No. 3-B merely as "a quiet gentleman
who comes and goes . . . whose apartment is often closed
for days at a time . . . and who does very little entertain-
ing." They take it for granted that he has business
out of town.

It might interest both the neighbors and the trades-
people to know that "Mr. Thorne" has another home and,
incidentally, another name. It might even alarm them.
Gentlemen who live as this gentleman has lived over a
period of years under the guise of an assumed name,
often have too much to hide to make ideal neighbors and
creditors!

Mr. Thorne has considerable to hide and considerable to
gain by his disguise!

To the police, and the world at large, he is known as
William Powell . . . sleek, suave gentleman gambler and
cosmopolite of the screen!

There is a price on his head . . . the price of publicity!

William Powell, as a matter of fact, is supposed to be
living quietly in a regulation movie star's home with his
mother. It is at this address that he receives his calls
. . . does his entertaining. Unfortunately, there were so
many telephone calls—so many friends—so much imposi-
tion on his time that two years ago the mysterious "Mr.
Thorne" was born . . . for privacy's sake.

And while it is true that Mr. Thorne is a great deal
different from Mr. Powell, it is also true that Mr. Thorne

A CERTAIN MR. THORNE

is the *real* William Powell in the
process of living and being as he
prefers to live and be.

By the same token, Apartment
No. 3-B is much more revealing
of the real personality of this
fascinating figure than any story

that could be concocted about the *screen* man.

A quaint place it is—quiet, restful and off the well-
worn path of Hollywood Boulevard. One finds pictur-
esque little Mexican cottage-apartments surrounding a
bubbling fountain, and at night, dim lights show faintly
through the foliage. Mr. Thorne's apartment is just be-
yond the fountain and over to the left.

Three rooms: a small kitchen, a typical man's bedroom
with bath, and a colorful living room in bright red velour
comprise the quarters. There is no servant. The tele-
phone seldom rings. Too few people have the number.

RARE first editions tumble over the bookshelves in
helter-skelter fashion. A strange variety of books.
Great classics and works of art rub shoulders with spicy
volumes of current sensationalism. Suppressed volumes
find themselves next to poems of exquisite beauty and
works of philosophy and religion. They are not arranged.
These books are too often jerked out, and too hurriedly
replaced to make for any order of arrangement.

Cigarette trays, generously sprinkled throughout the
rooms, accumulate ashes for days before Mr. Thorne gets
around to emptying them. Last week's newspaper is as
convenient as yesterday's.

Sometimes he makes his bed . . . sometimes he doesn't!
A lovely Spanish lady smiles an etched smile from her
perch on the bedroom wall. Next to her, a wrinkled fish-
erman in water-color is hauling (*Continued on page 113*)

GOOD-BYE, LON

A "straight" picture of the late Lon Chaney. Very, very few such pictures of him were ever made, as he preferred to keep his real personality something of a mystery.



A study from his first and only talkie, the talking screen version of "The Unholy Three," which was also made in the days of the silents.

As the Hunchback in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Chaney made one of his greatest successes and became world famous.

Here he is as Black Mike Silva in "Outside the Law," a picture which has just been made again as a talkie—but without Chaney.

DEATH prepared the final mask for "the man of a thousand faces." Bravely, Lon Chaney fought against playing that last rôle. But anemia and bronchial congestion, aftermaths of a recent pneumonia attack, culminated in a hemorrhage which robbed the world of one of its most picturesque and talented performers.

Then, the man who hated and assiduously shunned publicity throughout his life, became, in death, the center of ironically prominent ululations from the press.

One more genuine and heartfelt farewell is here—with added to the throng.

"Good-bye, Lon."

There is irony in the thought that the man who long fought against the spoken word in pictures is silenced forever.

But Lon was truly greatest as a pantomimist.

Despite the prodigious vocal versatility displayed in "The Unholy Three," it seemed apparent that his biggest success depended upon the effect of horror and fascinating gruesomeness conveyed by his amazing personations in silent pictures.

THE man's background led inevitably to his outstanding virtuosity as a pantomimist.

He was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, on April 1, 1883.

This April Fool's Day child himself enjoyed and approved the witticism which suggested a perpetual April Fool's joke—"Don't step on it, it may be Lon Chaney."

His mother and father both were deaf and dumb. In order to make himself understood to them, it was necessary for him to converse with gestures and signals. Fate could never have contrived a more ingenious training for the embryo master of make-up and visual expressiveness.

For some time Lon was a Pike's Peak guide.

Then he became a property boy in an opera company.

In his teens he appeared in a play written by himself and his brother.



The greatest character actor of them all plays his last role

At the left we see him in "Tell It to the Marines." This was one of the very few pictures which Chaney played "straight."

This, perhaps, was one of his best make-up achievements. It's the Phantom, of course, from "The Phantom of the Opera," and reaches the height of gruesomeness.

This picture of Chaney and Renee Adoree is from "The Mocking Bird." His characterization was splendid in this, but it did not make the hit which some others did.



In this, too, "Where East Is East," Chaney played one of his few "no make-up" parts—merely disfiguring his face by tremendously ugly expressions.

Then the brothers presented Gilbert and Sullivan operettas to a western world starved for worthy theatrical amusements.

Lon became a stagehand. He carried his union card proudly till his dying day.

He was connected with an opera company (one of whose members became his second wife and survives him); this company toured to Los Angeles where the youthful movies appealed to Lon's imagination.

AS an extra in a Universal picture he soon attracted attention with his careful concentration on perfect make-up and performance. He played "heavy" parts in western pictures; he acted in a slapstick comedy; he directed J. Warren Kerrigan in a number of films.

No one who ever saw his characterization of the Frog in "The Miracle Man" can ever forget it. It was shocking, fascinating, sensational. It was his first great popular achievement. Typical evidence of his willingness to make almost any physical sacrifice for his art is the fact that he permanently injured a shoulder as a result of contortions demanded by that rôle.

In all of his pictures, other than "Tell It to the Marines," and "Where East Is East," this amazingly versatile actor gloried in each new opportunity for a more startling and nerve-wracking characterization. He became the symbol of mystery and unrecognizable disguise.

AMONG the many fascinating stories told about him, one, which reached us through intimate channels, narrates the alleged fact that he severed relationship with Universal because he was refused a requested raise of fifty dollars a week. Ever since then, the story goes, he demanded an additional fifty dollars on the figure of any contract which he signed. It was the symbol to him of poetic justice, a sort of compensation for the ineffectuality of the actor whose greatness is not yet recognized. Subse- (Continued on page 125)



Adele Whitely Fletcher, one of the discoverers of Clara Bow. She has known Clara for a good many years and in this letter she gives the star some very sound advice.

A document of straightforward common sense and uncompromising frankness, written by the woman who sponsored this famous actress before fame ever touched her

By ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER

DEAR CLARA:
The one unforgiveable sin is stupidity. And I feel you're being so very stupid. That is why the newspapers bandy your name. That is why you are called into the "front office" and given fair warning. (And it is fair warning, for the ill advised things you say and do seriously jeopardize the fortune your producers have invested in you.)

CLARA BOW PAYS THIRTY THOUSAND FOR LOVE,



Clara as she looked long before "it" deserved a capital letter. It was at just about this stage of her career that she used to drop into Miss Fletcher's office seeking advice.

scream the headlines. And a story follows, written to serve yellow journalism before truth, telling how a deserted wife has won a fortune from you because she alleges you stole her husband's affections.

Of course there is no possible excuse for your deliberately seeing enough of any married man to become interested in him. Surely you have heard about men being misunderstood at home often enough to know how much such stories are worth.



This is a very recent studio portrait of the famous exponent of sex appeal. All the ballyhoo to the contrary, Miss Fletcher thinks Clara is still a country girl at heart.



It was as the "It" girl above that Clara Bow made herself world famous and at the same time became a target for every newspaper reporter all over the globe who was searching for a story.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CLARA BOW

I cannot help feeling, incidentally, that affections so easy alienated are not worth the exorbitant price placed upon them by outraged wives in court.

You are far from stupid. You must have known perfectly well how that affair would react against you. You must have realized that your company would insist upon an expensive settlement out of court. Surely you would not risk all of this for the sake of a lark. It is only reasonable to suppose that you had one of those feverish "crushes" so compatible with your years.

However, you cannot possibly go on and on counting the world well lost for love. Not that such behavior makes you a bad girl, to my mind. Rather it makes you soft and stupid, a harem scarem, and something of a little fool. The truly wicked woman doesn't emerge from her love affair thirty thousand dollars poorer. Instead she has a square cut emerald, a neat little stack of gilt edge securities and a mink coat for her souvenirs. Yet, curiously enough, the same newspapers that write derogatory

stories about your love affairs, treat the ladies most famous for the handsome presents given them by their "sweeties" with far more respect and consideration than they could possibly deserve. I never have quite understood that.

YOU are described as an exaggeration of an already too heedless generation, as sophisticated and a girl of the world. I see you very differently, as a little country girl; unequal to the importance the movies have given her; too soft to rule Fame. You are, after all, the child of that man and woman who turned their backs on their farm, your mother doubtless with tears in her eyes and fear crouched within her heart, and your father, after the way of men, sanguine about conquering the city.

Had your mother lived she might have saved you some of your mistakes. A country girl that leaves the soil is likely to have learned many hard lessons and to be in a position to give sound and practical advice.

It must have been very hard for her to leave you.



Clara's newest picture will be called "Her Wedding Night" in which she plays opposite Ralph Forbes. It is a French farce-comedy.

You were so young, tenderly curved, your eyes deep and clear and sparkling. There were healthy freckles on your nose then. You were always forgetting to powder it. And you wore your hair, the loveliest chestnut brown, pinned softly in your neck.

I HAVE seen you since with rubies and diamonds sparkling on your arms and hands. I have seen the police open up a lane through the crowd for you on an opening night as you've stepped from a robin's egg blue Isotta Franchini. I have seen you breath-taking in white and emeralds and your flaming hair. But not for many years now have I seen you at your loveliest.

Often I remember you as you were the first time I saw you. Then you wore no jewels. Your dress was shabby and on your shoes there were the marks made by the clamps of your skates. Of course, most girls of the age you were would long since have given up racing down the street on roller skates. But you were a flyaway even then. And it is the very same love of life, the very same greediness for happiness that today threatens your future, your fame and your fortune.

DO you remember how you personally brought to the magazine offices the photographs you wanted entered in a beauty contest? It is well you did. Had you

mailed them I doubt that the little pronoun "It" ever would have known any but its original Websterian significance. (Parenthetically, I'm certain Elinor Glyn's description of your gift for living as "It" has been something of a boomerang. If she gave you an immediate colorful importance she also made you a target for every reporter out after a story. And you and I know it is by such things that reputations are both made and destroyed.)

The photographs you entered in that contest were poor things. A cheap neighborhood man had taken them, re-



touching your face until all that remained was a great white blur, all the lovely planes and curves gone from it.

The associate editor who was conducting the preliminaries of that contest asked me to come into her office and see you. Sated as we both were by beauties, you gave us pause. And we wrote a little note to the eminent judges, urging them not to judge you by those pictures but to see you personally. They did. You won that contest. It was inevitable. And now the intervening years have become screen history.

IT is high time you were given credit for the way in which you conducted yourself in those trying and critical days. Many of the girls who came to stand before the judges attempted to flirt with them. Many made it very obvious they were willing to accept any engagement any judge might care to make. Others wore dresses deliberately revealing. Anything to curry favor. However, their wiles gained them nothing and you were the judges' choice.

I can see you now standing in that line-up of beauties from every state in the Union. There was nothing of the siren about you. You were more like a little girl on a line at school. You met the judges' glances frankly. You did what they asked you to do with a refreshing naturalness.

Then there was that much older man who fancied you. He was powerful. He could have advanced you rapidly. He was obviously in a position to fulfill every fabulous promise he made. No wonder I was afraid for you. You wanted so much to get ahead, for your mother's sake. You wanted to help her escape the poverty that intensified her

The author of this open letter declares that Clara Bow has been as spendthrift with her emotions as she has been with her money.

What do you think?

invalidism. You wanted to get her out of that mean little flat. You wanted her to have a big sunny room, soft bed things, flowers, jellies . . . all the little luxuries that mean so much when anyone is ill.

SOME days you came into my office, all the light gone from your eyes. Then I would know without your telling me that your mother was worse and the fear had overcome you again that your success would come too late to avail her anything. Tragically enough, she did die before "Down to the Sea in Ships" put a little gold in your purse and definitely promised you stardom.

However, never by one word or one glance did you encourage your persuasive, influential admirer. Yet you managed to avoid his most importunate advances without hurting his pride any more than was absolutely necessary. You were almost gentle with him.

It was, you see, evident from the very beginning that you were not one to love a man for what he could give you. If you were it would be futile for me to write such a letter as this to you now.

I AM sure, incidentally, that you'll never be able to deal as harshly with men as some of them may deserve. You seem to know a pity for men and to regard them as impractical, eager children. Instinctively you seem to appreciate the enslavement which the predatory sex—the breadwinners—have to bear. No wonder even those men previously critical about you meet you to forget their prejudices. I very much doubt that you've ever nagged a man. You are more inclined to spoil them. Your attitude, even towards your father, is an indulgent one. You are more a mother than a daughter (Continued on page 112)



"There's my career," she said, looking away from him. "I couldn't let marriage interfere with it."

LITTLE

AFTER the telephone rang, it took Sue Arden fifteen minutes to compose herself. She smoothed her hair and lit a cigarette with trembling hands. Derek Hughes' voice, even over the telephone, had a strange effect upon her. Derek was the best director in Hollywood and Sue Arden loved him.

The conversation had been something like this:

"Sue dear . . ."

"Yes, Derek . . ."

"I'm going to throw Lola Marvel out of the part in 'Recompense' and put you in. Will you take it?"

"Will I take it!" Would she take it? Magnificent's biggest picture of the year . . . Derek's dream, the picture he had been wanting to make ever since he had started directing!

"Sue," Derek had said then, "I love you. Strange that I should tell you over the telephone, isn't it? I haven't had the courage, face to face, but . . . look, Sue, I must talk

with you. Can you see me in fifteen minutes? Will you listen?"

"Will I listen . . ." and right there, Sue had broken off in the middle of her sentence and just hung on for dear life to keep from screaming.

DEREK HUGHES loved her. What good did that do her? She loved him, too, but what good did it do either of them? She could never marry him. He was, after all, Derek Hughes, with generations of tradition behind him.

Sue Arden's name was not Sue Arden. She had left her real name behind for very good reasons. She hated to think what she had left behind with her name. It wasn't pleasant.

She jammed the cigarette in the ash receiver and tried to keep her chin from quivering. Pictures raced back and forth before her. It was as though she were reviewing the rushes of her latest talkie, seeing herself in impossible

There is no popular writer today who packs so much pathos and vividness in so few words—as our Hollywood fiction offering proves

tragic situations, watching her face twist in agony. The only difference was that the picture would have a happy ending, a solution, and there was not hope of that in reality. Life gives its actors no happy endings.

Suppose she told Derek . . . here she shuddered. She couldn't. He wouldn't believe her any more than the others had. If she told him that she was Merle Caron . . . *that* Merle Caron . . . his eyebrows would do the same funny things that the eyebrows of the others had. She laughed shakily. When it came down to it, she had changed her name and her identity to escape eyebrows.

Still, Derek had not been in the States at that time. He couldn't know how they had crucified her. He couldn't know much about it. If she said slowly, "I am Merle Caron," and he said nothing except that Sue Arden was a better name for pictures, she would be safe. But even if this did happen there was his career to consider. After all, there *were* people in the United States who had not been imported recently from England—people who *did* know all about Merle Caron. Headlines. *Derek Hughes, Director, Marries Merle Caron.* Horrible. She could not see Derek's eyes when it was hashed up in the newspapers for the benefit of their bloodthirsty public.

SHE went in and dabbed powder on her nose, smoothed her hair again and just sat there twining and untwining her fingers. Lacing them together, unlacing them, crushing them to make the pain pronounce her real and living.

She could not marry Derek Hughes. She could not even let him know that she loved him. That was the worst she had to bear. Casually, she would say, "Oh, Derek, I don't want to marry. My career means so much to me . . ."

He would say then, "But you will continue your career. We will work together."

She would then say, "Marriage kills an artist. No, Derek, let's not discuss it." And then she would die. She

"Don't play a game with me, Sue," he said. "Do you love me at all? It isn't possible that I could love anyone as much as I love you without having it returned."

"Conceited," she said, between stiff lips.

His large, gentle hands went out and grasped hers, crushed them painfully. Still she stared at him with the blank stare of a woman who had nothing to give in return for his gifts.

"Sue, you *don't*."

"No," she said, "I don't." She sat down.

"But you would, Sue. I promise you, you would."

She shrugged slightly. She was like a small child trying to remember a lesson. "There's my career," she said, looking away from him. "I couldn't let marriage interfere with it."

He sat on the divan dejectedly. "I'm just a fool," he said. "I thought . . . well, never mind. Will you go into Marvel's part in 'Recompense?'"

"If you think I can do it, and if you still want me," she said.

"Your ability as an actress has nothing to do with my love for you," he said. "Of course I want you in the part. Be on the lot at nine will you?"

"Yes, Derek."

THE door closed behind him and Sue sat where he had left her. She was not dead. She was alive and quivering. It had been a good show. It had been an awfully good show. Who said she was not an actress? Her hands crept up and covered her mouth and the tears ran down between the knuckles and wet the palms of her hands.

Derek lurched home to his apartment. It was dark, but Lola Marvel had not switched the lights on. She sat in the arm chair by the window waiting for him, a small, dark, fiery, jealous woman.

"Well," she said, as he switched the light on and looked at her, "you've decided to put Arden in, haven't you?"

"Yes."

LIAR



By HAGAR WILDE

Illustrated by Harvé Stein

couldn't imagine herself saying those words without dying.

Looking in the mirror, she tried to recognize her face. Beautiful. Her mouth twisted a little bitterly. If it hadn't been so beautiful then things might have been easier.

The doorbell rang. He came in. A tall, handsome man. A mature man. A man who had untold gifts for the woman he loved. He had brought them to offer them to her. She had put behind locked gates the love in her eyes.

Elaborately casual, she offered him a cigarette. He shook his head. "No, Sue," he said, "I have to talk. Fast, Sue. I love you. I want to marry you."

Her back was turned slightly. She looked over her shoulder, still casual. "How sweet of you, Derek," she said.

"Look at me, Sue."

She turned and looked at him; put another lock on the gate and prayed that it would hold.

"You're in love with her." It was a statement, not a question.

"Yes."

"And because you fall in love with a common little tart I get thrown out on my ear, is that it?"

"You're thrown out on your ear because you're a cat to work with," he said. "That last scene you made, please God, will be the last. You've pulled hysterics all over the lot for weeks pretending that you had artistic temperament. Temperament, my eye. You can't even spell it. If you'd keep sober long enough to get your nerves into condition, I might be able to work with you. I've staked my reputation on 'Recompense' and you're not going to gum it. Everybody you work with gets a permanent case of jitters. Be nice now and go home. I want to be alone."

"Oh, *darling*," she drawled, "you wouldn't put little Lola out in the cold, cold world when she's come to do you a favor, would you?"

(Continued on page 117)



This is the Bohny family—Charles, Mrs. Bohny and Lillian. Maybe you know Lillian on the screen as—what?

Not in a thousand years could you guess what Mary Astor's real name is.

We have the pleasure of introducing you to Asa Yoelson. Yes, that's the name, folks.

Their REAL NAMES

SHE was born in New York City and her name was Lillian Bohny. She could not pronounce Lillian when she was very young, so she called herself "Billie." A photographer taking her picture, asked her name. She told him. "Anyway, you look just like a little dove!" he exclaimed. "That's what I'll call myself when I become an actress!" cried Billie, with youthful enthusiasm, "Billie Dove!"

It is an interesting fact that eight out of ten talking picture players have risen to fame with other names than their real, absolutely true ones. There are many reasons for this. Sometimes the real name is too long; sometimes it is too difficult to spell or pronounce; sometimes numerology enters into the matter; and at other times the original name is just too strange or foreign sounding.

Undoubtedly you have at various time wondered whether or not the names your favorites go by are their very own. You surely have if the many inquiries that find their way to the question and answer columns of the different fan magazines are to be taken into account.

IF I should ask you if you knew Guadalupe Villalobos, you would without doubt say "no." And yet, you really would know her all the time—not, of course, by that name, but by the name of Lupe Velez.

Then we have Marilyn Reynolds—how many know this winsome young lady? Her name now happens to be Marilyn Miller. When her mother, who was an actress, divorced Marilyn's father and married Caro Miller, leading man of the theatrical company, Marilyn adopted the name of Miller. For several years she was left in the care of her grandmother, who lived in Memphis, Tennessee. It was from the pickaninnies Marilyn first learned to dance and sing.

Actors and actresses don't always name themselves. Lucile Langhanke became Mary Astor by vote of the

dramatic critics of New York newspapers. Virginia Chotsie Noonan became Sally O'Neil because Marshall Neilan, the director, thought that name fitted her perfectly. Her sister was christened Molly O'Day by order of First National studio executives. Harry Cars, the writer and newspaperman, named June Marlow, as he didn't think any girl could make a success on the screen with the name Gizelda Goten.

MOST people know Jean Arthur by that name alone, but Miss Arthur has often confided to her friends that her real name—the one she was born with—is Gladys Greene.

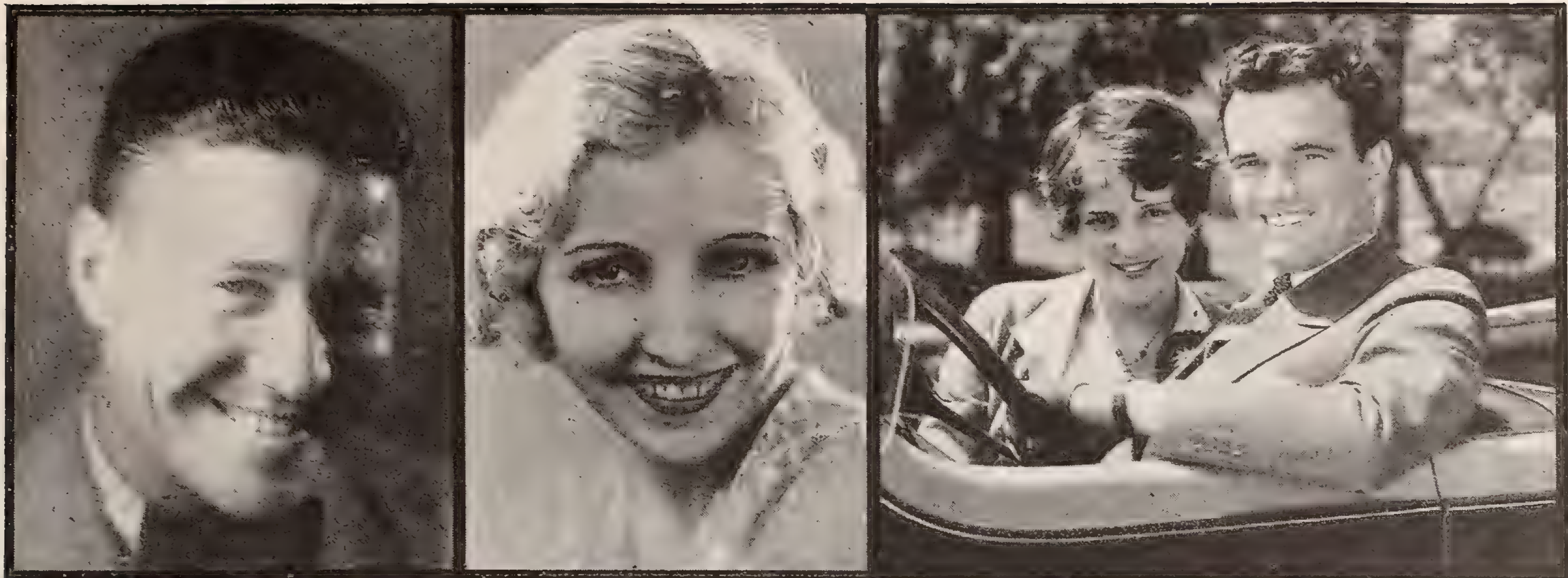
Gary Cooper's last name is the real family name, but his first name is just an adopted one—in other words, Gary Cooper is really Frank Cooper.

Betty Jane Young changed her name to Sally Blane and became quite a success on the screen. Her two sisters, Loretta and Polly Ann, didn't find the old family name a handicap to their success and so stuck to "Young." Loretta's first name, however, used to be Gretchen.

Here are a couple of very famous names—Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll. Did you ever hear of them? What, you didn't? Shame on you! Ninety million people or more hear them every night. Gosden is "Amos" and Correll's "Andy," the famous "Amos 'n' Andy" radio, vaudeville, and now film team. They're to make a talkie for RKO and will receive one million dollars for same. Nothing cheap about them!

Rudy Vallee, another famous entertainer, used to be known to his friends as Herbert Prior Vallee, while Richard Arlen at one time went by the name of Richard Van Mattimore. You'd never guess Racquel Torres' real name, which happens to be totally different from her "reel" one—it is Billie Osterman. Gasp that off.

A star by any other name not only shines as bright but brighter—



What's in a name? A whole lot says Jack Oakie who changed his from Offield.

Here's Juanita Horton, the girl who made Broadway melodies famous. Get it?

When Sue Carol married Nick Stuart, their names read this way on the marriage register. Evelyn Lederer and Nicolae Pratz.

"Don't give your right name," is a slogan well lived-up-to by the movie stars—and for all kinds of reasons

By
**GORDON R.
SILVER**

GRETA GARBO was born Breta Gustafsson; Alice White is really Alva White, and by placing "Silver" before Arthur Lake's last name, you have that young actor's real name.

Her birth name was Louise Dantzler, but when she first went into the movies to play Wendy in "Peter Pan," Director Herbert Brenon looked her over and decided to give her a new first and last name. He hit on Mary for the first and finally chose Brian to follow it. He hesitated several days as to whether or not an "O" should precede the word, but at last decided against it—thus came Mary Brian into being.

When Gwen Le Pinski was a cloak model back in Omaha, she never thought she'd soon give up her last name for another. But she did. A prominent director saw her and suggested a screen test. The result was a trip to Hollywood—and Gwen Le Pinski became none other than Gwen Lee.

John Gilbert used to be known as John Pringle; Barry Norton was formerly Alfredo de Biraben, and believe it or not, Gilbert Roland was born with the name Luis Antonio Damoso de Alonzo! Most everyone knows that Mary Pickford's true name is Gladys Smith and the Barrymores' is Blythe, but—ah, here's some harder ones—do you know that Jeanette Loff used to go by the name of Jan Love? And that Fanny Brice is really Fanny Borocho? It's a fact, believe it or not.

Buster Keaton was christened Joseph and the family name was Francis when he was born in Muskegon, Michigan, but the late Houdini, seeing him tumble down a flight of stairs without injury and then get up laughing, exclaimed: "Holy smoke! You're some Buster!" and the name has always stuck. Later, he changed the Francis to Keaton for screen purposes.

Anita Page's real name is Anita Pomares; Mary Nolan's is Mary Imogene Robertson; Madge Bellamy's is Margaret Philpotts, and Helen Kane's is Helen Schroeder. Antonio Moreno merely dropped the middle portion of his full name of Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno when he went into the movies.

What do you think of Guadalupe Villalobos? And how do you like Gladys Greene, Frank Cooper, Richard Van Mattimore and Louise Dantzler? Never heard of them? Maybe not. Yet each and every one is a well-known star. Do you know what John Gilbert's own name is? And Gilbert Roland's? And Helen Kane's? You'll be amazed and amused when you learn some of Hollywood's real names

EVELYN BRENT used to be just plain Betty Riggs; and Mae Murray once possessed the name Marie Koenig.

Very few of Paul Muni's friends know that his name was once upon a time Muni Weisenfreund. Jack Oakie's real name of Jack Offield is likewise rather a dark secret to many. Joan Crawford used to write her signature "Lucille La Sueur," and Dolores Del Rio's friends back in Mexico know her as Lolita Dolores Asunsolo de Martinez. Rex Bell's true name is George Belden.

When Irene Rich was a Buffalo society girl her name was Irene Luther, while Betty Compson left the name of Lucime Compson behind her when she sought a screen career.

(Continued on page 114)

witness these luminaries whose names are not their own



Miss Joyce as she appeared in "Song O' My Heart," John McCormack's starring picture. This was one of the season's most important pictures.

SHE has a quality which makes her an amazing paradox. Alice Joyce is a product of the movies—of Hollywood—and she is a lady!

I'm sure there must be other ladies in Hollywood. Unfortunately, I have met few of them. I have met delightful gamins, charming schemers, amusing gold diggers, amazing exhibitionists, interesting psychopathic cases that would delight my friends, Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe and Dr. A. A. Brill. But these fascinating girls, after you have seen them do their tricks and have heard them talk constantly about their own little world, in which they are God and chief votary, rather pall. Alice Joyce is a human, understanding and understandable person. She seems to me to be unusually free from neuroses and delusions. She looks at life calmly, with mild amusement, with a nice sense of balance. She is a delightful companion. I like to think that she is my friend.

When I told Alice Joyce I wanted to do a story about her she smiled with an uplifted eyebrow. We had talked over a hundred small topics of the day. I had been amused and interested at her colorful view of life.

She and her younger daughter, little Peggy Regan, going on nine, had come out for a swim and for tea. I looked at Alice at ease in one of the low wicker chairs in my sun room. I knew she had been in the movies since the old Biograph days and yet, a sort of miracle, there is

Here's an old picture of Alice as she looked in the good old Vitagraph days. This was before she was "The Kalem Girl."



about her the same youthfulness that there is about Peggy. Her hazel eyes are wide apart, beautifully spaced. Her brown hair is bobbed but it isn't one of the long, mussed-looking bobs that so many Hollywood stars think necessary for their "parts," nor is it one of the close-cropped, bizarre effects or the shaving-like curls other screen actresses have achieved. Usually it is rather straight and Alice has a distracting way of pushing her hat back with a gesture that would make any one else look hideous, but which succeeds in making her look naive and young. For that matter, the line under her chin still has the softness of youth—the fullness which disappears under too many massages and is always gone after a face lift or a "restoration" which women resort to in vain clutchings for youth. Alice Joyce's face is pale and she uses no make-up except vivid scarlet lip rouge—you know her mouth's sensuous

ALICE

This famous author tells, among other fascinating things about this stunning actress, the secret of Alice Joyce's eternal youth

IN A LOOKING GLASS

quality. She is restless, always, underneath. And outwardly she has the lovely calm of a person whom nothing seems to disturb.

HOW did you get started?" I asked. And waited to hear one of those usual, romantic stories that stars tell about grand old ancestral homes and money losses.

"I left school at fourteen," she said. "I'm glad of one thing. My daughters can have a better education than I had—I can do things for them.

"I got a job as a telephone operator. Gramercy Exchange. I went from there to the old Hotel Oxford. And made thirty dollars a month working twelve hours a day and only had one day off a month. After work I went home to the Bronx—my stepfather could have a house with



Alice Joyce is a human, understanding and understandable person. So says the brilliant author of this article.

room enough for his dogs there."

Even that job didn't last. Alice was laid off. Then, at a dance, an artist asked her to pose.

"That was better." She smiled reminiscently. "Five dollars a day—and I could stop at five o'clock. Even now I think a good director is one who stops sharp at five."

It was interesting, posing. She was sixteen, now. She posed for Coles Phillips, C. D. Williams, Orson Lowell.

AGIRL told Alice about the old Biograph Company. You could make ten dollars a day and extra for overtime. Alice went to Bio-

By **THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW**

graph—got a job. D. W. Griffith was directing. She was in pictures with Mary Pickford and Arthur Johnson and Willette Kershaw. And she did get ten dollars a day! When she worked.

But there were too many days when even a lovely, slim extra girl wasn't needed. Alice went back to posing. If you weren't at the studio when an artist wanted you, he got another model.

She grew restless. She wanted more than posing. She rehearsed with Lew Fields in "The Summer Widowers." That was fun! Then she was late. The director's temper was uncertain. She was fired! Three weeks of rehearsals gone for nothing!

She got a job posing for song slides. A man with whom she posed went into pictures. His company was having trouble finding a girl who could ride. Alice had been on a horse, once, on a farm.

"I can ride!" she said.

She fell off the horse, was bruised black and blue. But she made ten dollars. And the riding got her a regular job.



Before Alice went into the movies she was first a telephone operator and then an artist's model. She knows only too well what hard work is.

"I don't believe Alice Joyce ever gave a wild party in her life."

Kalem made her an offer and asked what salary she wanted. Friends said "Don't be cheap!" She knew that Gene Gautier got thirty-five dollars a week for writing and acting. Alice, trembling a little, asked for fifty dollars. And got it!

FIFTY dollars every week! And then California and seventy-five! And there never was a nickel left over. Funny, as you make more money, your expenses seem to go up! For a year and a half Alice did Indian and Western pictures. "The Engineer's Sweetheart!" Then came recognition.

Of all her pictures Alice Joyce likes best "Stella Dallas," "The Little French Girl," and the picture which she finished only last April, "He Knew Women." This was adapted from The Theatre Guild's success, "The Second Man" and she played opposite Lowell Sherman. She did not like as well "Song O' My Heart" with McCormack. Last year she was especially pleased because George Arliss chose her for the second time to play in "The Green Goddess." And the day I am writing this she is completing her plans to go to California for a new picture.

I don't believe Alice Joyce ever gave a wild party in her life. She doesn't like them. She has a charmingly appointed apartment in New York, a beach bungalow in Hollywood. She keeps her servants for years and they adore her. She is interested in the things that interest other civilized people. She has no weird fads. Her clothes are conservative. In spite of a lot of rumors that all stars must contend with, I believe she is in love with Jack Regan, her own husband. She treats him with the amused and tolerant air that a woman learns to take towards a husband after years of marriage, especially if the husband is Irish and a bit prone to jealousy and is humorous and fond. She was married, once before, to Tom Moore. They are still good friends.

"This business of staying together for the children's sake is all nonsense," she said. "Children are less happy in a home without harmony than with one parent in a pleasant home."

ALICE has two children. Wisely, she has kept them away from public life. Young Alice Moore is calm-eyed, dignified, altogether charming. Little Peggy Regan is about the nicest child I know. She is gay, generous, frank, without a trace of self-consciousness, delighted with the simplest pleasures, good company.

An interview isn't complete without "favorites." I found that A. E. Matthews is Alice Joyce's favorite actor. Jane Cowl and Mrs. Fiske her favorite actresses. Brown is her favorite color. Her favorite author is Somerset Maugham—he gave her three of his autographed books. She likes "The Moon and Sixpence" best of all. She enjoys a good mystery story and just finished Edgar Wallace's "Red Circle."

She prefers living in New York—is a city person—doesn't like the country a great deal. She likes England,

too. And China— Hong Kong still holds romance. I asked her who she would rather be if she weren't herself.

"Any nice little girl of eight to eleven," she said. "Any little girl, now, that is. Children seem to have better times these days than they did when I was a youngster."



Alice as she appeared in "The Vengeance of Durand," which was made on the old Vitagraph lot.

SHE is not a demanding mother. She wants her daughters to be individuals—to get what they want most out of life. If they want to go on the stage or in the movies she will help them all she can, though she thinks the work is hard. Alice, at fourteen, has already shown a talent for writing—is on the school paper. Peggy is too busy being happy to think about careers.

Nor is an interview with an actress complete without beauty secrets. Alice Joyce still looks younger than most of the new stars. And she doesn't seem to have any secrets at all! She hardly ever takes time for a massage. She uses cold cream when she thinks of it, which isn't often. Her life is that of hundreds of other sophisticated New York women. She likes good things to eat, an occasional drink, little parties, the theatre.

At eight she has coffee, usually with hot milk. Or hot water and lemon juice. When she feels the need of it she takes bending exercises, which suffice to keep her in trim.

HER favorite luncheon dish is a steak sandwich. Sometimes she has a poached egg on spinach or a baked potato and buttermilk and White Rock. She never takes "snacks" during the day. Tea is at five, a social hour, and Alice usually has only a nibble of a sandwich. Her dinner is simple; soup, meat, green vegetables, a salad, crackers, cheese, coffee. No sweets—though she likes candy and perhaps, once a month, goes on a "candy bat," and devours a whole box of fudge.

Alice Joyce is five feet five and three-quarter inches in height and she weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She has a very simple way of losing.

"On my way to Hollywood I live on buttermilk. I'm never much overweight. When I get there I usually find I've reduced enough. I can weigh a little more when I'm playing with a tall man."

No sensation—no lurid past or crimson future. A little telephone girl who became a gracious and lovely lady. If that can happen, maybe, after all, there's something pretty fine about the movies.

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW'S
intimate knowlege of and long acquaintance with stars of the screen will be revealed in another charming story by her in the next issue of the **MODERN SCREEN Magazine.**
Watch for it!

HOLLYWOOD AFTER DARK



A fascinating word-picture of the
film city at night

By EDWIN ANTHONY

THERE is a lot goes on in Hollywood once the copyrighted California sunshine drops into the Pacific. It's just a question of finding out where and when. And then, how to get there.

This is no Cook's Tour of the cinema city; neither is it an exposé of wickedness or wassail. There are, no doubt, a few such places in Hollywood. As somebody must have remarked before (in fact, they have, because I

have read it myself), Hollywood is no better and no worse than any other city of its size in this country. It has its good places and its places not so good. I am not going to tell you about the latter for two reasons. The first being that no one told me about them—I had to find out for myself—and the second is that I can not remember much about them even when I try. But to get back to Hollywood after dark, that is there for all of us to enjoy to the specified limits of our capacity.

Here is Hollywood Boulevard, with Grauman's Chinese Theater in the foreground, on the night of an opening in the lavish Hollywood manner.



A world famous street at night — Hollywood Boulevard



Here we are on the Boulevard just below Vine Street. The luxurious new Pantages theater on the right is a sight for pleasure-seeking night owls.

Below is another portion of that famous Boulevard. It shows the Warner theater. The opening nights that take place here rival Sid Grauman's shows.

The big nights in Hollywood are, of course, the world premières of pictures made right in its own back yard, with its own respectable, tax-paying citizens playing the parts. For some reason, unexplainable by any one, there is no place in the world that becomes so excited at the sight of a movie star in person as Hollywood. It may be a paradox, but it is the truth.

When a première is staged at Grauman's Chinese Theater, the Carthay Circle or Warner's, the crowd begins to gather around the roped-off area hours before Laura La Plante, Dorothy Mackaill, Skeets Gallagher, Buddy Rogers and other celebrities of the moment descend from shiny limousines to shout something unintelligible into the microphone and dart into the theater. And are all those thousands of morbidly curious onlookers visitors from the East and Middle West? Don't be silly; most of them are natives who work in banks, clothing stores, soft drink parlors and possibly not a few of them actually are employed in the film studios. You may notice I call them natives. I say it with reservations. There is no such thing as an actual native of Hollywood. What I really mean is that they are people who have lived there at least six months.

Of course they don't have openings every night in Hollywood. Where do the crowds go and what do they do on other nights? I am taking it for granted that everyone goes out every night—and I have my reasons.



ONE of the best spots is the Pom Pom Café. The Pom Pom is located half way between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. Managed by a heavy-set, happily married man who matriculated as headwaiter in a bachelor grill in which women were not even admitted, the Pom Pom boasts the best "girl show" in town. It is best because it is the only one in that entire district, but nevertheless, it is a good one. The girls are as young and as

Hollywood night life is not complete without an opening

pretty as you could find in an Earl Carroll revue and if they are not as well trained it is because the show changes more often.

The motion picture fraternity is always well represented at the Pom Pom. Between eleven and two in the morning you might see Grant Withers with his pretty wife, Loretta Young; Carl Laemmle, Jr., with a party; Eddie Lowe, Lilyan Tashman and any number of others.

Wilson Mizner's Brown Derby is another well known rendezvous of picture folk. The Brown Derby is located on Vine Street, just off Hollywood Boulevard. Thing-a-majigs that look like brown Derbys (and maybe are, for all I know) hang from the ceiling and give poetic license for the name. The Derby is attractive to the eye, but even more so to the palate. Mizner is a noted Broadway wit "gone Hollywood." He maintains he learned the value of good food for the actor when he was starving to death, trying to be one himself. He features no entertainment, but the place is always filled with persons whose faces, forms, likes, dislikes and press-agented hobbies are known



This is the famous Carthay Circle, another of the theaters where those super-elaborate Hollywood premieres happen.

This group of four pictures was all taken at the opening of "Dixiana." Here we have Estelle Taylor.



Ben Lyon and his wife, Bebe Daniels, take a bow.



Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor, who are often seen together.



Cute Dorothy Lee, of Radio pictures, says a few words.

Here are some restaurants whither they go after theater



Here's the inside of the Brown Derby. There's no dancing here but you can be sure of getting a good meal and also of the chance of seeing a star or two. Much studio gossip is exchanged over these tables between bites.



And here's the outside of the same. No, those are not movie stars, they're tourists.



Above we have the exterior of the Montmartre. This is perhaps one of the most high-hat places in the town. They make a specialty of dancing contests.

This is Henry's in which Charlie Chaplin is rumored to have an interest. Those shadowy figures are not ghosts—they're the effect made by the nocturnal time exposure.



throughout the world by all who run and read.

ON Hollywood Boulevard itself are Henry's and the Montmartre. Both of these establishments have figured in columns of newspaper publicity and in virtually every book of fiction to come out of the studio city. Henry's makes no pretense of being anything except a good restaurant. It doesn't have to. Henry, the owner, has appeared in every picture made by Charles Spencer Chaplin. Legend has it that the great Chaplin is himself a part owner and this is partially borne out by the fact that Henry's is the only place the comedian has ever been seen by the general public while toying with an oyster fork.

The Montmartre is more swanky. It boasts a world-famous orchestra and a cover charge. There is a weekly dance contest with prizes awarded by the most celebrated of movie stars. The Wednesday luncheons at this place are quite the thing. It is tradition for as many

And here are some general doings when the sun has set

This is the ticket office of the American Legion Stadium where the weekly prize-fights are held. They are a great attraction to the movie crowd. Yes, that's Harry Green, Paramount comedian, right bang up in the front, there.

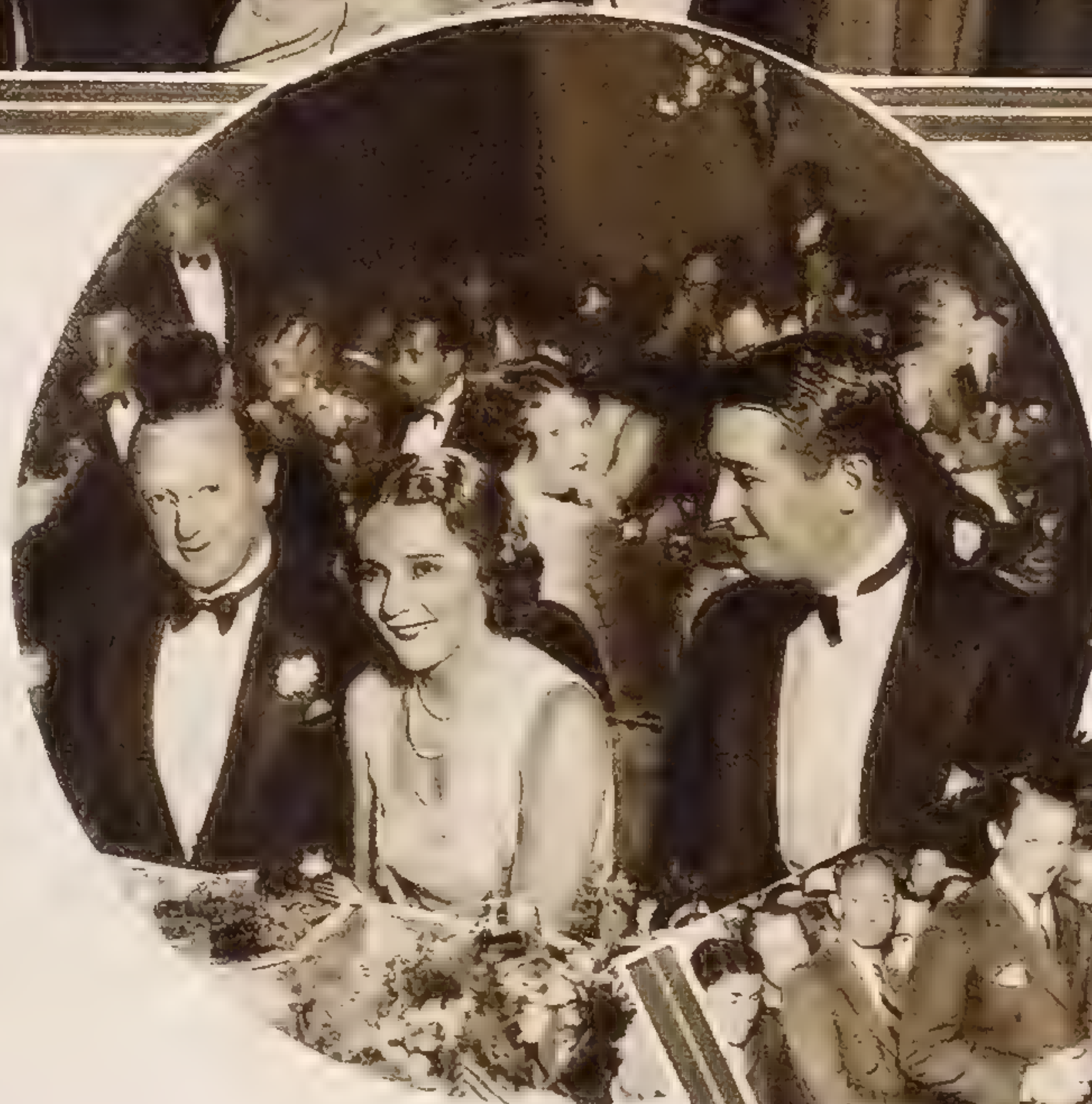


feminine luminaries as possible to crowd in on that day.

About a year ago the Embassy Club was opened in the heart of Hollywood and rapidly became one of the outstanding resorts of the colony. The only drawback is that you must be a member to get in. Once inside, however, you will more than likely run across such personages as Dick Barthelmess, William Powell, Marion Davies, Marian Nixon, Billie Dove, Howard Hughes, Glenn Tryon, Ronald Colman—but why go on?

DO not get the idea that the people mentioned go to these places every night. Far from it. When working, which is the most part of the time in the case of these named, one or maybe two nights a week is the limit of unofficial public appearances. The rest of the evenings will find them in their own homes.

There are numerous other highlights in the night life of Holly- (Continued on page 121)



They gave Maurice Chevalier a great send-off when he left Hollywood for Paris. With him are Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky, the producer.



Doug and Joan made a midnight appearance when Joan imprinted her foot in the famous cement in the court of Grauman's Chinese Theater recently.

William Collier, Jr., gave a stag party recently. See if you can find him and also Buster Keaton, Norman Kerry, William Haines, Jack Pickford, Skeet Gallagher and Ben Lyon (who fell asleep).



LUCKY THIRTEEN

Kay Francis believes in this number—and you can't blame her, for it has played a big part in her meteoric career

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

LOOK at her again. The girl on the cover. The perfect oval of her face. The fathomless sea-grey eyes. Those provocative lips, with their prompt suggestion of the Mona Lisa. The keen, clean-cut contours of her figure. The poise. That truly regal bearing. Now close your eyes. Can't you see her as—

A dainty, languorous, drawling daughter of the old South—the final perfect bloom evolved from a family tree deep-rooted in aristocracy through countless generations. Chivalry duelling for her favors . . . the scent of magnolia . . . a background of trysting-trees veiling romantic meetings with festooned Spanish moss.

Or imagine her the unattainable darling of a dozen daring D'Artagnans. Gallants bending in adoration over slender finger-tips . . . slender blades flashing to whatever cause she lists.

Perhaps a princess persecuted . . . a queen deposed by an envious rabble . . . the last of a mighty dynasty . . . the scion of some ancient house tossed to the arms



MODERN SCREEN has the honor of presenting this rare old portrait of Katherine Clinton, Kay Francis' mother. She was well known as a repertory theater actress of considerable merit.



The lovely Kay is here caught in a decidedly unusual pose—for her. This girl possesses the species of charm which enters into and dominates everything she ever does and ever will do.



A scene from her newest picture: Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna in "The Virtuous Sin."

of Hollywood on the turbulent foam of the post-war maelstrom . . . ruler of destinies . . . mistress of men . . . maker—and breaker—of empires.

In whatever vivid pigment your imagination paints her, Kay Francis looks the part. Obviously the ages have labored long to produce her perfection. Obviously, too, it was created to grace high places. Yet, as sometimes happens, fate, in a final moment of carelessness thwarted its own ends. For instead of being born in the palace of some royal line, Kay Francis made her mundane debut in Oklahoma City. Yes, it was Friday, the thirteenth.

YET she has a certain heritage. There was something of feudal holdness in the wanderings of old Grandfather Franks through the western wilderness. He wasn't always old, and in his youth the boom-towns of the frontier were his familiar habitat. He married twice, and of the second wedding in his house was born a daughter, Katherine, who became Kay Francis' mother.

With real romance dying, the girl turned to the world of make-believe for her adventuring, and as Katherine Clinton, gained some measure of fame as a player of parts

in repertoire companies. Thirteen months after her marriage, a daughter, Katherine, came. The infant travelled through the West—California, Colorado—as the parents followed their nomadic life.

Still a very little girl, the young actress-mother put the child in school in the East, and from that time the future Kay Francis spent a dozen years in the convents of the Holy Angels at Fort Lee, New Jersey—Nôtre Dame, at Roxbury, Massachusetts—and the Holy Child Jesus, in New York City. After these preliminaries she was "finished" at Miss Fuller's School, at Ossining, and in the Cathedral School at Garden City.

ONE of her earliest recollections of the theatre dates back to a memorable evening, when, at the age of three, she sat in a box with a family friend, while her mother, then leading lady for the Daly Repertoire Company, enacted a tragic rôle upon the stage.

"Mother had to be shot just before the third act curtain," reminisces the latest cinema sensation, "and when the big scene came, the audience was properly keyed up for it. The shot was fired. Mother cried out tragically. She staggered and fell while the slayer watched horrified at his deed, and the audience gripped its chair-arms.

"The atmosphere was stifling with silence and tenseness. Then I turned to the friend who was 'minding' me, and piped up, 'don't be frightened—mother's not really dead—she's only acting!'

"My childish voice carried everywhere in the theatre. The audience became hysterical with laughter. They had to ring down the curtain. The part I remember best is the spanking I received in the dressing-room. After that episode I saw mother's portrayals from the wings—not from out front."

"Kay," for so they called her, made her own bow in the theater not as a player, but as a playwright. With another Katherine—Stewart by name—she composed the class play at the Cathedral School. It was presented in 1921—and Kay was sixteen at the time.

BUT, almost literally born in the theater, it was not surprising that the youngster wished to follow in her mother's footsteps. A life of one-night stands had destroyed much of the elder woman's illusions regarding the stage as a career, and her objections to starting her daughter along that thorny path resulted in the abandonment of the theatrical ambition in favor of a New York business-

school course in stenography and typing. But the curly-ques of shorthand, and the unromantic repetition of "now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party" on one of Mr. Underwood's machines didn't quite fit in with Kay's ideas of life.

In a final effort to keep her from the stage, the girl was sent abroad for an eight month's tour of the isles and the continent. When, upon (Continued on page 105)



Kay Francis' dark beauty is a welcome relief from Hollywood's eternal parade of clinging blondes.



The French star is now making personal appearances in his beloved Paris. He is expected back in Hollywood sometime in November

MAURICE CHEVALIER

Malibu Beach, Noah Beery's Trout Ranch, Wrigley's Catalina Island, Agua Caliente and Palm Springs are the boundaries of the state of mind called Hollywood.

Its tremendous possibilities, its amazing variety, its never-changing friendliness—these are some of the reasons why—

WE LIKE

HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD is a trick town. We like it. Anyone who doesn't like Hollywood would refuse a free ticket to see a bobbed-haired Lady Godiva take a canter.

Hollywood—and, by the way, there is no such town—offers more residential advantages and fewer objectionable features than any place the two earnest young authors of this article have encountered between Canada and Panama.

Civically, we repeat, there is no such place at all. Hollywood is a state of mind. Out on the Pacific Coast there is a thriving metropolis called Los Angeles, with more than a million and a quarter population, an enormous amount of civic pride, and a rankling sorrow because the last census did not place it ahead of Detroit.

In the midst of that community is the mythical section called Hollywood, which is chiefly famous because most of the studios and film stars have moved out of it to bigger and better quarters.

By **CARROLL and
GARRETT GRAHAM**

Illustrated by **Walter Van Arsdale**

Hollywood itself has become Hollywood because of its manner of living and its expansive attitude toward life.

Within five minutes from any given point on Hollywood Boulevard one may easily discover schools, churches, symphony concerts, sympathetic blondes or psychoanalysts. It's all a matter of personal taste. Hollywood is at once a three-ring circus, a summer and winter resort, a beautiful section of a big city, a gathering place for nuts from all over the world, a center of culture and learning, and a great spot for whoopee and diversion. Briefly, Hollywood is a swell place to live.

From the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street—now the principal corner of town—one may arrive in ten minutes at the Hollywood Bowl, the Studio Club, Griffith Park, Poverty Row, Henry's, the Chinese Theater, Lucey's speakeasy, the Hollywood police station, the gas tank on Santa Monica Boulevard, the Mulholland Dam or a three day party up in Hollywoodland.



In spite of their famous and devastating book, "Queer People," the authors herein disprove the theory that they have no use for the film capital

Patches of Hollywood may be found almost anywhere within a radius of twenty miles of that intersection. The mythical boundaries of this far-famed community are as elastic as Leon Errol's legs.

These boundaries embrace the Rancho Malibu, some miles up the Santa Monica coast, where film stars have their palatial summer homes and private bathing beaches, with or without the formality of suits, and they extend as far south as the gambling casino at Agua Caliente, where Hollywood flies for a weekend—and generally walks home.

The same boundaries reach down to the desert at Palm Springs, where film folk go to lose that tired feeling, or to Noah Beery's trout ranch in the mountains. Occasionally Hollywood even extends to Catalina Island where the stars park their yachts and chew gum with William Wrigley.

THERE are a number of advantages of living in Hollywood not listed by the Chamber of Commerce. To wit:

Golf links are so numerous that many undesirable people are kept off the street.

Even the minor studio positions pay well enough so that almost everyone can make payments on—if not own—his private car.

A studio carpenter, faring forth in the morning, may pick a rose in his own garden and wear a *boutonnière* to work.

The high cost of liquor, and the low cost of gasoline counterbalance each other, both being consumed in about equal quantities, and, too frequently, together.

A man may appear in public at any hour of the day or night in a bathing suit, plus fours or an opera hat—or in all three—without exciting derisory comment.

There are so many miles of bathing beach that even the ocean water is fit to drink and one may find a place on the sand without landing in the lap of an alien.

Restaurant keepers will take checks.

The nights are so warm and pleasant that it is no great hardship to sleep in the park if one is out of work.

California earthquakes always occur farther north.

Love is regarded as a pleasant pastime rather than a

gainful occupation, which, to us, seems civilized.

When it rains, the precipitation is an excellent beverage, generally coming in three flavors.

Hollywood is so crammed with beauty that gentlemen must deter blondes.

It is a town without tenements, elevated trains, night clubs or a criminal element. When you go out in public you are sure you are not rubbing elbows with a gunman, and you get used to actors eventually.

There is hardly such a thing as an "unfashionable district" or a "bad address" in Hollywood, unless it happens to be next door to a saxophone.

YOU can live any way you please and nobody bothers about your private life if you keep it private. Conrad Nagel



In Hollywood a man may appear in public in plus fours, a bathing suit and an opera hat without exciting comment.

ushers every Sunday in the Christian Science church. That's his business. Another star drinks a pint of cognac every morning before he can arise. That's his business.

There are more interesting and unusual people there than in any other spot the world over.

Stroll down Hollywood Boulevard and you will bump into Hindu princes, film stars, wise-crackers, poets, prize-fighters, evangelists, authors, extra girls, portrait painters, wood-carvers, opera singers and assorted celebrities and nuts.

In what other town may one find so varied an assortment of personages as Aimee Semple McPherson, Jack Dempsey, Charlie Chaplin, Sadakichi Hartmann, Oscar Strauss, Jim Tully, Peter the Hermit, Sam Goldwyn, Mickey Walker, John Barrymore, Alfred Hertz, Fay Lanphier, William Randolph Hearst, Wilson Mizner, Rupert Hughes, D. W. Griffith, Broken Nose Murphy, Sid

"Briefly, Hollywood is a swell place to live."

Grauman, George Kotsonaros, Jack Cudahy, Flo Ziegfeld, One-Eyed Connelly, Ben Hecht, Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy, Ace Hudkins, William Gibbs McAdoo, Bull Montana, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, Nick the Greek, and probably the man who hit Billy Patterson?

THERE are a good many others whose names you probably do not know, but they are worthy of mention. There is "Pardner" Jones, who shoots apples off folks' heads, and has never nicked a temple yet; there is the man who makes his living renting a trained goose to the movies; there is Dario, the numerologist, some of whose film followers are so faithful that they won't start a picture until he approves of the date; there is Dick Grace, who cracks up airplanes for a living, and who once broke his neck in a stunt, then went back and did the stunt over again when he had recovered; there is the man who so resembles Lincoln that someone once said he'd never be happy until he was assassinated; there are so many others so unusual, or weird, or infamous or interesting that they cannot be listed, or even remembered.

HOLLYWOODIANS often gnash their teeth and wail that they want to get away from it all. They pray that some fire bug will go about firing all the studios, or that all studio executives will be boiled in oil. They moan that Hollywood is the most impossible, the most artificial, the most objectionable spot in the world.

They don't mean it. Very few people who have ever lived in Hollywood stay away from it for any great length of time. Occasionally some of them try, but they always come back.

AND here are some of the reasons why they come back. There is the Hollywood Bowl, where a magnificent symphony orchestra plays during the summer in a natural outdoor amphitheater, to an audience of 30,000.

There are downtown theaters where competent actors play the Broadway hits and avoid the Broadway flops.

There are even a few museums and art galleries, too; for instance, the Huntington Museum, including, as it does, priceless treasures of history and paintings of the masters, for which the founder expended enough millions to have bought control of almost any film company, but was too smart to do it.

There is every conceivable kind of outdoor sport. For those who still remain collegiate there are the titanic struggles each fall between the football teams of U. S. C., Stanford and the University of California, and the intersectional contests in which the western gridiron squads try patiently, year after year, to teach the East how the game should be played.

BUT all these advantages are listed in any Chamber of Commerce pamphlet, which this is not. The climate and recreational possibilities of this section have been so widely and loudly heralded that, in many states, the shooting at sight of a Southern California booster is regarded as a matter of public weal.

It's the people that make a community. And it is the people of cinema-land that make Hollywood such a great place of residence. You don't have to like 'em all. Nobody could. But no matter what your taste, you can find friends there to match it. If Noah had to fill up his ark again with samples of all modern animal life, he could finish the job in a day along Hollywood Boulevard.

Consequently, no one ever need be without friends. There are those who wear the tallest of millinery and broaden their "a's" and social outlook with formal affairs that would make the snootiest Mayfair evening seem like a Limehouse night. There are those who regard eating and drinking more as a matter of personal pleasure than of public display, and who consequently prefer smaller groups. There are those who like to sing in kitchens, who boast that their harmony and brew are both homemade.

THERE are the gutter-rollers, the street-brawlers, and the perennial sophomores who cruise about at night, throwing rocks at streetlights and tipping over outhouses.

There is also a vast gathering of sober, normal citizens who vote, raise children, pay taxes and keep the place going.

You can always find your own kind of people there, or, tiring of those, you can find any other kind. Of course, as in any community, there is a sprinkling of human undesirables. But it has never been generally agreed as to just who these are.

Every resident of Hollywood should get away occasionally, because there are other pleasant places in the world, too. But don't let anyone kid you about the town. The authors of "Queer People" will continue to live in Hollywood as long as public sentiment permits.



Look for "Queerer People," another stimulating article about Hollywood, by the Graham Brothers—in the next issue of the MODERN SCREEN Magazine

Anyone who doesn't like Hollywood would refuse a free ticket to see a bobbed-haired Lady Godiva.

The
MODERN
SCREEN
Magazine's

GALLERY
OF
HONOR



NANCY CARROLL

—who celebrates her acting coming-of-age with the histrionic ability demanded by her role in the forthcoming "Laughter."

Photograph by Herman Zerrenner



GEORGE ARLISS

—who always appears in sincere films, such as "Old English," never once stooping to hokum for the sake of popularity.



Photograph by Hurrell

NORMA SHEARER

—who graciously postponed
her career at its very height
for the splendid although un-
profitable privilege of mother-
hood.



Photograph by Ernest A. Bachrach

RICHARD DIX

—whose part in "Cimarron" proves his earnest desire to do really serious characterizations in preference to his long list of farces.



CHARLES FARRELL

—who bravely throws aside his somewhat stereotyped movie-hero roles to appear as the realistic, earthy Liliom.



Here Billie Dove is greeting you with the famous smile so well known to fans the world over. The camp is complete even to the gasoline lamp which is guaranteed not to explode when lighted.

THE SPORTING THING TO DO

We're not saying what sort of a shot Miss Dove is, for frankly, we don't know. But we do feel that this young lady would be quite capable of bringing down a couple of quail or what have you.



And Billie Dove does it with a charming mixture of sportsmanlike efficiency and delightful femininity

We had no idea how delightfully attractive boots, breeches and a beret could be until we cast our near-sighted eyes on this shot of the Dove. And isn't that sweater cute?



Yo ho for the old kerosene stove with its grease and odors and what all. But who cares when you have the green grass growing all around and you can get untainted air free? Certainly Billie doesn't object to a smelly old stove.



"Gee, it was an awfully big one, as big as that," says Miss Dove. "But it got away." Whether Billie really went after that fish or not, you've got to admit she looks pretty cute in the outfit.



ANN HARDING'S NEW HOME



Mrs. Harry Bannister greets you on the intriguing little steps which lead into her dining-room.



The living-room with its perfectly delightful fire-place. The stones of this fire-place, incidentally, are composed of rocks found on the site of the house.



This gives you an impressive glimpse of the wonderful location the Bannister home boasts. You'll have to go into second when you climb that one.

Here is the breathtaking view which Ann Harding can enjoy merely by looking out of her windows. Care for a swim in the pool?



This gracious star's hill-top house is one of the most comfortable as well as one of the most charming homes in all of Hollywood



Another view of the cheerful living-room. That isn't a clock over the mantel. It's a wind-dial and is connected with a weather vane on the roof.



The exterior of the house is every bit as charming in its Mission style as the interior.



A glimpse of the tiled and railed entrance hall. Simple almost to the point of austerity, it is a heart-warming and pleasing interlude between rooms.

Here's the music room. That's a picture of one of Ann Harding's greatest admirers on the piano, her daughter, Jane.





Greetings to and from our old friend, Adolphe Menjou. When he and Paramount disagreed, Adolphe went to Europe and made a talkie there in French. His work in that film caused M-G-M to bring him back to Hollywood to act in the French versions of their talkies. Now they say he'll make one in English.



GARBO, THE ATHLETE

In the days when the Great Garbo was not above posing for "publeecitee." In fact when she was glad and anxious to do it.

The first of a delightful series—
"Little Impressions of Big People." Herein, a startling
angle on Greta Garbo

By

WALTER RAMSEY

THERE'S been a lot of talk lately . . . about Garbo . . . and how she WILL do this . . . and WON'T do that . . . and how she gets away with it . . . but every time I hear about Garbo . . . refusing to see the press . . . or declining to meet Coolidge . . . and even poo-pooing the Prince of Sweden . . . it always makes me think . . . of that time four years ago . . . when I saw Garbo . . . and talked with her . . . and learned to admire her.

It was when she first landed in Hollywood . . . and no one thought of her . . . as The Misunderstood Heart . . . or The Woman Who Walks Alone . . . and they were right . . . because she wasn't pretty . . . or fascinating . . . or any of those things . . . that Hollywood finds AFTER fame ascends.

As a matter of fact . . . as I remember her . . . she was gawky . . . and ungraceful in her movements . . . as she walked . . . and she didn't use make-up vividly . . . like Joan Crawford . . . or discreetly . . . like Norma Shearer . . . and the flat heels she wore . . . on her shoes . . . made her feet look longer . . . and wider than they really were.

And it's a laugh to think back . . . and remember the Garbo . . . who used to do so many things . . . and see so many people . . . back in the good old days . . . when she first came here . . . and the funniest of all . . . I guess . . . was the publicity department . . . where she used to hang out every day . . . and sometimes . . . she even got in the way of the boys who worked there . . . when they were very busy.

And she used to love to pose . . . in fashion pictures . . . and she was probably the one girl . . . on the lot . . . who didn't look well in clothes . . . but anyway . . . she begged for the chance to pose . . . for the Sunday papers . . . or the monthly magazines . . . in black slinky dresses . . . or maybe fur coats . . . and besides that . . . she always liked lots of jewelry . . . even paste jewelry . . . because it photographed like the real thing . . . and I remember . . . that she was (Continued on page 115)



The track suit which Greta glorified four years ago. She hated to wear it then just as much as she would hate to now. But she went through it gamely.



In one of the annual Wampas baby star selections, Loretta Young and Sally Blane were picked, while Polly Ann, the third Young sister, was eliminated. Loretta did her best to have Polly substituted for herself, but to no avail.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

By JANE STEWART

THERE was a day when every home in Hollywood boasted a copy of the Bible.

That, however, was seventeen years ago, before the first movie studio had reared its head above the orange and lemon groves, and when the total population of the village numbered eight families. Unfortunately, times have changed—and so have books—in Hollywood.

But at one time or another during their travels through life, the majority of our talkie stars have learned something about the contents of the Good Book. Maybe it was at a time when they were just ordinary kids back in Dubuque or Kankakee and trudged their way to Sunday School each Sabbath morning.

For the Bible asks the question:

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

And Hollywood folks answer "yes" with actions rather than words—with good deeds rather than empty phrases.

There are few celluloid notables who haven't given their kinfolk a goodly share of their fat pay envelopes.

Take the case of little Sally O'Neil, who has depleted her bank account and more or less neglected her work for a year to wage the fight that saved her brother from a long term in the state penitentiary at San Quentin.

The Hollywood apartment of Ted Lewis, wealthy vaudeville artist, was robbed of jewels and furs valued at more than \$75,000. Three youths were arrested, one of them being Jack Noonan, brother of Sally and Molly O'Day. They were tried on charges of burglary.

Sally engaged the best criminal lawyers and told them to spare no expense to free Jack. But a previous prison record was used against him and he was convicted with his alleged pals. The court imposed a seven-year sentence.

Sally didn't let matters rest there. She had the case appealed on the ground that Jack was mentally ill. She

The well known quotation from the Good Book brings forth a resounding "yes" from the big-hearted Hollywood film folk

It's amazing, the number of stars who are helping their kin along—and they're doing it on the quiet, not for effect



The moment Dorothy Jordan got her M-G-M contract, she sent her sister, Mary, to Scripps College for Women, at Pomona, California.

won her point and he was sent to a sanitarium for observation. Eventually, he was granted a new trial at which the charge was reduced to one of receiving stolen property.

To this he pleaded guilty and escaped with one year in the county jail.

In hard-earned cash, the affair cost Sally \$35,000, to say nothing of the salary lost.

NONE but Mary herself ever will know how much of her personal fortune America's Sweetheart has showered on Jack and Lottie Pickford.

Although both were making money in pictures for years, neither Jack nor Lottie ever held a thought of the future—of the time when they would be among the vast army of unemployed. They enjoyed life while the money rolled in, then found themselves dependent upon Mary.

Jack's health failed several years ago, and today he is a mere shell of the handsome fellow theatre-goers once knew. It was Mary who purchased him a home and maintained it, who sent him to Europe to consult famed specialists, who gave him a weekly allowance until the death of their mother provided him with an income of a thousand dollars a month.

Even then Mary's interest did not wane. When his health improved sufficiently, she made him an assistant director on the payroll of Mary Pickford Productions.

Mary has done equally as much for Lottie, victim of two unhappy marriages, but now living apparently happy with her third husband, a Beverly Hills undertaker. For Lottie she also purchased a residence and

paid for its upkeep. Then she adopted and has educated Lottie's eldest child, Mary Charlotte Pickford.

One of the sweetest stories of sister-love I have heard in Studiotown dates back to January, 1929, when the Wampus made its annual selection of baby stars.

Three sisters—Polly Ann Young, then twenty; Sally Blane, then eighteen, and Loretta Young, then sixteen—were among the fifty or more nominees from whom the thirteen winners were to be selected. Sally and Loretta were picked; Polly was eliminated.

Before public announcement of the awards was made, Loretta appealed to the judges of the election.

"Please leave me out and put Polly Ann on the list," she pleaded. "She's older than I am and she's been in pictures much longer."

(Continued on page)



Bebe Daniels' grandmother has been a member of Bebe's household ever since the star's two reel comedy days. Bebe adores her.

Lillian Roth and her sister, Ann, when they were five and three and a vaudeville team. It was Lillian who got Ann in the movies, many years later.



HOLLYWOOD WARDROBES

I. Fay Wray

The first of a series in which the wardrobes of famous film folk will be laid out for you to peruse and enjoy—and profit by observing



Fay feels rather satisfied, thank you, as she surveys the favorite items in her Fall and early winter wardrobe. Lounging pajamas, nighties and those other affairs on the left. Ten new pairs of shoes on the floor. A wrap or two on the chair. Evening gowns and street frocks on hangers. And the pet evening dress, which has a bolero, on Miss Wray herself.

Photographs especially
posed for the MODERN
SCREEN Magazine

An intimate glimpse of some of Miss Wray's loveliest clothes. She is wearing a three-quarter length ermine wrap which has wide sleeves and a slight flair at the low hip line. Trimmed in gold sequin, plain and printed chiffon evening frocks and a green crêpe street suit are in the background.





Miss Wray is wearing a not-so-darkish blue evening wrap, trimmed with chinchilla. The dinner gown on the chair is brown lace, with a brown velvet girdle at the natural waistline.

The dress she does not like! (We all have one.) Oh, it's a nice dress—lovely material, good lines, but the light in the shop deceived her about the color, which just isn't becoming.





The green crêpe suit, fur-trimmed. (Green is very good this winter.) Note those dress-maker touches in the gathered fullness at the yolk line. Purse and shoes strike the contrasting note, as shoes and gloves and purses always should.

The chaise longue is covered with lingerie. Male readers are probably covered with confusion. With the return of steam heat, Miss Wray puts away her tailored lounging pajamas and goes in for lace trimmed satin and pastel shades.



SCENES OF THE



It was somewhere around 1919 or so that Blanche Sweet was showing what the well-dressed woman would wear in a thrilling drayma called "The Hushed Hour." This charming photograph (and we beg to call your attention to the perfectly elegant frame) is taken from that production.

MONTH



Below we have no less a personage than Marie Dressler acting in a most undignified manner. If you look closely you will see that she is tickling the ribs of her boy-friend with her little foot. It's from a play called "Hotel Topsy Turvy" which delighted them in 1898, you'll have to believe us.

Above we have—but surely you know them. But you don't if you belong to the famous younger generation. It's none other than Beverley Bayne and Francis X. Bushman, and the name of the piece was "A Million A Minute." We're afraid we can't discover the name of the person in the background who is listening in so rudely.



The MODERN SCREEN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (*United Artists*)

Somehow, one does not expect the well known story of Abraham Lincoln's life to make a picture which will hold the attention unfailingly. Yet, D. W. Griffith, the pioneer of artistic directing, has taken the Lincoln saga and made it into a talking film which is palatable and enjoyable to every taste and creed. True, many of the well known situations have been omitted. Perhaps this is just as well. One of the worst handicaps that the great D. W. was up against was the public's familiarity with the details and development of this biographical drama.

Walter Huston as Lincoln seemed almost perfect; the other performances, although good, are dwarfed besides his. Understanding and delicacy mark the direction.

MONTE CARLO (*Paramount*)

Ernst Lubitch has produced another "The Love Parade"; this time that subtle director of subtle situations works with an Englishman in the leading rôle. Jack Buchanan has been called "The Chevalier of England." But the man has a way about him which gives him the right to expect popularity without benefit or handicap of comparison.

Jeanette MacDonald is again in the rôle of the temperamental continental beauty who harbors a struggle between her passion and her pride. This lady breaks into frequent (and charming) song. In other words, *Monte Carlo* is an operetta. And, say we, very, very delightful are operettas when they are as well done as this one.

MOBY DICK (*Warner Brothers*)

Many words will be spoken about this film discussing its merits in comparison to the same story of the silent days. To this reviewer, however, it will mean little, since he never saw the silent version. Perhaps it's as well, for the talkie can be judged on its own valuation and not on a comparison.

It's a good film. John Barrymore as Ahab gets every ounce possible out of the characterization without overdoing it. His scenes with Joan Bennett are particularly appealing.

The whale scenes are excellent. The only criticism is that in one or two shots the whale looks like a submarine.

COMMON CLAY (*Fox*)

We're reviewing this picture because it is one of the successes of the season and we feel everybody ought to know something about it. It played four weeks at the Roxy in New York and that's enough recommendation for any picture.

It's a simple tale—and certainly not new. Briefly, it's about the girl who is a servant in the rich man's house and the rich man's son who seduces her. Of course, there is the baby.

But don't think it's the old stuff done in the old way. It isn't. Constance Bennett and Lewis Ayres have injected such human appeal into the characters that you forget entirely about the plot. And the baby should get the usual number of oh's and ah's from the womenfolk in the audience.

You will love it. Don't fail to see it.



Here you are offered a most authoritative and helpful guide

Magazine REVIEWS



THE BAD MAN (*First National*)

Here's Walter Huston in a rôle far different from his Abraham Lincoln but every bit as good a characterization.

He plays a Mexican bandit whose heart is not as black as his character. In fact he turns out to be a sort of Pollyanna bandit, doing good turns right and left like a boy scout on the rampage.

There's plenty of the kind of fun that everybody likes in this film. And there's a love interest, too, with Dorothy Revier and James Rennie providing it.

O. P. Heggie does very well in a part that seems easy but isn't. He plays Uncle Henry, the irritable relative of the hero. Sidney Blackmer of stage fame hereabouts does well as the mean, mean villian.

HELL'S ANGELS (*Caddo*)

You must have heard how much this cost and how long the millionaire entrepreneur and director, Howard Hughes, took to make it. The question immediately arises—was it worth it?

As for the air scenes—yes. Decidedly, yes. You can't expect to see a more thrilling and breath-taking sequence than that in which a gigantic Zeppelin bursts through magnificent clouds, bombs London and does battle with a squadron of British planes, meeting its doom when a self-sacrificing flier heads his plane straight through the raider and sends it to flaming destruction. As for the story—no. But Ben Lyon and James Hall do the best they can with the central rôles.

ROMANCE (*M-G-M*)

Somehow, mere words are not colorful enough to express the fascination which is Greta Garbo's. Just to see her sweep across the screen and to hear her low voice holds one spellbound.

And it is her personality which makes this old-fashioned story a thing of life and color, glamor and romance. Her marvelous presence dominates the story to the exclusion of all else.

The scene where—because she loves him—she insists on telling her past to the man she loves, is a moment that will grip you and bring the tears to your eyes.

Lewis Stone is splendid opposite La Garbo. Gavin Gordon, a newcomer, tries hard in a difficult rôle.

THE STORM (*Universal*)

This made a swell play, a swell silent movie, and now a sweller talkie.

You probably know the story—it's about the French Canadian gal, the big silent Northwoods he-man, and the bored city rounder who has gone to the open spaces to get away from it all.

It's unnecessary to tell you that both the fellows fall for the girl—that's where the drama comes in.

Lupe Velez plays the French Canadian gal, with the expected tornado effect. Paul Cavanaugh does the bored city rounder effectively.

The forest fire sequence is gripping, and owes much to the ability of the talkie to make sounds effective.

And, incidentally, what haven't the talkies done for the Northwest drayma! We advise you to see this and find out.



Concise and dependable criticisms of the best current films

Nobody wants to spend money on empty and dull evenings—the purpose of this department is to spare you that waste

LET'S GO NATIVE (*Paramount*)

This isn't the usual sort of comedy, it's just sort of cuckoo, if you know what we mean, and if you enjoy the sort of stuff that's cuckoo you'll enjoy this.

First of all there's a cast that will make you rub your eyes. Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Jeanette MacDonald, Skeet Gallagher, James Hall and William Austin are all in it. And is that Oakie boy funny? Is he? Well!

The plot, what there is of it, is all about how they get shipwrecked on an island. Skeet Gallagher is king of the island with a swell Brooklyn accent.

And don't miss the duet that Oakie and Kay Francis sing toward the end of the show. It's grand.

OLD ENGLISH (*Warner Brothers*)

You mustn't go to this on an evening when you have your heart set on a great deal of action or many plot complications; this picture is virtually a one man show—a magnificent one, at that—but one which should be witnessed patiently and reverently.

High honors go to George Arliss in the rôle of the aged English business man who has been discovered in a rascally deal which he has manipulated for the sake of an illegitimate family and who, to outwit his enemy, gorges and drinks himself to death at a final banquet enjoyed in solitude.

That performance is one of the outstanding histrionic achievements of recent years and for that the picture should certainly be seen.

DOUGHBOYS (*M-G-M*)

Buster Keaton's second talkie is much funnier than his first. If he keeps on at this rate, his third ought to be the wow of the century.

You've guessed it's a war story from the title and you're right. Buster plays a dumb private whose dumbness is only exceeded by his dumbness.

There are several sequences in it that will simply have you howling. One is where Buster lands in the German trenches and finds an old friend of his in the German army. The way they greet each other and their conversation is a riot. The other is the epilogue and final fade-out. It's one of the best endings in months.

Director Sedgwick plays a small part well.

DIXIANA (*RKO*)

Last year RKO put over a swell picture in "Rio Rita" with Bebe Daniels in the leading rôle. This year they are trying to duplicate it by making "Dixiana" with Bebe Daniels in the leading rôle, and Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey as the comedians. They, too, were in "Rio Rita."

It's a story of the old South, and features crinolines and Southern charm, and, of course, the celebrated Southern chivalry.

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey wander in and out of the story in a delightfully casual fashion. Their sparkling comedy is at least half the entertainment value of this picture. Bebe Daniels puts over some songs in her usual splendid style, and Everett Marshall, a newcomer to talkies, makes an appealing figure as the hero.





Marian and her husband, Edward Hillman, Hoot and his wife, Sally Eilers, and another guest at tea on the lawn.

MARIAN GIVES A PARTY

Marian Nixon invited Hoot Gibson to come over on his birthday. The pictures, specially taken by Stagg for The MODERN SCREEN Magazine, were snapped while the fun was at its height



That's Marian, sitting on the diving-board, and that's Hoot, standing there on the right, and Edward Hillman, Marian's husband, is seated next to him.



The birthday cake. Hoot must cut the first slice, because it's his birthday, and Sally must supervise, because she's Hoot's wife.



Jeanette Loff, Nordic, blonde and beautiful, shows you what to do about those short lengths around the ears. And if your hair, like hers, comes a bit past the shoulders, wear it soft and low.

THEY'RE WEARING LONG TRESSES



Again—those odd lengths about the face which break down the firmest resolutions to "go long hair." Edwina Booth curls hers softly down from the part.

There never was anything more alluringly feminine than long hair. These charming studies prove this time-honored contention beyond the shadow of a doubt



Part your hair in the middle if your features are as piquant as those of Virginia Bruce. Place the first wave far from the part and do what you like with your back hair. However, none of those Spanish fan effects, please.

They're wearing them long in more ways than one as you'll find out if you turn to the engaging pictures on the following pages



The so-called awkward length. But not if Jeanette MacDonald has anything to say about it! This lady knows that curly hair is easier to manage than straight hair. So bring on those curling irons—but don't have 'em too hot!



Ann Harding refuses either to cut or curl. We don't blame her—nor you, either, in spite of that terrific hat problem, if your hair is very long, very plentiful and very silky. Just knot it gracefully as low on your neck as your hats will permit.

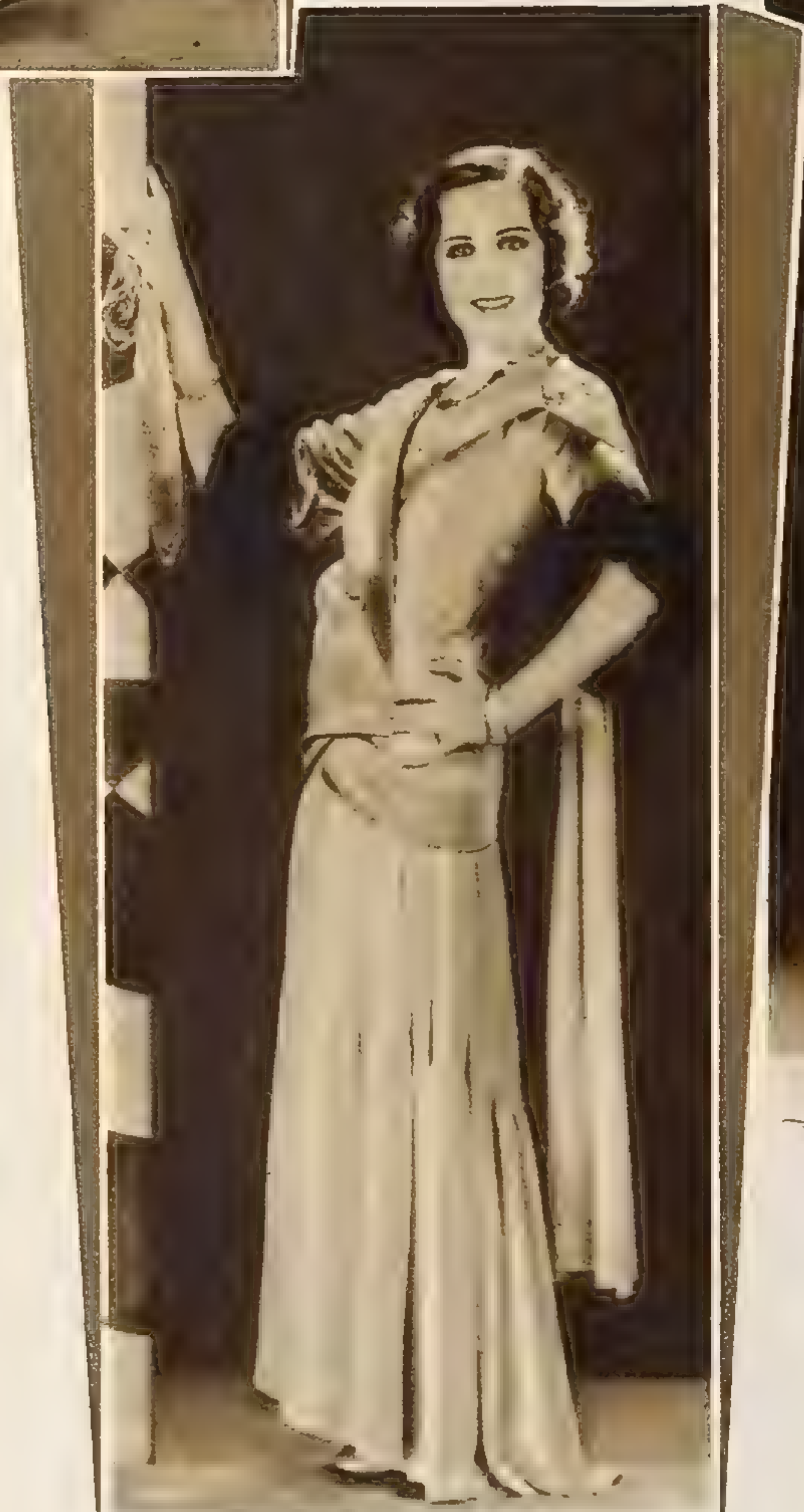
And despite all threats to the contrary——

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE
TWO PAGES BY OTTO DYAR



What could suit Mary Brian's sweet simplicity better than a Kate Greenaway frock of soft pink satin? This is a lovely mode for the young girl, with its dainty puffed sleeves, decolletage ruffle and full, gathered skirt.

Just the sort of a wrap to wear with a Kate Greenaway dress. It is of rose satin and has elbow sleeves, trimmed with black fur. Quaint? But the shoulder scarves add a 1930 touch to an 1860 costume.



Flesh pink soufflé and black lace—the black lace at the hem stiffened to give that bell-shaped silhouette. This dinner costume of Mary Brian's solves the problem of being charmingly simple and unusual at the same time. Rows of tiny tucks, unevenly spaced, give that "made all by hand" look.

THEY'RE STILL WEARING LONG DRESSES



Sophistication with ruffles. The color is gray chiffon. The top of the bodice is lace. The shoulder ruffle ends in a ridiculous scarf. The skirt is in many sections. The general effect—with June Collyer wearing it—is ravishing.

It looks simple, but the cut is intricate. Harry Collins, one of the fashion experts of Hollywood, designed this pale blue crêpe evening gown for Miss Collyer. Circles of gold are embroidered all over. The same kind of embroidery, in a solid band, forms girdle and shoulder straps.



That lovely dusty pink shade, in chiffon, fashions this willowy evening dress. The skirt fits about the hips, flairs about the knees and floats out from the ankles. The top part is gathered on to a panel that runs straight down the front and helps to form the fullness in the skirt front.



Rita La Roy shows a stunning version of that indispensable garment, the midnight blue (or black) evening gown. Wearable from October till March. Always looks smart. But it must follow rather severe lines and, my dears, velvet seldom needs trimming. This model has novel diagonal shirring at the hip line.



Joan Bennett's blonde prettiness is even more so in white. While the frothy white frock below reminds us how they wore them years ago, the three-quarter length evening wrap of velvet, fox trimmed, is distinctly of the 1930 mode. The sleeves start out with the idea of fitting closely and suddenly widen out in a circular flair.

Marion Schilling shows you what to wear on Sunday evenings or when you haven't been able to find out whether it's going to be formal or not. It's the 1931 edition of the popular 1930 fishnet restaurant dress. Don't you love the cute little ruffles on the short sleeves? Elbow length gloves with this sort of frock, please, and a matching velvet hat.



Velvet keeps its straight lines—tulle billows softly—metal and jewel embroidery returns with discretion—if winter comes, they'll be ready for its festivities

A perfect duck of a party frock, below, worn by Sue Carol. It's a soft, rosy satin down to the knees, where it suddenly changes its mind and finishes up in pink silk ninon. A large and gorgeous flower ornament is applied to the girdle line. Gathered cap sleeves are kept where they belong by a tiny shirred band.



Irene Delroy, wearing the most useful kind of an evening wrap ever. But, of course, black and white is always useful and always smart. This one is black caracul—very gorgeous flat caracul—and has a luscious, stand-up collar and deep cuffs of ermine.

One of Bebe Daniels' favorite gowns, designed by Greer—a gentleman out Hollywood way who knows a lot about clothes. It is of white satin, embroidered in small clusters of brilliants, scattered here and there. The fullness in the lower part of the skirt is achieved by intricate cutting at the knee line.

It's no use talking, evening dresses are very, very long, even when you're very, very young. Some of Hollywood's fairest parade, wearing their very best clothes

THE GIFTS THEY GET

By
HARRIETE MARSH



When a fan sent Alice White two white rabbits he certainly started something. Pretty soon the White household was overrun.

THOSE who are famous on the silver-sheet gain many cherished things—wealth, adulation and luxuries among them. It is very doubtful, though, if any one thing gives them the real personal pleasure they derive from the many unique and, in some cases, extremely rare gifts which their film followers send them.

From all corners of the globe comes a regular flood of presents. Dogs, monkeys, turtles, bees and canary birds from a variety of countries.

An antique mirror from France, a bowie knife from Africa, embroidered robes from Japan, dishes from England, pottery from Mexico—well, name the rest yourself, for almost any gift you can think of has at one time or another been presented to a screen player by an adoring fan.

Not all the gifts are elaborate, by any means. Some are quite simple and worth comparatively little as far as monetary value goes. Others are jewel encrusted and worth a king's ransom. But it isn't the amount of money they cost that matters—it is the spirit in which the things are sent that really counts with the stars.

Take the case of the little orphan children in a Missouri home, who, knowing Joan Crawford's love for toys of all kinds, made with their own tiny hands a toy elephant and sent it to her because she "made life so much brighter." The little animal is made of light brown felt and its saddle contains a small powder puff and rouge pad. The gift is Joan's favorite

and she wouldn't part with it for any amount of money.

Irene Rich received an exquisite fan early this year from an admirer in far-off France. The base is intricately carved ivory, while the body is of parchment, decorated with rich oil paintings of famous women in history. It has actual value as well as sentimental interest for Miss Rich.

Winnie Lightner's most unusual gift is a tiny apron, about doll size, sent her by an admirer in the East. In the center of the apron is a tiny pocket, in which was concealed a letter asking for her picture. Another curious gift she treasures is an ash tray, carved of pine wood, with a turkey in the center.

The turkey's spread tail is made of pine needles.

Would you think of giving girls you didn't know stuffed dogs? Scores of people not only think of it but have contributed to the huge collection of stuffed canines that belongs to Dorothy Lee. Dorothy has nearly three hundred such pets. Her reputation as a collector is country-wide and hardly a week passes that the mails do not bring Dorothy a new dog for her menagerie. Not only fans but also companies putting new and novel stuffed pups on the market habitually send one to Miss Lee for her collection. The "game" room of her home is literally swarming with these toys while every other room in the house boasts at least one or two dozen, some hardly more than an inch high, others as big as real, live police dogs.

Live animals, too, play a big part in the list of gifts.

One
of the stars'
greatest joys are the
presents they receive from their
adoring fans. Almost every gift you can
possibly imagine—and a lot you
can't—has been sent to
some star some
time



Here's an extraordinarily ancient book which was sent to Clara Bow by an ardent admirer. The book originally came from India.

"Oh," a great breded bulldog with a wonderful pedigree, follows Nick Stuart around wherever he goes—he's one friend with whom Nick will never part. "Oh" was presented to him by one of his Los Angeles' fans, a prominent attorney.

A Mary Brian admirer, living in the Imperial Valley, California, sent her two turtles. Mary says they must be twins, for both have the same name, "23", and it's painted on their backs!

The friend who sent Alice White the two white rabbits may not have realized what might happen. Alice dwells in an apartment in Hollywood. It has its own backyard but the yard is rather small. However, it was plenty big enough to hold "Bunny" and "Funny," two rabbits from a fan admirer. Recently, however, "Bunny" and "Funny" were removed to a farm—and took with them a remarkable following of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren! Let this be a lesson to fans and if they must give rabbits to stars, give two rabbits named Pat and Mike or Tom and Jerry—not Pat and Mary or Tom and Florence!

A FAN in Texas sent Janet Gaynor three ducks when she was playing in "Christina." As it was a picture with a Holland background, he suggested they might need some ducks! And further suggested that when they were finished with the picture, the troupe could have a swell feed! However, Janet vetoed this suggestion and took the ducks to keep in her backyard.

John Mack Brown treasures two gifts from among the many he has received from fans—one is the beautiful police dog which was given to him when it was a mere puppy. Johnny spends many hours on the beach with his dog and it goes with him wherever he goes. The other gift is "Butts," a trained monkey sent him by an ardent fan in South America.

(Continued on page 109)



This decidedly odd Japanese kimono was sent to Nick Stuart by a Japanese girl who is one of his most devoted and loyal fans.





THREE LOVES

Two people—three loves. The real love of their private lives and the love they assume for the microphones and cameras. At left, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife, Joan Crawford. Above, Joan and Robert Montgomery in "Our Blushing Brides." Below, Doug and Glenda Farrell in "Little Caesar."



VENETIAN



"Ah, Loretta, mia carissima!" sighs David.
 "Ah, David, my own!" sighs Loretta. "My father has given me the gondola for the day," hints David.

"How lovely it would be to float on the lagoon," replies Loretta. "But my mother says I must remain at home today."

David is properly dejected. But he is not going to give up. He sings his best songs in his best voice. Loretta listens entranced—her filial resolves weakens.



A delightful little love story

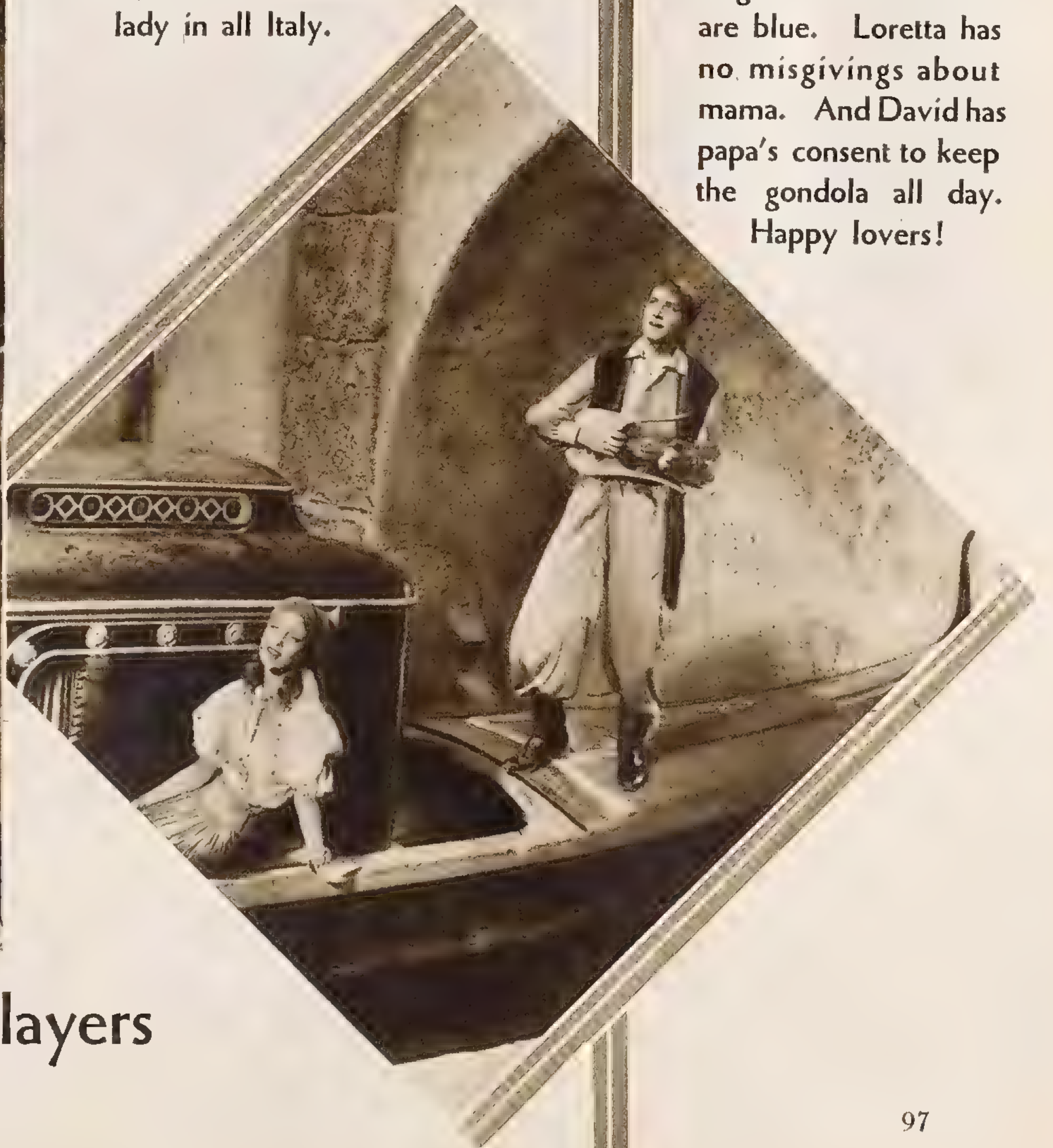
ROMANCE



Loretta returns with
mama's consent. And
David asks the heavens
to bear witness that
Loretta's mama is the
kindest, the most gra-
cious, and the sweetest
lady in all Italy.

"Perhaps if I offer to
cook all the dinners for
the rest of the week,
mama may let me go—
that is, if you really want
me to," she smiles at
David.

All is well. The sun is
bright and the waters
are blue. Loretta has
no misgivings about
mama. And David has
papa's consent to keep
the gondola all day.
Happy lovers!



enacted by two charming players



"Adios," the picture in which Richard Barthelmess plays a Mexican bandit, promises to be one of the most successful pictures of his long and varied career. And that means a lot, for, according to First National, this star has never had a failure.



CLOSE UP

By JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

His eyes are penetrating. One never quite forgets them. His jaws are square and his lips are firm. His lips form a crooked line running down to the right. Thus this famous face is brilliantly described.



This delightful study of Richard Barthelmess gives you an intimate picture of this charming young man in a few brief but colorful words

THE living room of the Richard Barthelmess suite at First National-Vitaphone studios.

Cream curtains floating in a vagrant breeze. A phalanx of celebrities looking down from the walls. David Wark Griffith in a highcrowned felt hat. A scribbled autograph. To Richard the Great—Old times and new—D. W.—his mark, \$.

Precious mementoes of "Tol'able David." The rifle and powder horn. A Ralph Barton caricature and a Royal Stowell pastelle.

Cool and lazy views of the yacht "Pegasus." "Patent Leather Kid" boxing gloves and a "Dawn Patrol" broken propeller. A heroic bust by Ricardo Harlan.

Beautiful ladies, wistful and modern. Leading ladies from the sprite-like Gishes to Betty Compson and Marian Nixon. Those of bygone days, too—Clarine Seymour,

dainty Marguerite Clark and exotic Alla Nazimova.

A silly picture of Clayton, Jackson and Durante. The Academy annual award attributing to. . . .

THE door opens and he is here.

The jangle of spurs and a dark-visaged Mexican *bandido*. Two large eyes of bottomless brown. Sombre and kaleidoscopic. Curiosity and a sincere welcome. A pair of good shoulders and a firm, friendly grip. "Sorry to be late." Spoken quickly. "Just saw 'The Dawn Patrol.' Haven't much time. Expect to finish 'Adios' this week."

His eyes are penetrating. One never quite forgets them. His jaws are square and his lips are firm. His lips form a crooked line running downward toward the right. The crooked, wistful smile that is the Barthelmess trade-mark famous everywhere. (Continued on page 112)

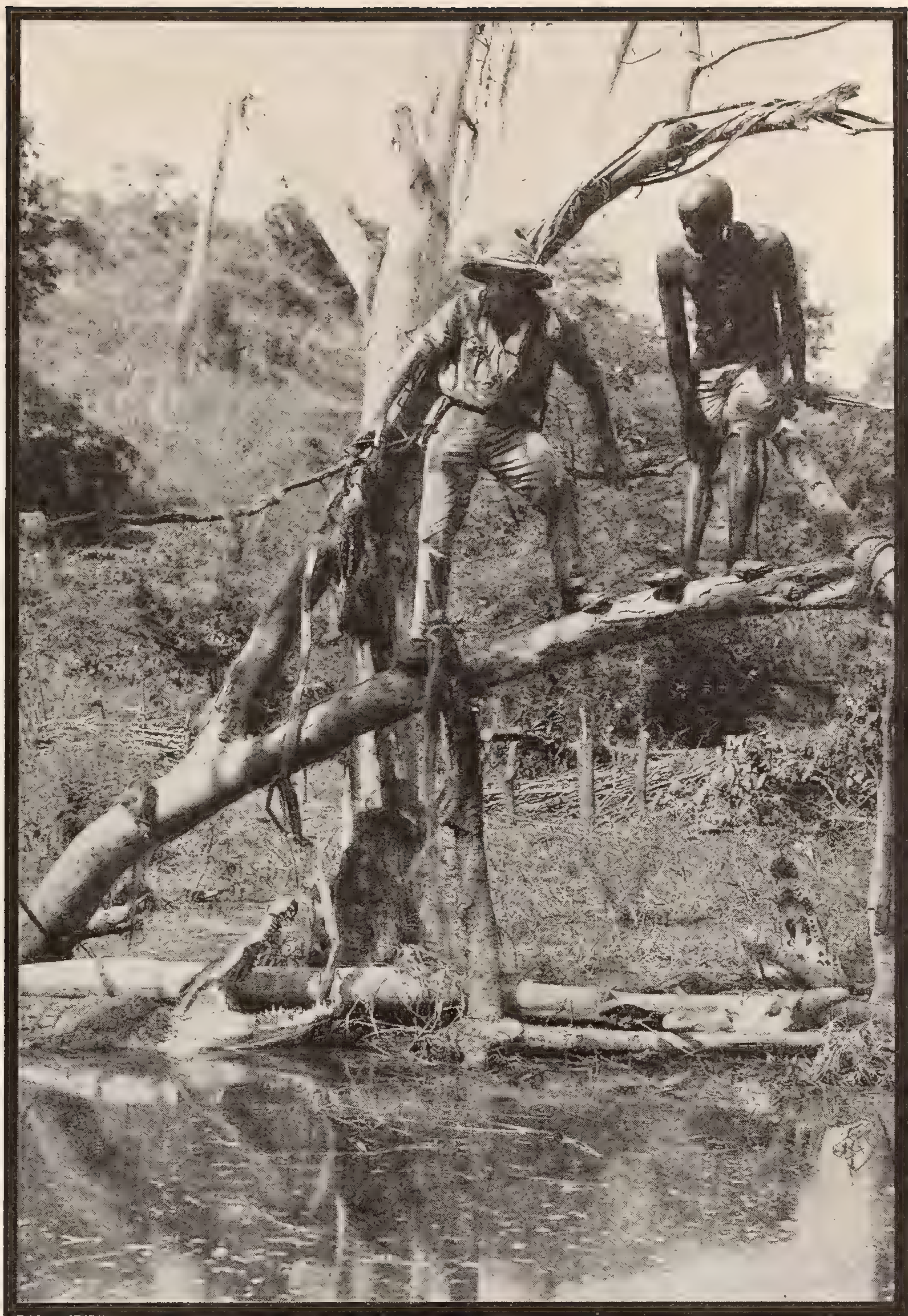


This gentleman from Montana—none other than Gary Cooper—has evidently mislaid his horse. However, some of the Paramount electrician's equipment came in handy for an informal portrait of this lean and likeable young man from the West. How do you like? Personally, we're for him, a-horseback or a-lamp-back.

Insurance policies have often been issued for strange and unusual risks, but it takes the movies to provide the most unique and amazing policies of all

By
MARY SHARON

You can easily picture the risks that M-G-M took when it sent a company of actors, including Harry Carey, to Africa to film "Trader Horn." These risks were simply innumerable and they were all covered.



MATTERS of POLICY

TO insure or not to insure" may be a debatable topic with some people but not with citizens of Hollywood. Here you find policies that run all the way from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Where, but in Hollywood, would you find one and the same beneficiary named in earthquake, finger, dog and life insurance policies? "Ukelele Ike" Edwards has all four. Needless to mention, his policy on his fingers is the most important. It is written for \$100,000 but has a double indemnity clause. Should he become disabled in the pursuance of his duties and unable to wield a ukelele pick in a satisfactory manner, through this indemnity clause he would receive \$200,000. Hangnails can hold no terrors for him.

When Bess Meredyth was thrown through her windshield in an automobile accident and suffered terrible

lacerations about her face, Hollywood experienced a shock. Then, the reaction set in. The stars went "en masse" to the nearest insurance office and took out scar policies.

NORMA TALMADGE was the first to be accepted for star insurance. Her policy was written for \$200,000 which seems a small amount for a face like Norma's. On the other hand, one could buy almost a new face for that amount.

Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Bessie Love and Kay Johnson all carry heavy scar and accident insurance policies.

Fifteen persons rushed out for eye insurance policies following the recent accident to Mel Brown, who was rendered blind in one eye by the powerful ray of a sun arc, while working on an RKO talkie.



Here is some of the camera equipment of "The Sea Bat" company. A barge sank and a number of cameras were lost. But "location insurance" covered the loss.

Ben Turpin's crossed eyes have always been heavily insured.

When Louise Fazenda was appearing in old Mack Sennett comedies, the studio had a \$100,000 insurance policy covering her two pig-tails. Louise had to go through several fire and water stunts which made the use of a wig impossible and, as thousands of dollars were tied up in the production, insurance on her funny braids was taken out to protect the studio in the event that it would be impossible through accident to complete the film.

RUDOLPH FRIML, the rightly successful and highly temperamental musician, who created the score for "Bride 66" for Samuel Goldwyn, has insured his hands for \$500,000.

Natalie Moorehead, one of the film city's most stunning blondes, has insured her hands for \$10,000 each.

"My career would be ruined if my hands were injured," she explained as she chatted with me between scenes on the First National sound stage. "I talk with them as much as I do with my voice."

Ann Pennington has her knees insured for \$250,000 against scar, accident and disability.

Joan Crawford carries similar insurance upon her dancing feet.

Naturally, the stars carry heavy voice insurance.

Corinne Griffith became the trail blazer in this direction when she insured her voice for \$1,000,000. Warner Brothers followed suit by insuring the voice of Vivienne Segal for \$250,000. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore carry million dollar policies on their voices. Rudy Vallee, the vagabond crooner, carries \$75,000 voice insurance. Harry Langdon brings up the rear with a \$50,000 policy upon his voice. It is no laughing matter with Harry but shows his sound business sense, for his voice is his greatest asset in the talkies.

The voice of Mary Lewis is insured for \$500,000. She

put her affirmation to her Pathé contract and insurance policy through the medium of sound recording instruments and cameras. This is the first instance of binding agreements being entered into vocally, and may be the beginning of a new custom.

Marion Davies has her jewel collection insured for \$500,000. Norma Talmadge carries a policy of \$250,000 on her gems. Many other stars have jewelry insurance.

HAIN, FEDER & BRANDT INSURANCE 1111 MONTGOMERY STREET SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.			No. 15915	
Certificate of Insurance				
This is to Certify that the undersigned have procured insurance as hereinafter specified from				
UNDERWRITERS AT LLOYD'S, London				
Subject to the terms and conditions of Lloyd's Regular				
ACCIDENT (FORM K-3) AND SCARRED FACE Policy				
in favor of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS				
in the amount of ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS				
during the period commencing with the FIRST of APRIL, 1922				
and ending with the THIRTY-FIRST of JULY, 1922 Both days at noon				
on . . .				
\$180,000.-				
AGAINST ACCIDENTAL DEATH OR LOSS OF TWO LIMBS OR TWO EYES OR ONE OF EACH, OR HALF BENEFITS FOR LOSS OF ONE EYE OR ONE EYE. ALSO TO COVER THE FACE OF THE ASSURED IF HIS FACE IS SCARRED THROUGH ACCIDENT DISFIGURING HIS FACE TO SUCH AN EXTENT SO THAT THE ASSURED CAN NEVER AGAIN APPEAR OR ACT IN MOTION PICTURES.				
IN CASE OF TOTAL TEMPORARY DISABEMENT BY ACCIDENT THIS POLICY ALSO PAYS A WEEKLY INDEMNITY OF \$1600 PER WEEK, SUBJECT TO THE TERMS OF LLOYD'S REGULAR ACCIDENT (FORM K-3) POLICY TO BE ISSUED ON THIS RISK.				
LOSS IF ANY PAYABLE TO THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PICTURE CORPORATION.				

Here is one of the very first insurance policies ever issued to cover a movie actor's features. Douglas Fairbanks was the actor for whom this policy was issued. Since that time many similar policies have been held by Hollywood movie stars.

From pig-tail and finger insurance to swimming pool insurance is a pretty far cry—but by no means too far for Hollywood

George Olsen, popular orchestra leader at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood, has taken out love insurance on his orchestra boys. Contrary to what many think, love insurance does not mean that the musicians must eschew love and marriage. However, should they or their wives cause unpleasantness or loss of contracts through sudden marriages the insurance company will make good their loss.

"I had to do it in justice to myself," Olsen insists. "When I first organized my orchestra, I realized that I had a fine looking bunch of boys. Upon coming to Hollywood some of them got married. This came very near to disrupting my orchestra. Supposing the orchestra has a nationwide tour to make and some of the boys' wives object. What happens? The boys stay with their wives. The result is that I lose a young man on whom I have spent considerable time and money training for my orchestra. Love Insurance sounds sensational but it is really a cool-headed precaution."

MR. AND MRS. JAMES GLEASON have a unique insurance policy written for \$50,000 upon their swimming pool. Any one injured in or near the pool; dresses spotted by splashing water; or any kind of damages or casualties resulting from the pool are taken care of by this policy.

The first time Mrs. Gleason went into the pool after it was built last spring, she cut her foot quite badly on a broken electric light bulb and three stitches had to be taken to close the wound. This convinced her of the need for insurance.

William Janney was attending a garden party at the Gleason home several weeks ago and slipped on a stone.

"Please, Bill," Mrs. Gleason implored, "Don't hurt yourself here. Go near the pool, if you must fall, for you are protected by insurance over there."

ROBERT ARMSTRONG carries servant insurance. According to California law, a servant injured in the employ of anyone is privileged to recover damages. Robert has complete insurance coverage on each of his three colored servants, which takes care of injuries sustained in falling down stairs, gas explosions or any other accidents that may occur to them about the house or grounds while they are performing their duties.

Some time ago a rumor went the rounds that a well-known director took out temperament insurance for Jetta Goudal, during one of his large productions in which she had a prominent rôle. It doesn't sound implausible.

No doubt every producer would like to protect himself in this manner if possible. The overhead of many costly productions has been vastly increased through the whims and vagaries of temperamental stars.

The highest horse insurance in Hollywood is carried by Ken Maynard for his thoroughbred, Tarzan, which appears with him in his talkie-westerns. Ken has three different policies on Tarzan which aggregate \$35,000.

Through the compensation laws of California, producers must insure their cast against accident and death.

Two years ago the double for Dorothy Dwan was caught in a whirlpool. The canoe which she was piloting down stream overturned and she was flung against a rock and drowned, even though Tom Mix leaped in and did his best to rescue her. The girl's parents received compensation insurance for the accident.

SIMILAR incident occurred in the matter of insurance, when Ruth Elder's double was killed in an airplane accident during the filming of a Hoot Gibson feature. The double, who was a trained parachute jumper, was required to do a jump from 2,000 feet in the air. The chute did not open. Some of the spectators claimed that she committed suicide,

others that she fainted. Some insisted that the chute was faulty. At any rate, she was killed and her relatives were given compensation insurance.

All companies carry tremendous insurance on the pictures in production. The raw film is insured and all the while it is in the camera, the laboratory, the cutting room and the sound room, the negative is entirely covered. The insurance is not removed until

the picture reaches the exhibitor.

Laboratory fires have sorely taxed the insurance companies. Film is highly explosive and the merest friction may result in tremendous loss both of negative and lives. In the event of a fire, studio workers would have a small chance of reaching safety.

Recently, the Consolidated Laboratory in Hollywood caught fire and burned. Several major talking pictures were lost in the conflagration and insurance companies set about to remedy the tremendous risk. A new sprinkling and fire system was installed in the various laboratories. The moment that a fire occurs, an automatic device causes the water to fall from the ceiling of every room, and at the same time an alarm rings at the local fire station, guaranteeing immediate succor from the fire department. Tests made of the new device have been entirely satisfactory so that the biggest bugbear of the insurance companies may be a thing of the past. (Continued on page 115)



Rudolf Friml, the highly successful musician who created the score for Sam Goldwyn's "Bride 66", considers that his hands are worth insurance to the amount of half a million dollars.

BEAUTY ADVICE

THE BEAUTY BUDGET

By MARY BIDDLE



Having had her hair curled, Irene Dunne is now having her eyelashes curled by Ern Westmore, head of the RKO make-up department. All of which proves that being beautiful is a complicated business.

I'M almost ready to wager that most girls, even the most systematic and far-sighted ones, have never thought of putting their beauty on a budget. Well, why not? You budget your clothes, your food, your commutation, and your amusement—and then you find yourself unable to resist a new perfume and squander enough to keep you in beauty aids for six months. Don't you? Anyway, I've done so myself in the past.

Now, then: you must have powder, rouge, lipstick and cold cream. You must have your nails done and your hair shampooed. (You really can take care of those two little items yourself, you know.) You must do things about your figure and your weight. And even though it isn't precisely necessary, what feminine soul does not occasionally crave that very flacon of expensive perfume I was talking about, or some costly trifle for her dressing table? Well, well—all in good time, my dears, all in good time.

WHY PAY FOR THE BOX?

My humble suggestion is that you reduce the absolute essentials to an absolute minimum and save the surplus beauty money for the things you just can't economize on. (I'll speak of them later.) It's quite possible to buy the very best powder, rouge and lipstick cheaply. How many times do you buy the bee-yootiful box that the powder comes in, extravagantly passing by the cosmetic with the unromantic name which comes in the unromantic tin can or cardboard box?

In most large cities, there is to be found somewhere one of those delightful beauty experts (a person who really knows something about the skin) who mixes powder to suit the individual. And rouge and lipstick. He turns a strong light on your face, bringing out its worst points, and sends you home with the materials to bring out its best points. I pay three dollars for a very generous box

from one of these gentlemen—a box which lasts six months. And I don't skimp on it either. (That's twelve and a half cents a week, dears, if my arithmetic is what it should be.) The paste rouge costs two dollars and lasts over a year. The darn lipstick seems to last forever. Why not look up such an expert?

TRY A TEA KETTLE WAVE

Then there's the little matter of having your hair waved. How many of you try—really try—to do it yourself? You know, there are very few heads of hair in this world which don't have a little bit of a natural wave, or a tendency

to dip gracefully around the face. Very, very few people have absolutely straight hair—and, of course, they had better get themselves a very swell permanent wave immediately. But the majority of you—don't rush off and get a marcel every time you have an important date. Constant use of irons on the hair can't do it any good—don't tell me! And my main objection to this finger-waving business is that they *will* use that stickum stuff.

"Oh, no, modom, the preparation is quite safe!" My polite retort is "Nonsense!" Maybe it is harmless. Nevertheless, it makes the hair dull and dead looking.

I'll bet you haven't heard of this: fill the tea kettle half full, let it boil very hard—so that the steam rushes out of the spout. Put your head in the steam (not too close, now) and let the vapor thoroughly permeate it. (Incidentally, steaming is excellent for the complexion.) Stay there for about fifteen minutes, tossing the hair about and fluffing it around the face. The vapor will condense in tiny drops on the top of the hair; instead of making your hair stick close to your scalp in a dank and soppy way, it will cause it to become slightly wiry and very easy to manage. While it is still warm, press waves into place. This system works for both the very fuzzy sort of hair and the only slightly (Continued on page 127)

First of a series on how to make the most of your beauty

Lucky Thirteen

(Continued from page 58)

her return, she persisted in her determination, parental opposition was withdrawn—but no special assistance was forthcoming.

Her very first rôle was Shakespearian. Kay was the queen of the players in a modern "Hamlet." Then she returned to the stamping grounds so familiar to her mother, and trouped through Cincinnati, Dayton, Indianapolis and "points West" with the Stuart Walker Stock Company.

WHEN next she saw Broadway it was as a full-fledged thespian, and she managed to remain on the Big Street as a member of the cast in "Venus"—later in "Crime"—and finally with Walter Huston in "Elmer the Great." Oddly enough, her next talkie, "The Virtuous Sin," features Kay opposite this actor, and it was with him, too, that she made her movie début in "Gentlemen of the Press."

That picture was photographed in the Paramount New York studios, and at the time, director Millard Webb sought a blonde for the part. But the megaphone-man knew a discovery when he saw one, and he was too clever to pass up a bet like Kay Francis because she happened to be brunette.

They do say that there was quite a romance budding between Millard and Kay during those days on the Long Island lot. But the Webb preference for blondes finally asserted itself in his marriage to Mary Eaton. And even before this the Paramount officials had signed Katherine Clinton's little girl to a Hollywood contract. Westward she went, and three days after her arrival in the Santa Fé Railroad's excuse for a station, she was playing in Clara Bow's picture, "Dangerous Curves."

NOT even the presence of the Brooklyn Bonfire could overshadow the work of this glamorous newcomer. A half-dozen other rôles followed in quick succession. And each of them was increasingly important. In a word, Kay Francis joined the ranks of those who come, and see, and conquer Hollywood. Not only did she acquire an immediate following with the fans, but she established herself in the good graces of the studio, and attained instant popularity in the first rank of cinema society. In fact, it wasn't long before she and Ronald Colman became close friends. And when a divorce made Ronnie Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, it became necessary—or at least customary—for Kay to deny engagement rumors as "silly." Nevertheless, Malibu says what a fine couple they'd make.

ON the screen Kay Francis has been a "dangerous woman." Yet in life she is far from the popular conception of a siren. She has an easy, unruffled attitude, and is seldom shaken from her poise. She possesses a powerful personality, and the ability to control her emotions to an amazing degree.

She has oodles of temperament—but no temperamentalality. There is a distinction. The girl is acutely sensitive and keenly alive to impressions. Decidedly high-strung, she keeps herself in utter control. Her energy is never wasted—especially not in the nerve-racking temperamental outbursts familiar to the studios. She is quick to perceive, and grasps at once a director's idea of characterization. She doesn't complain at any amount of labor necessary to get just the proper shading.

She is tolerant and friendly. Although she possesses a pungent and unfailing sense of humor, and has a hearty laugh, her fun is never unrestrained or boisterously hilarious. According to Bill Powell, she is most popular with discriminating men of a sensitive type, because, he says, she understands them. Perhaps that description fits Ronald Colman better than any other chap in the cinema city. Powell, by the way, is godfather to the Francis dog.

KAY has been termed the "best-dressed woman in Hollywood," a title that pleases her not at all, for she would willingly depart from all pretense of beauty or sartorial elegance to play a rôle with dramatic possibilities. In her new film she has abandoned the sleek, boyish pompadour style of hairdress which is distinguished as a "Kay Francis bob," for an ear-covering coiffure which terminates in a coil of hair at the back of her neck.

Her present maid has been with her for several years—evidence of an even

disposition. She likes substantial foods, and is one of those fortunates who dares eat as she pleases without fear of adding unwanted weight to her 115 pounds. Her perfume is a blend of several which she mixes herself, and from which she never departs. She shines as a hostess—yet doesn't work at it perpetually—and doesn't inflict herself upon her guests. She has a contralto voice which is especially pleasing. The studio helpers—prop men, electricians, and the rest—are all "for" her. To them, severest critics of the stars, she's proven regular.

ONE of her few superstitions is that there's luck in odd numbers, as Rory O'More is quoted in the poem. Thirteen has played its part in her life. From the date of her birth on the thirteenth day of the thirteenth month following her mother's marriage, through the production of "Hamlet" where her name was thirteenth on the program, to her arrival in Hollywood and her first assignment to work on stage thirteen, the number has pursued her. Strangely, the number of her house is 8401, and her automobile license is 1-W-750. Both combinations total thirteen.

Following the thirteen thought—1930, the digits of which add up to thirteen, has been a fortunate year for her. And in '31—which is 13 reversed—you're quite sure to see the girl on our cover a star in her own right. For Kay Francis is one of the brightest prospects to illumine the film firmament since the days when pictures were speechless.

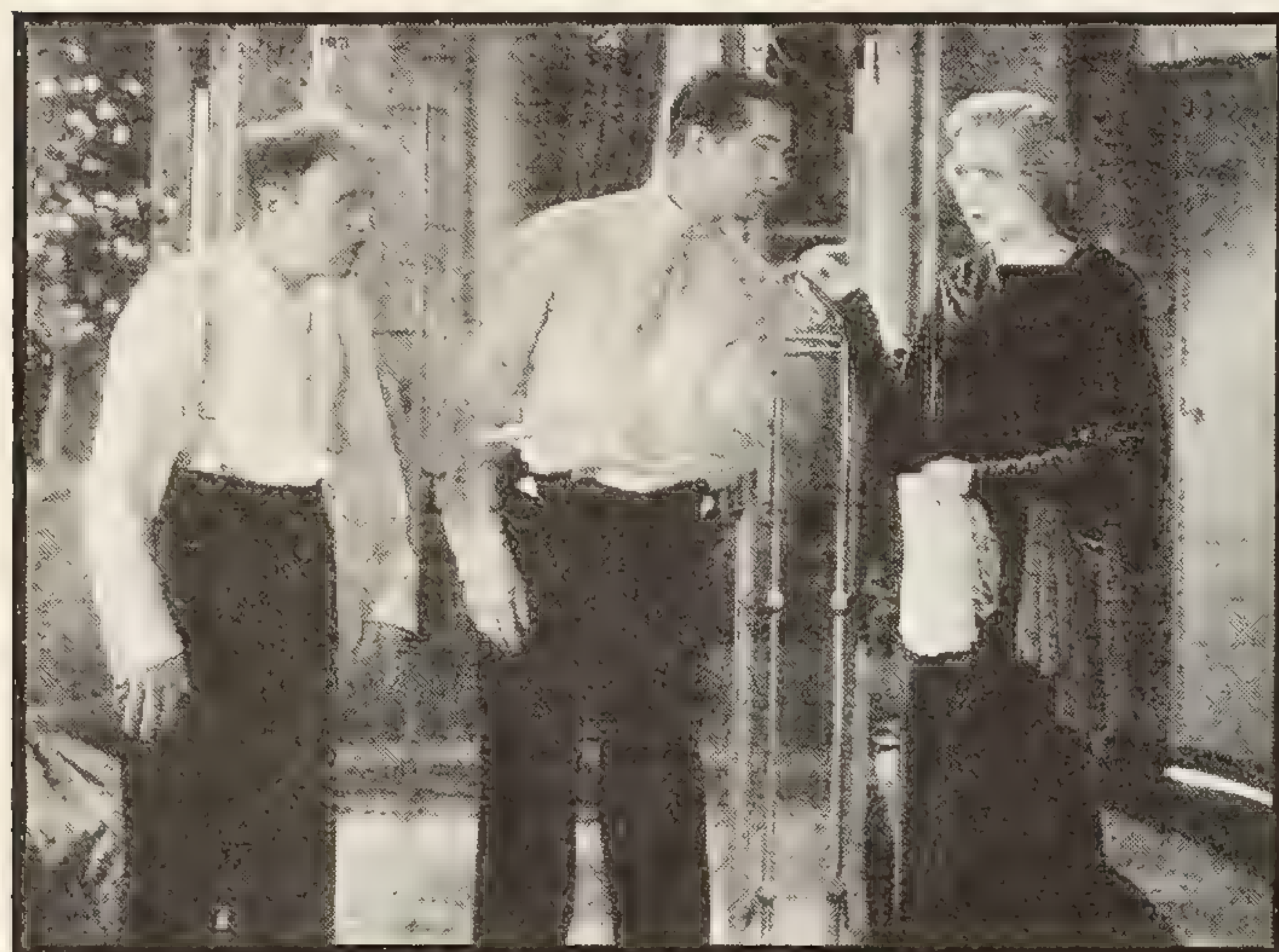


A new portrait of the lady in whose life the number thirteen has played such a large part.

PREVIEWPOINTS

A few quick glimpses at some of the pictures now in production

MADAME SATAN (M-G-M)



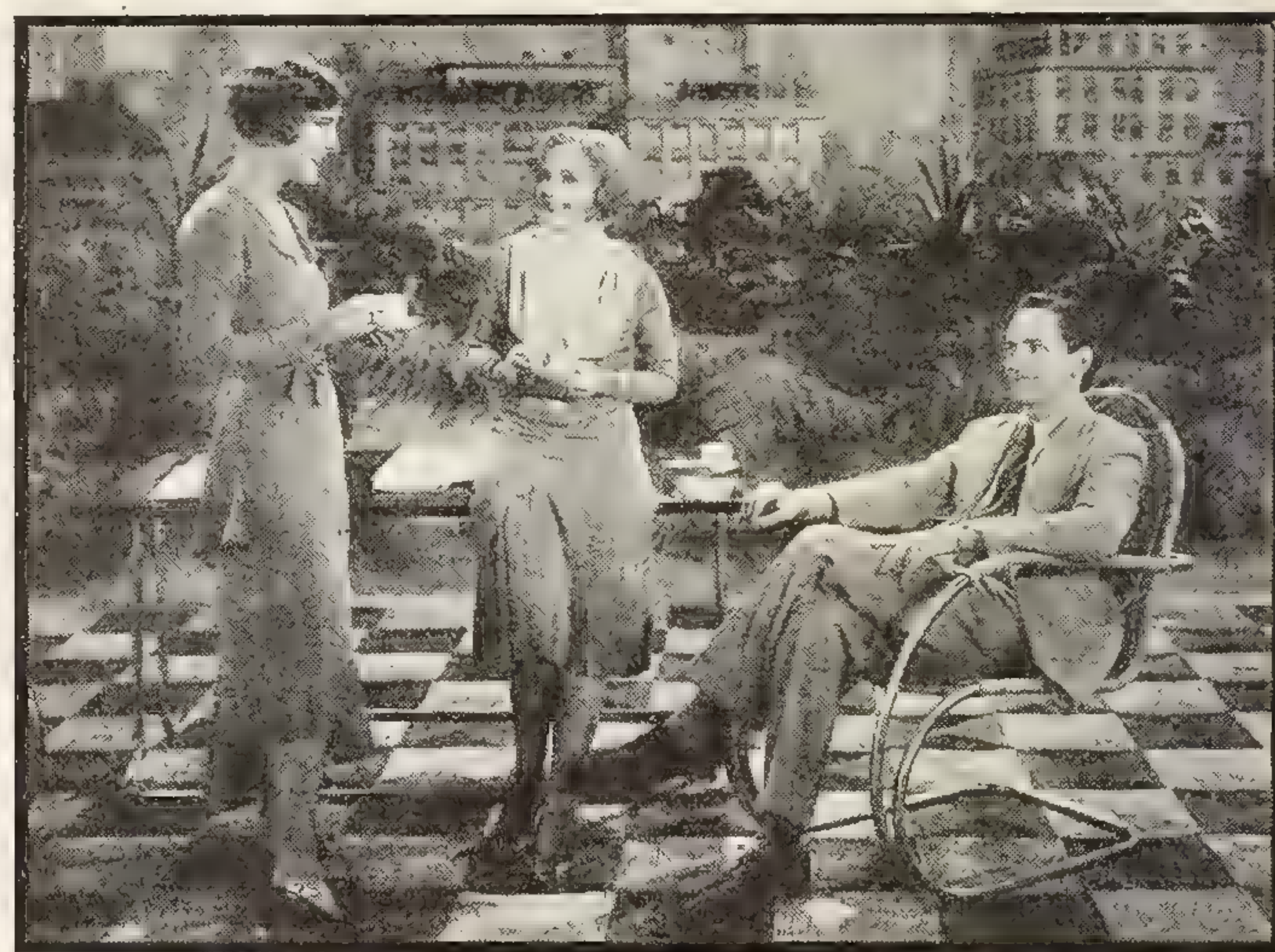
THE picture at the left shows Roland Young, Reginald Denny, and Kay Johnson in a comedy moment from the above picture. The picture at the right shows Roland Young at left, Lillian Roth, Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, and crowd in the ball room sequence in which Lillian Roth, as the attractive vamp, is out-bid as a dancing partner by the sudden arrival of Kay Johnson, as Madame Satan.

This story is one of those typically DeMille affairs with marvelous settings, for which there is really no word to describe them—lavish being far too inadequate. Super-super-lavish is the sort of word we're striving for.

The ball-room scene on board the zeppelin will, as the old familiar phrase has it, take your breath away. The ball is a masquerade and the various costumes are simply a knockout. You can easily see how this would give the great DeMille a chance to get very impressively colorful, and he certainly takes advantage of it.

There is, of course, a thrilling sequence toward the end of the picture, and it's a scene no one should miss. This is where the zeppelin, which has been moored to the mooring mast during the ball, suddenly breaks away. The scenes of wild confusion and terror, as the zeppelin goes on its lurching way, will pull you up from your seat.

LAUGHTER (Paramount)



HERE is the amazingly cute star, Nancy Carroll, back again in a story that gives her a chance to go dramatic once more. We're glad of this for we have not forgotten how little Nancy came through in "The Devil's Holiday." Also in the cast of "Laughter," is Fredric March, Paramount's handsome leading man who is threatening to grab off all the fan mail that comes to Hollywood. Frank Morgan, the famous New York stage actor, plays the part of Nancy's elderly husband, a serious-minded millionaire. March, by the way, plays the rôle of a charming pianist who falls in love with Nancy. The

rôle of Nancy's flapper step-daughter is played by Diane Ellis. This gives quite a novel twist, for Miss Ellis seems to be about the same age as Miss Carroll and they treat each other like regular girl friends instead of step-mother and step-daughter.

Nancy Carroll seems to become lovelier and lovelier in every picture, and this is no exception to the rule. She has her hair fixed in a new style in some scenes, piling it on top of her head, a loose wave falling over the right side of her face. It looks fascinating.

This promises to be one of her best pictures.

Minister's 9-Year Old Boy Runs \$3 into "Fortune"

Former Poor Country Preacher Now Reveals Small Son's Secret That Saved Family Home and Brought Prosperity and Happiness. Tells Easy Way for Any Man or Woman to End Money Worries. A Remarkable Story of Dramatic Facts More Thrilling Than Fiction Because It Is True. A Life Drama With a New Kind of Happy Ending That Will Probably Amaze You Because It Shows How You, Too, May Find the End of the Rainbow.

As Related
By REV. C. V. MCMURPHY

WITH a sigh of despair Rev. McMurphy thought of the hopelessness of his present situation. Would the little home he had just built for his loving family be snatched away, he thought. How could he ever meet the builder's notes that would soon be due? How could he even earn a living, now that their little car had broken down and they were no longer able to travel their district to carry on their ministerial work. The outlook was surely despairing! Then as swiftly as misfortune had darkened their home, the darkness vanished. And it was his little boy who lifted the shadow. "Daddy," he exclaimed, "don't worry any more. I have a way out of our troubles." Excitedly he told his astonished father of an article he had read about the president of a million dollar institution in Ohio who had founded a plan to help worthy men and women out of their financial troubles. Breathlessly he told that he had written this man—Curtis W. Van De Mark, called the great public benefactor because of the noble work he is doing for others. Eagerly Rev. McMurphy read every word about the vast business of this big institution scattered all over America—business so widespread that it is possible to help local men and women in a pleasant, dignified way. "What a generous offer! And how easy and simple, too. The end of my financial worries," exclaimed Rev. McMurphy! Why, he even offers to make a local profit-sharing "pardner" of everyone who follows his easy plan. "How can such a thing be possible?" thought Rev.

McMurphy. Yet it must be true. He won't even let anyone risk one penny buying anything. He just wants you to follow his simple plan in full or spare time. "Why, Daddy," said the boy, "even I can do this easy work. Let me try—please. Just loan me a few dollars to pay my expense, Daddy." Awakened by the courage and enthusiasm of this 9-year-old child, he accepted this man's generous offer. But he also determined to allow this child to complete his wonderful lesson in courage and faith, so he let him go out alone to see what he would do. "My little boy came back in an hour with profits of nearly \$3.00. I said to myself: 'If this child can make that much, I can make twice that amount.' And I took up the work. I assure you I now have no fear of financial problems. The notes on the house have been burned and we have a nice car to ride around in and attend to our church affairs. Last Saturday I went out after 2 o'clock, made \$30.00 and was back before sunset. If all the underpaid country preachers could learn what a great opportunity awaits them with you there would be fewer long faces from financial problems and more good cheer in preaching the gospel." This true story of Rev. McMurphy's is simply an example of the many letters Van has received from men and women whom he has helped toward ending their financial troubles.



"I Now Have No Fear of Financial Problems"

years to discover and I will pay you an actual cash penalty if your first ten calls do not show you a big profit. I allow you to make a profit on every order my customers give you. So what is to stop you from making as high as \$35.00 in a day like some of my other "Pardners?"

I Send You \$18 Worth of Goods

to start you (retail value) at my risk. Send no money for this generous offer—just mail application below. I don't let you risk one penny. I take all the chances. Maybe you think this is just ordinary work. But don't be mistaken. If you treat me fairly I'll set you up in a business of your own. I'll tell you a priceless secret that will get others to make money for you. Right now I promise to help you toward ending your money worries forever, and I am known to 30,000 "Pardners" as the man who always keeps his promises. Mail the application below right now for our cash penalty agreement. Start in spare time if you wish and I'll still give you my cash offer. If you are a married woman you can surely devote a few spare hours a day. My plan is a funny one. Some of my women "Pardners" have actually made more than their husbands in a few hours of this pleasant, dignified work.

RUSH APPLICATION SEND NO MONEY

This announcement will probably "upset" the nation. Untold thousands will apply for these openings. The time to act is NOW! Tear out the Application below and mail it quick. Send no money. This is not an order. You do not pay anything for this offer. Nothing will be sent C.O.D. Curtis W. Van De Mark, President, The Health-O Quality Products Co., Dept. 6044-MM, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Now Van Offers Cash To Other Honest Men and Women For Just Saying 20 Magic Words to 10 Ladies and Following His Simple Instructions



\$25,000.00 Bond
Backs Our Products

You don't need to sell a thing to get this cash. This is the new, sensational plan of the famous business genius—Curtis W. Van De Mark the wizard who

has already put more than 30,000 men and women on the road to prosperity. "Conservative" leaders called Van "crazy" for making this radical cash offer. They said it would ruin "conservative" traditions. But cooler heads called it a master stroke that would prove a tremendous boon to prosperity. Van not only makes you his profit-sharing local "pardner"—but he will actually pay you a cash penalty if you don't make \$15 the very first day.

No Need to Sell Anything To Get This Cash Penalty

Countless housewives have learned that they can make big savings on our amazing bargain offers. So in almost

1100 more local men and women to take care of new and regular customers in each town. Time must not be wasted! Expense must not be considered! Orders must be filled quick! Customers must not be kept waiting! Big money for our representatives means nothing to us from now on! So I have smashed the so-called "conservative" business traditions. I now offer every honest man and woman steady work and will pay actual cash for just a few hours of their time. You don't need sales experience. What I want is sincere men and women who will be as honest with me as I am with them.

I Pay You a Cash Penalty

If You Don't Make Big Profits The Very First Day

Just say 20 magic words to 10 ladies—20 secret words that have proven almost magical money

getters for over 30,000 of my "pardners"—an amazing yet simple 20-word sentence that took me 35

Get Van's Cash Agreement!
Let me show you how to get the money you want—
\$15 in a Day Full Time?
\$3 in an Hour Spare Time?
and I will gladly send you my Written Agreement, legal and binding upon me. The more time you devote to this business the more money you get. VAN.

no time the sale of our products has expanded almost to the "bursting" point. Now we must hurry and employ

**CURTIS W. VAN DE MARK, President,
The Health-O Quality Products Co.
Dept. 6044-MM,
Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Dear Van: I hereby apply for opening as "Pardner" in my town to start on your new cash penalty plan. Send your sensational offer of \$18.00 worth of products (retail value) to start me and your written warrantee. Also tell me how I can make money introducing you to 10 ladies and using the 20 magic words and other instructions. **This is not an order—send nothing C. O. D. I risk nothing.** I want \$..... per hour.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Some More PREVIEWPOINTS

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY (Warners)



THE irrepressible Winnie Lightner is just as delightfully irrepressible in this picture as she always is. In the left picture we have Charles Judels, who plays the excitable Frenchman, and Winnie Lightner, who plays the gold-digger. At the right we have Winnie Lightner again, Irene Delroy, and Jack Whiting in a dramatic moment.

This promises to be a really good show for, besides the players just mentioned, it has Charles Butterworth, John Davidson, and Arthur Hoyt. The screen play and dialogue is being written by Arthur Caesar, the man who has made himself famous in Hollywood for sassing his bosses.



There is a scene in which Winnie does even better than her famous banquet sequence in "The Gold-Diggers." This is in the race track portion of the story. It seems that the jockey is knocked out by the villain or something, as jockeys have a habit of doing in the movies, and so our own Winnie decides to ride the horse, in person. The horse, incidentally, is what you might call unruly, and when you see Winnie galloping down the course atop the most unruly horse (which is poetical), you will laugh your head off, or your ears off, or something.

All in all, this promises to be a good one.

SEA LEGS (Paramount)



ON the left we have Jack Oakie and Lillian Roth in a cute clinch, and on the right, Oakie, Eugene Pallette and Harry Green.

Of course, if you are not an Oakie fan, we can't expect you to get all enthused over Jack's latest riot. If you *are* an Oakie fan (and who isn't), please get ready to fall off your seat and roll in the aisle.

The story concerns Searchlight Doyle, played by Jack Oakie, who is the erstwhile lightweight champion of the United States Navy and who is mistaken for Armand O'Brien, the most disliked sailor in the Sainte Cassette Navy (Sainte Cassette is the name of the mythical kingdom to which this navy belongs).



Of course, since Oakie is looked upon as the Navy's most disliked person, plenty is going to happen. They treat him so badly that he decides to jump overboard, but just as he is going to do so, a procession of lovely girls comes out of a cabin, for no reason at all. This, of course, makes him change his mind, even though they do turn out to be the Captain's daughters. Into the story comes Harry Green, Paramount's famous Hebrew comedian, who has inspired many films with his own brand of humor. Jack falls in love with the Captain's daughter, and they have a funny scene when the rolling of the steamer throws them into each other's arms, although they have actually been quarrelling. The story is full of such delicious nonsense.

The Gifts They Get

(Continued from page 93)

HEDDA HOPPER has received many gifts, but the one she likes best is a very fine terrier which came by air mail from New York. It is now Hedda's constant companion.

According to William Janney, his most delightful fan gift is likewise a wire-haired terrier pup. It arrived by messenger at Billy's home, with no identification except a tag that read: "How about giving that 'little brother' stuff a rest and being big brother to this dog?" (Most all of Janney's parts on the screen have been "younger brother" rôles.) Billy looked at the dog and exclaimed: "Gosh, but he's cute!" The pup promptly started jumping around and barking, so young Janney named him "Cute" and he continues to be just that, chewing up everything he can lay his molars into.

"Petey" came to Carmel Myers from the Canary Islands. "Petey" happens to be a yellow canary and although he has a beautifully trained voice, he didn't come to Hollywood to try to get into talking pictures!

EVEN ponies are sent to favored ones. The most prized gift received by Robert Montgomery is a polo pony sent to him by an Eastern admirer.

Bob is an ardent polo player and, since receiving the pony, has been spending most of his leisure time on the field.

Ilka Chase, popular Fox comedienne, received two kittens from a fan when she was playing in "The Floradora Girl." She took them home and named them "Vogue" and "Vanity Fair" (her mother is the editor-in-chief of the three Vogues). Miss Chase has become much attached to the kittens and gives them the run of her Laurel Terrace home.

A pet pigeon arrived at the studio for Bernice Claire. Attached was a note, written in a childish hand, saying it was a little present for her. No name or address was signed.

It remained for a fan in Los Angeles to send James Gleason his most novel gift. It was a hive of bees, with an anonymous note, suggesting it would be a fitting addition to the Gleason home! Jim says he doesn't know whether it was intended for a joke or not.

However, since the bees have been supplying him with fine honey for his breakfast cakes, he says he is certain the joke is not on him!

MARION DAVIES has received many unusual gifts of flowers. Recently an English admirer sent her a huge box of carnations from London. It arrived in Hollywood exactly eight days after having been sent. Miss Davies is also the proud possessor of a unique and priceless collection of clocks, sent her by fans from all parts of the world.

Gary Cooper was given a rare pewter cup and mug made from a ram's horn.

The relics were sent to him in Hollywood by an old lady fan who lives in Helena, Montana, near Gary's birthplace.

One of Norma Shearer's most ardent admirers sent her a magnificent gift. It is a "futuristic" make-up table of glass and black onyx and the globe-shaped lamps are of crystal mounted on onyx bases.

Besides "Oh", the bulldog, our old friend Nick Stuart received a decidedly odd Japanese lounging kimono from a Japanese girl fan, Yukiko Tomizuka of Tokyo, Japan. It is for beach or home wear.

Miss Tomizuka is a noted designer and creator of costumes for one of the big film companies in Japan and needless to say, Nick highly prizes his gift.

Clara Bow was sent an ancient book by a collector fan of hers in New York. It was printed about a century, B. C., in India, and Clara considers it one of her greatest treasures.

John Whitting, a New York fan admirer of Neil Hamilton, has made the actor one of the rarest gifts for the past three years. "Rare," Neil points out, "because the gifts have required great patience and effort and thought." Each year Mr. Whitting has sent Neil a beautiful scrap book. It contains countless hundreds of pictures and stories of and about Neil, collected throughout the year. It also contains poetry, personal criticisms and other things of particular interest to the screen player. The books sent thus far (three) are beautifully bound volumes and occupy prized positions in the Hamilton library.

AMONG the many gifts Bessie Love has received, she prizes most the antique French mirror which was sent to her from an admirer in France. The mirror arrived in perfect condition and Bessie has hung it in the place of honor in the boudoir of her home.

Maurice Chevalier is another star who received a gift from far-away France. He received a stuffed, tan and white dog from a designer of movie stage sets in Paris.

Rare and costly were the presents sent to Betty Compson by a Miss Amelia Bliss of Chicago. This lady traveled extensively throughout the world and from far corners sent to Betty the most beautiful Spanish shawls, linens, jewelry, furniture and rare china and antique pieces. At one time when Miss Compson was going to New York she wrote to Miss Bliss and told her she would like to stop off and see her in Chicago. She received a letter in return in which Miss Bliss asked Betty please *not* to stop. "I've had so many illusions shattered during my long life," wrote the old lady, "I'm sure you would not be another but I don't want to even chance it; I prefer to hold this one illusion always." The recent death of her admirer was a tragedy in Betty's life for, although the two had never met, they were the warmest of friends.

James Hall once received four large bundles of bath towels from a fan, and a prisoner in Leavenworth once sent him a leather belt that he had made himself while in prison.

Paul Lukas was sent a white-haired monkey ash tray from Hungary by one of his followers. On the monkey's back

(Continued on page 129)



An ardent fan of Mary Brian's decided he would be very different in the matter of gifts with this result. Mary doesn't know what the figures mean.

Some More PREVIEWPOINTS

BEYOND VICTORY (Pathe)



THE picture on the left shows William Boyd and June Collyer, and on the right, Russell Gleason and Fred Scott.

In a dug-out facing No Man's Land were five men, dirty, grimy and war weary. During a battle they had been forced to fall back, and the Germans were advancing on them slowly. They were now waiting to throw a plunger which would not only kill some of the enemy but themselves as well. The men are William Boyd, Fred Scott, Lew Cody, James Gleason and Russell Gleason.

As they wait for death, they are in a state bordering on hysteria and so, in order to keep them from going insane, the Sergeant starts to tell them about his civilian life, to



keep their minds occupied. It seems that his wife, through a series of circumstances, believes that he has been untrue to her. This, however, is not the truth, and he asks his comrades that if he dies, will they do their best to find his wife and tell her the truth.

Then Fred Brandon tells his story. It seems that the girl he loved had given birth to his child the day before he sailed for France and they were unable to be married. The girl died. Fred asks his comrades if they are saved, to find his child and care for it.

Then Lew MacIntyre tells his story. The Germans arrive, the plunger explodes, giving the chance for a fine ending.

LEATHERNECKING (RKO)



THE pictures show Ken Murray, Irene Dunne, and Eddie Foy, Jr., in scenes from RKO's forthcoming feature, cleverly titled "Leatherneking."

Besides these three players, the cast also includes Louise Fazenda, Ned Sparks, Lilyan Tashman, and Benny Rubin.

It seems to be a sort of semi-musical and semi-dramatic piece of film fare, with some excellent songs and dancing; the songs composed by the famous Rogers and Hart of New York musical comedy fame.

The story, what there is of it, concerns Chic Evans of the Marines who conceives the brilliant idea of stealing his captain's uniform and Distinguished Service Medal, and dashing off to a dance given by high Honolulu society. He



attracts the attention of Delphine Witherspoons, the haughty society girl who falls for him like a ton of coal. Then trouble begins when Chic's buddies follow him and also crash the ball. Still more trouble comes along when they get into a fight and smash a priceless vase belonging to the Witherspoons. Of course, Chic's deception is discovered and he is thrown into the brig, thus being separated from the girl he loves whose name by now you must know is Delphine Witherspoons.

Then a girl friend of Delphine's, realizing how much Chic loves her, decides to fix everything up so the two will be thrown together again. This, however, does not turn out quite as expected and plenty excitement happens.

Hollywood Highlights

(Continued from page 33)

was half a head taller than her Romeo. Jobyna Howland, who stands six feet, two inches tall, was his beloved in "The Cuckoos." In his latest picture, "Half Shot at Sunrise," Leni Stengel is his sweetheart. And in all their love scenes she has to take him upon her knee.

"Aw!" says Woolsey.

THERE have been some meteoric careers in pictures, but that of Lew Ayres ought really to stack up against any of them. On September 1, young Ayres celebrated his first anniversary as a picture player, and yet in that one year he has been cast in six pictures, in five of which he has played important rôles.

Young Ayres was playing in a Hollywood orchestra when he won a small rôle in "The Kiss," the last Garbo silent picture, and students of the screen spotted him immediately as a great possibility. He was then cast as the hero in "All Quiet on the Western Front," where he put over one of the greatest screen performances ever seen. Since that time he has appeared in "Common Clay" with Constance Bennett, "East is West," with Lupe Velez, and in "Handful of Clouds." And now he has scheduled the starring rôle in "Mississippi," from a popular novel.

OUR own screen melodrama:

The bad, bad landlord is just about to foreclose the mortgage on the aged widow when she rents her place for a miniature golf course.

IF Howard Hughes, the kid millionaire of Hollywood, had had his way when he opened "Hell's Angels" in New York, Broadway would have seen a ballyhoo the like of which even P. T. Barnum had never dreamed. But for several reasons it never came off.

Having hired half of Hollywood Boulevard when he introduced his spectacle to Los Angeles, young Hughes planned to go even farther in New York. First, he offered the British Government \$100,000 to permit the Dirigible R-100 to extend its flight to New York upon the night of the opening, but, because of the official mission of the airship the offer was declined, although those in charge of the flight would have liked to get that \$100,000.

Next, the young producer planned to have a fleet of airplanes hover over Broadway to pep up things, but he was apprised of the ordinance which prohibits stunt flying over the city. The next best idea was to have a lot of racket to brighten up things, but this time the Hollywood playboy was informed of the Anti-Noise Crusade, which right now is a very important campaign in New York.

So Hughes contented himself with simply putting on a dignified opening at a cost of a mere \$100,000, which to him is a spit in the ocean.

PARENTAL protests have kept many a youth from popular fame, but apparently John Green, son of Vivian Green, wealthy New York broker, is not going to be one of them. For, like Roger Wolfe Kahn, young Green is winning a name for himself after preliminary opposition by his folks.

His first impression was made when he wrote the song, "Coquette," a couple of years ago, but his family took hold of him and drove him into Wall Street. There he proved to be a distinguished flop so he started writing songs again, doing numbers for "The Sap From Syracuse" and other Paramount pictures. Now he has become so popular that his parents have forgiven him. He is twenty-one and has just married.

NOT every girl in Hollywood is able to forge ahead upon the wings of the knowledge that she is a protégée of Mary Pickford. But Phyllis Crane is doing it, and getting along nicely, thanks.

When "Our Mary" was casting for "Coquette" she had some difficulty in finding a girl for the rôle of "Betty Lee." But one day as she was entering the United Artists studio she spotted an auburn-haired miss who was applying for an extra part. She had a test taken of her, and, presto, Phyllis Crane was launched upon a career.

The young woman is now featured in a Pathé comedy, "Hold the Baby," and it looks as if she might climb to something worthwhile.

THERE are some among the devoted admirers of Jack Oakie who fear that the young man will make a nuisance of himself unless he puts on the brakes. At that, a lot of his wisecracks are just that—they are designed to get a rise out of persons addressed. But a number of them have all the earmarks of having emanated from an inflated ego.

During his recent sojourn in New York, more than one admirer turned against Jack because of what was termed his boasting. One of these erstwhile admirers did his turning while the star was basking in front of a blazing sign over the Brooklyn Paramount Theater which read: "Jack Oakie in Person."

Indeed, Jack liked this sign so much that he had it shipped to Hollywood, where it is now being placed upon the roof of his garage, so that visitors who fly over in airplanes may mark the hallowed spot.

YOUNG Philippe De Lacey, who is growing into a sturdy youngster, has hopes of appearing soon in a Broadway stage production. With his adopted mother, the boy motored leisurely across the country from Hollywood for his first visit to New York since the time he arrived as a baby after having been rescued from a shell-torn home in Belgium. Edith De Lacey, the foster mother, was then a war nurse, and she brought the foundling home with her.

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236

Open Letter to Clara Bow

(Continued from page 43)

to him. I cannot find it in my heart to wonder that men flock around you. Your eyes and your lovely laughter must reassure them about life.

WHEN your first two pictures were released and you were reaching for your place among the stars you used to come into my office and curl up in that old leather armchair that was losing its stuffing. Remember? And you used to ask me what I would do about this thing or that thing.

"Life is rushing me," you once said. "I get so puzzled. And I don't want to lose my head. Tell me, what would you do? I want to make the most of my life!"

You haven't been doing that, you know. You've been as spendthrift with your emotions as you have with your money. You never seem to stop to count the cost.

The last time you were in New York I tried to reach you on the telephone but it was no use. I didn't have the time

to explain my way through the retinue of flunkies and secretaries and "friends" that surrounded you.

Which explains this open letter. I feel you're more likely to see it here than if it were mailed to you and opened by a secretary. And I, hope, too, that by appearing here it will help counteract some of the distorted notions people may have received about you from the press. Few stop to realize that many a newspaper story depends more upon insinuations and implications than it does on facts. And, of course, it is always more exciting to believe the worst.

IT isn't too late to mend your ways. You still remain on the crest in spite of the kind and quantity of publicity you have had. When your producers, fed up with your wild escapades, attempted to give a new star your rightful place in "Paramount on Parade" the exhibitors all over the country are reported to have objected. That revue

was worth the money it cost them only if it enabled them to display your name outside of their theaters. So, at the last minute, you were given the number in which you proceeded to make most of the other merrymaking headliners look like so many paper dolls.

Youth is so short. Age is so long. See to it that you don't spend the latter financially and emotionally bankrupt. Remember, Clara, you have a head as well as a heart. And do try to use it as often. You can be sure when real love comes along the two will be in perfect accord.

With both praise and criticism,

Paul Whitney Fletcher

Close Up

(Continued from page 99)

"What do you consider the dominant, directing force in your career? Why did you become an actor?" we ask.

It is difficult to say what is going on in his mind.

"My mother was on the stage. I suppose it was more or less natural that I should take up acting."

We spoke of people. There was

charity and tolerance in him. He views life detachedly, objectively. A passing show. Amusing. Tol'able.

Clearly he sees human inconsistencies and weaknesses, and though he is maturedly sophisticated he is not a cynic. There is little condemnation in his makeup.

Once his mind is made up there is

in him a definite, methodical and determined course of action.

If the man Barthelmess has a religion it is the religion of good taste. Ignorance he condones, stupidity he hates.

He most enjoyed making "Tol'able David," "The Enchanted Cottage," "Patent Leather Kid" and "Dawn Patrol."

WHAT is the most important thing in acting?

His eyes focus on us again.

Thought. The actor must think. It is not enough that he knows the action which is to take place. He must know what he is thinking, what is going on in his mind while that action occurs.

If the actor thinks his scene, the mechanics of acting will follow.

But not quite so simple, else there would be other Barthelmesses. This matter of thinking is the business of getting under the skin of the character, knowing him, feeling him, understanding him and living him.

ON meeting Richard Barthelmess you sense many facets of his composition. There is determination, courage, tenacity. There is the poet, the sentimentalist, the realist, the romanticist and the modernist.

There is a very physical man and a fine mind, there is love of good books and the company of brilliant minds. There is a dogged decision to make life give him the best it holds.

There is introspection and keen observation, self-analysis and a sense of humor. And, above all, common sense.



Marian Nixon, Robert Edson and Dick Barthelmess in a scene from "Adios," Dick's latest.

A Certain Mr. Thorne

(Continued from page 37)

in the day's line. Between them a naughty French print grins over her shoulder at a framed picture of Richard Barthelmess that stands precariously near the edge of the old-fashioned high-boy top.

A frayed and dilapidated bathrobe drapes the bathroom door. It is two inches too short in the sleeves, just as the well-scuffed bedroom slippers are a size or two too large. Three stray cigarettes repose in a pink shaving mug which decorates the bathroom shelf.

A half-written letter is exposed on a cluttered desk in the living room. It has been there for days. There is no stopper in the ink bottle, a pen has been carelessly thrown down.

A gingerale bottle and a bucket (of what was once cracked ice) lay abandoned on the kitchen table along with a half-squeezed lemon and an old cigarette butt.

An unopened bundle of clean laundry stands at attention in the corner of the bright red divan. A receipted bill for one month's rent made out to Mr. William Thorne peeks out from under the cigar box on the occasional table.

Of all the days of the week, Mr. Thorne enjoys Sunday the most . . . at his No. 3-B home.

NO telephone calls rout him before twelve noon. The dilapidated robe and slippers are always convenient for a few hours of loafing. Or they make an ideal costume for, say, chucking one's head under the bath shower for a shampoo. The sleeves are too short to get wet, and the collar . . . who cares about the collar? It isn't silk.

On Sunday Mr. Thorne is quite given to puttering. First there is the paper to be rescued from the doorstep. But before it is entirely read, how about an egg (fried sunny-side-up) and a cup of coffee? Mr. Thorne is not immune to bragging slightly about his culinary talents. Only on one outrageous occasion did he permit a thin slice of toast to burn, and that was the time his mother called Mr. Thorne and informed him that William Powell was wanted at the studio for some added scenes and retakes.

But, thankfully, these interruptions to his peace are few and far between. Sometimes he breakfasts on a tall white stool from the ledge in the kitchen. Now and then, when he is in a particularly elegant mood, he carefully sets a corner of the living room table with a napkin, a sugar bowl, a bottle of cream, a package of cigarettes and an ash tray.

Now and again, during these Sundays at home, a pal will drop in for a friendly visit with Mr. Thorne. On such occasions the procedure is always the same:

Mr. Thorne will raise himself languidly from his reclining position on the red divan and offer a high ball—

although he invariably recommends wine. With the slightest bit of encouragement, he ambles into the kitchen and procures a keg of the stuff which he sets down in the middle of the floor between the visitor and himself. Embellished with a large box of cocktail wafers, this informal repast will always prove an incentive for numerous interesting talks on music, literature, education and the erotic. Or the relative merits of tailors, the relative shortcomings of motion picture producers and other byways of Hollywood conversation. Now and then the flow of talk is interrupted with:

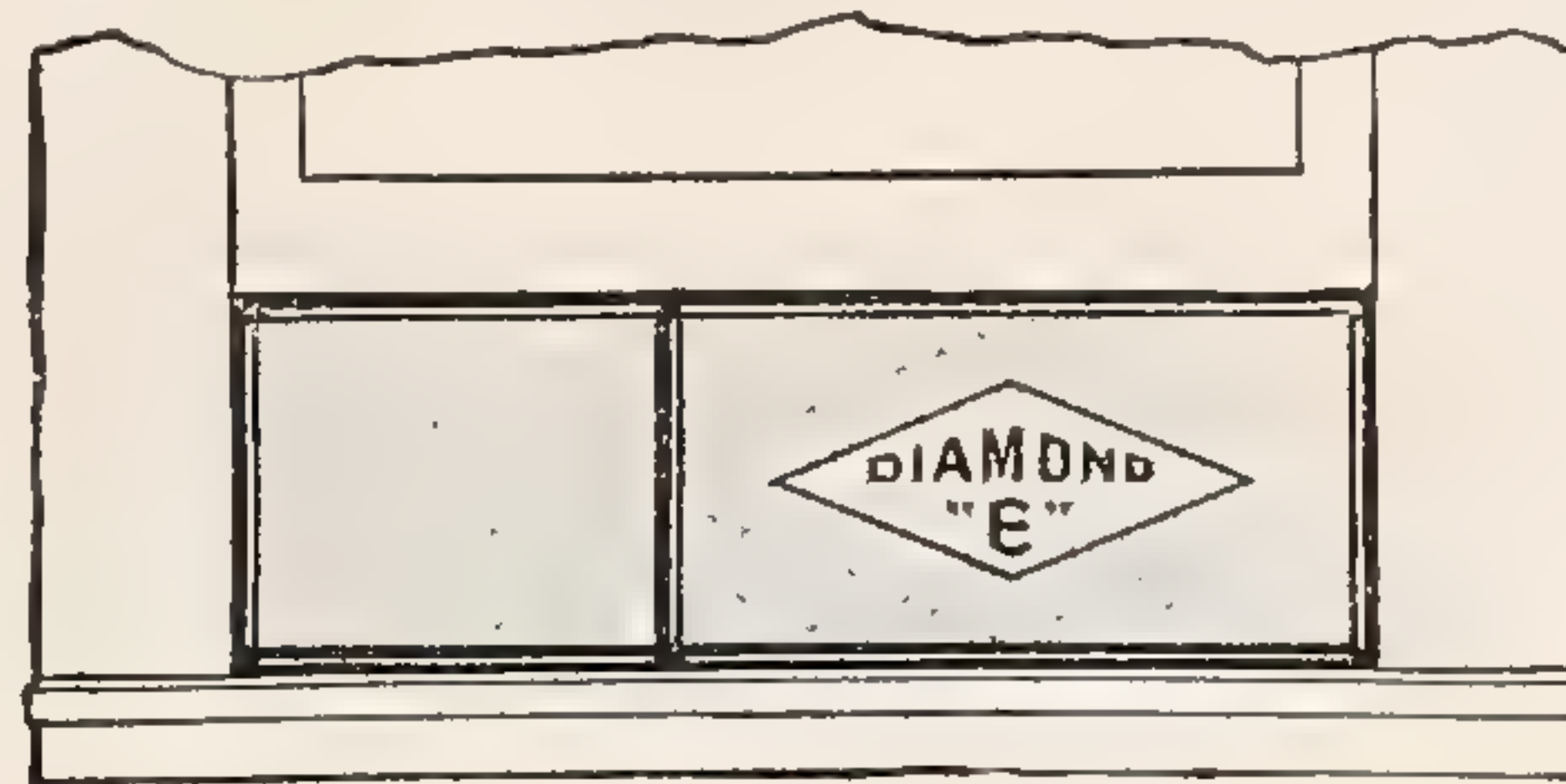
"Say when!"

And then toward the end of the afternoon, or more exactly, when the wee clock on the mantle chimes a polite "bingbong . . . bingbong"—four o'clock, Mr. Thorne is usually reminded of a tennis match with Dick Barthelmess or Ronald Colman. A match to be played by Mr. Powell. For the briefness of a half hour he excuses himself and in the interval there is much running of water, much jerking out of clothes and what not. Then, to the visitor's dismay, Mr. William Powell walks slowly and majestically from the bedroom. One senses a certain distant relationship between the man who went *into* the bedroom . . . and the man who came *out*. One is almost tempted to ask Mr. Powell if he has seen Mr. Thorne puttering around in the room beyond . . . but one doesn't. One is sure that Mr. Powell's sensibilities would be offended by the mention of "puttering." His hair is so immaculately combed—when compared to Thorne's tousled and uncombed head. The sports coat, fresh from the tailors, is so beautifully fitted—when one thinks of Mr. Thorne's ill-fitting robe. Isn't it odd what a sleeve of the proper length will do to the appearance of the hands?

BEFORE taking his leave, Mr. Powell is very careful to lock up. Every door and window must be shut tightly—as though there might be a suppressed desire to keep this sanctum from the very air of Hollywood's prying eyes. Just as Mr. Powell slips out the back door, he turns for a last look around. As he does so, his eyes look very much like those of Mr. Thorne—such an affectionate glance . . . it seems to weigh the privacy of these rooms and what they stand for in their full value. Closing the door, Mr. Powell steps into a smart motor and slides away in a manner called elegant.

The reason that the street address of No. 3-B has been omitted from the story is that privacy is such an unusual thing in Hollywood that we wouldn't want to spoil it. Besides, Mr. Thorne is a whale of a nice fellow. There is one way in which you might be able to find it, however—Mr. Powell and Mr. Thorne are exactly alike in one way: they both enjoy reaching . . . for a high ball.

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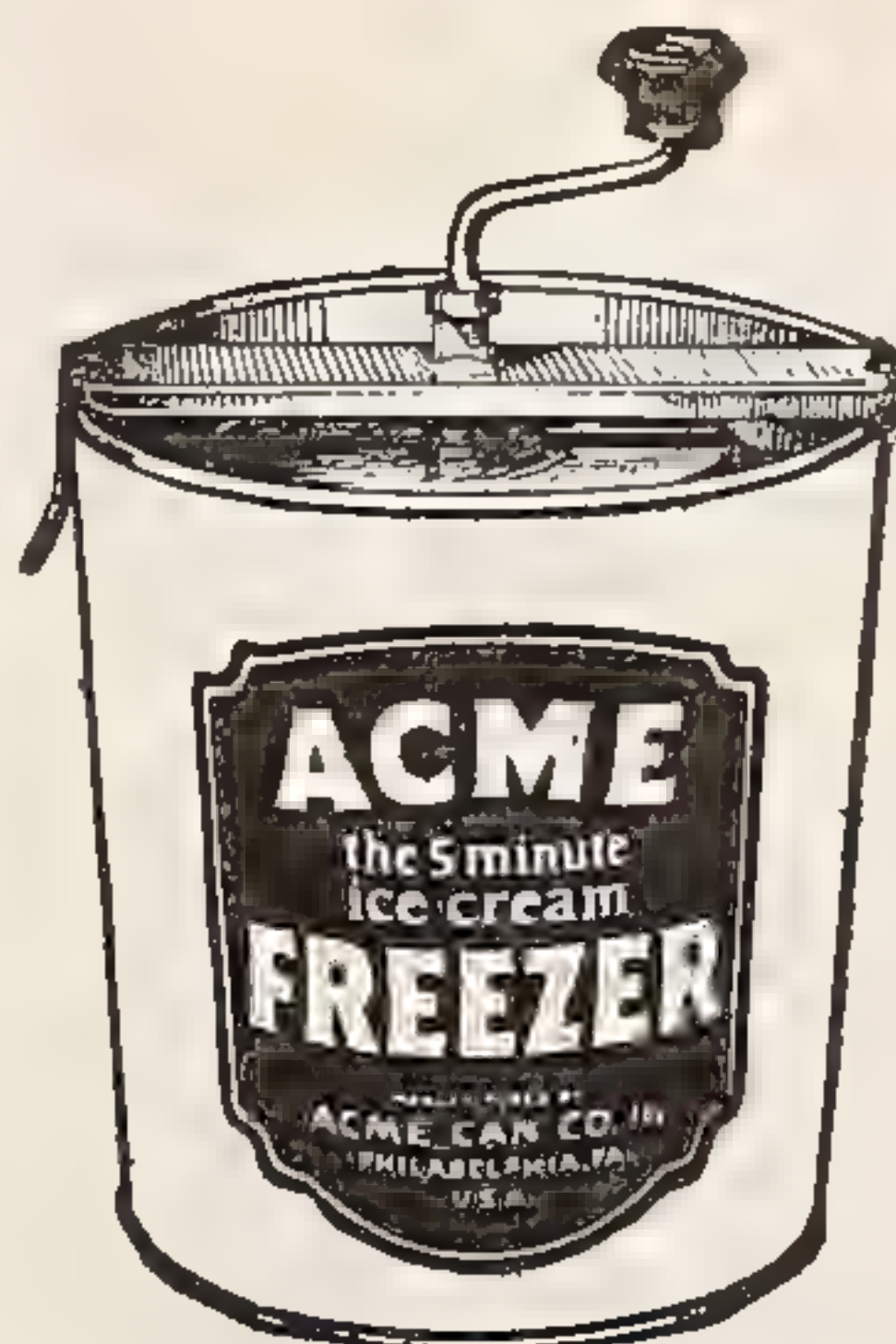
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Their Real Names

(Continued from page 47)

Hedda Hopper long ago worked as a chorus girl under her own name of Elda Furry, and about the same time a young man named Douglas Ullman was struggling along in New York's great Wall Street. Later he took to the stage and from there the screen and now we know him as Douglas Fairbanks.

Nancy Carroll started out in life as Nancy Lahiff; Lila Lee made her debut into the world as Augusta Appel.

There's Phyllis Daniels—how many in the class know her? She was christened by that name but one day her grandmother was reading a story in which a "bebe" was the principal character—"bebe" is Spanish for baby—and it impressed her so much that henceforth she called Phyllis by the name of Bebe.

BACK in Mexico, several years ago, Ramon Samaniegos' father wanted him to be a dentist, and his mother wanted him to be a pianist. He didn't want to be a dentist and he didn't have enough money to be a good pianist, so he became a movie star and today is known the world over as Ramon Novarro.

James Hall was really born James Brown, but out of respect and admiration for a Mr. Hamilton, whose protégé he was, he took that name in place of his own and became noted in musical comedy as James Hamilton. Later, when Paramount gave him a contract, he decided to adopt the name Hall so as not to be confused with Neil Hamilton who was already under contract at the studio.

Some of the talkie stars have real names quite similar to their film *nom de plumes*. For instance, Reginald Denny's true name happens to be Reginald Dandy; Corinne Griffith's is Corinne Griffen; Lew Cody's is Lewis Cote, and Vera Reynolds' is Norma Reynolds.

D. W. Griffith was responsible for at least three screen names. There was Kathleen Morrison working under his direction. It was such a long name for the little Irish girl that Griffith always referred to her as Colleen, and before long the world knew her as Colleen Moore.

THE same is true of Juanita Horton. D. W. didn't like the name at all. "Why not have your last name 'Love'?" he asked. "Everyone's going to love you on the screen, you know!" "Oh, all right," laughed Juanita. "And how about Bessie for a first name?" continued Griffith. "Sure, that'll be fine," said the tiny, golden-haired girl—and so Juanita Horton became Bessie Love.

Eve Southern started out as Elva Lucille McDowell. When Griffith chose her for a part in "Intolerance," he changed her last name to Southern because she had such a soft Southern accent, he said. Later, he told her to drop her middle name altogether and

then he took the "l" out of her first name and changed the "a" to "e" making her Eve Southern.

Ralph Bushman started out in films with his own name but suddenly, for some reason, adopted his once-very-famous father's name and now calls himself Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

SEVERAL years ago Marie Prevost was known as Marie Bickford Dunn; Kathryn Carver went by the name of Catherine Drum; Florence Vidor was known as Florence Arto, and Betty Bronson's friends called her by her full name of Elizabeth Ada Bronson. Then there's Hugh Trevor, whose real name is Hugh Thomas; Richard Dix, who came into the world as Ernest Brimmer; Walter Byron, who is known to his friends in England as Walter Butler, and Hoot Gibson, who was born Edward Gibson.

And did you know that Winnie



Did you know that Douglas Fairbanks started out in life as Douglas Ullman?

Lightner's real name is Winifred Hanson? That Lady Peel is justly famous in her professional life as Beatrice Lillie? That Marion Davies was born Marion Douras? And that Lane Chandler, when in school, sported the name of Robert Clinton Oakes?

What's in a name? Plenty, say the Hollywood celebrities—the difference between fame and oblivion. No wonder they aren't at all bashful about changing!

When Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were married they signed their real names on the dotted lines as Evelyn Lederer and Niculae Pratz.

Dorothy Janis' real name happens to be Doris Penelope Jones; Creighton Hale's is Patrick Hale; Kathryn Crawford's is Katherine Young, and Ford Sterling's is George Stich. Farina, dark 'chocolate drop' of "Our Gang" fame, is known to his parents as Allen Clay Hoskins, and Wheezer, likewise of "Our Gang," is really Bobby Hutchins. Carol Lombard is Carole June Peters; Myrna Loy, Myrna Williams; and June Collyer, Dorothea Heermance.

EVERYONE thought that Lois Moran was that clever young lady's real name, but now they say that she was really born as Lois Dowling. Leatrice Joy was really born Leatrice Ziegler, and Stepin Fetchit is better known to his dusky friends in Los Angeles' "darkytown" district as Theodore Lincoln Perry. Of course, you are curious to know Al Jolson's real name. 'Tis an odd one, too—Asa Yoelsen.

NUMEROLOGY was responsible for the changing of Ena Gregory's name to that of Marian Douglas, and Benjamin Greenburg, obviously a lengthy appellative, was shortened to Ben Bard. Lon Chaney's real name was Alonzo Chaney; Glenn Tryon's is Glenn Van Tryon, and Ann Christy's is Gladys Harvey. Hugh Allen sort of reversed his real name of Allen Hughes when he went into pictures, while Armida, fiery little Mexican star, dropped her last name of Vendrell.

Claud Allister's real name is Claud Palmer. He early became interested in conjury back in England and decided the smart thing would be to change his name. When he was 18 years old he had been doing quite a few magic tricks at parties. One day the name of a chap next door, Allister, popped into his head and as it appealed to him a lot he decided to take it for his own. When he came to Hollywood and went into talkies he still kept the name.

Even good old Ben Turpin has a real name. It's Bernard Turpin, in case you didn't know. The stars are not the only ones who change their names, either—plenty of producers and directors have been known to do it. Consider, for example, the case of Samuel Goldwyn. His real name happens to be Goldfish and it is interesting to note how he came to change it.

A great many years ago he allied himself with Selwyn in the forming of a big film corporation. For a trade name, they decided to combine the first syllable of Goldfish's name with the last syllable of Selwyn's. Thus the Goldwyn Film Corporation came into existence and ultimately, Goldfish took the name for his legal one and emerged as Samuel Goldwyn.

Years past, they say Mack Sennett signed his real name as Michael Sinnott whenever signing was necessary; James Cruze's boyhood friends addressed him as Jimmie Bosen, and one mustn't forget Edwin Carewe whose real name happens to be Jay Fox.

Rupert Julian and Joseph Von Sternberg are two directors who adopted names other than their own. Julian's real name is Percival Thomas, while Von Sternberg's is Joseph Stern.

So it goes—even unto the last. Karl Dane, long using one of the shortest names in pictures, really glories in the full sobriquet of Rasmus Karl Thekelsen Gottlieb! Gurgle that off.

Garbo the Athlete

(Continued from page 73)

never so happy . . . as when they strung her in pearls . . . ropes and ropes of pearls . . . that she could twine through her fingers . . . and close her eyes . . . and make believe . . . that she was rich . . . and famous, like the great actresses she dreamed about . . . who always wore pearls . . . like a badge of Fame.

AND even though she liked fashions the best . . . it was always easy . . . to get her to pose in gag pictures . . . that are supposed to be funny . . . and she would climb ladders . . . and show her legs . . . and shake hands.

Then one day . . . the publicity department got an assignment . . . a really tough assignment . . . and they had to find a girl . . . who would pose in a track suit . . . and "knock out" a prize fighter . . . of mediocre standing . . . for the sake of art . . . and they called all the girls with pretty figures . . . and all the girls refused.

But one young fellow . . . who hadn't been there long . . . and didn't know much about it . . . thought of Garbo . . . and I was there . . . and I laughed at the idea . . . of Garbo in a track suit . . . and I thought of her figure . . . and how long and lanky it was . . . for a track suit . . . but anyway . . . they had to have someone . . . and there was only one girl left . . . Garbo.

And so they called her . . . on the phone . . . and it wasn't long before she came . . . with her hat pulled over her eyes . . . and she seemed pleased . . . that they should have remembered her . . . for anything so important . . . as "publicitee" . . . and she said so.

AND nowadays . . . when I hear about Garbo . . . and how mysterious she is . . . and that the publicity boys never SEE her . . . let alone in track pants . . . I remember that day . . . four years ago . . . when she came back from the dressing room . . . in the little white suit . . . they had given her to wear . . . and how she blushed as she entered the room . . .

and then they took her outdoors . . . in front of the publicity office . . . to take the picture . . . and all of us stood in the window . . . and watched her pose . . . with boxing gloves on her hands . . . and a prize fighter under her foot . . . and at first we laughed . . . because the gag itself . . . wasn't as funny . . . as was Garbo . . . but all of a sudden . . . I looked at her face . . . and I saw that her head was high . . . and that even though there was a smile on her lips . . . there was a tear in her eye . . . and I knew right then . . . that she didn't like track pants . . . even a little bit . . . and I looked closer . . . and I saw that she didn't like prize fighters either . . . but something in her face . . . and her eyes . . . seemed to cry out saying . . . "I'll do my best to get ahead . . . I'll do what they ask now . . . and always . . . until the world knows Garbo . . . even if I have to do it . . . in track pants" . . . and then . . . the picture was taken . . . and she walked away.

THEN a little later . . . when all the boys had gone home . . . I was still sitting there . . . by the window . . . thinking . . . and Garbo came in . . . swinging an old make-up case . . . and there was a puzzled expression on her face . . . and she seemed to be thinking aloud . . . "That peekchure . . . it was very silly" . . . and then she turned to me . . . and her eyes were wide . . . and she said . . . "When I get to be beeg star . . . I do not pose in track pants . . . with prize fighter! . . . when I get beeg . . . I do nothing so silly . . . so silly" . . . and then she turned . . . and strode away.

And sometimes I think . . . when I hear about Garbo now . . . and all this mysterious stuff . . . that it's just Garbo . . . carrying out that promise she made herself . . . in the publicity department four years ago . . . when she posed with the prize fighter . . . in track pants . . . so that some day . . . she might be a BEEG star.



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you haven't
heard? . . . Why
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Let's stop in now. I need a new compact and you—well you just wait and find out what a thrill you're going to get.

At all Chain Stores

The REICH-ASH CORP
307 Fifth Avenue, New York

Matters of Policy

(Continued from page 103)

Location insurance is taken out whenever a company is sent from the home studio for work. The largest location insurance policy ever issued upon a single company was written on the M-G-M unit which was sent to Africa to film "Trader Horn."

DURING the filming of "The Sea Bat" recently, the small raft, which was being trailed behind the boat and which held the valuable cameras became submerged and sank.

The machinery would have been a

heavy loss to the company had it not been protected by location insurance.

IN the beginning when the movies were still a game and bankers refused to rate them as a business, little attention was given to the matter of insurance. Douglas Fairbanks was the first.

If rumor is correct, necessity forced it upon him in this way. During the making of "Robin Hood," Douglas gambled too deeply. Chaplin stepped into the breach and put up the money. And he insisted on insuring Doug.



Eavesdropping on Will Rogers

(Continued from page 35)

man, you will possibly be helped by the following: Will Rogers is natural (and there's an entire volume). He is electric and constantly keyed up to the highest pitch. His blue eyes, knifelike in their intensity, dart about the room with unrelenting rapidity. He sees someone seven tables away and hurls a lusty greeting at him. His voice is loud and boisterous with vitality. He punctuates his rapid-fire conversation with guffaws and belly laughs.

Naturally the questions and answers did not follow quite as closely as I have put them. I have not bothered to put down the incidental conversation. You can imagine that yourself. All right, the interview begins.

"WHERE," one of his two companions asked, "do the youngsters of today think they're going?"

And Will gave answer approximately like this: "What do you mean? Where they *goin'*? As far as I know they ain't *goin'* nowheres. They're jest

tryin' to get along, same as you and I did at that age. If you mean all that old bunk about bein' wild, et cetera, why, that's just a big laugh. The kids of today ain't no worse than they was twenty years ago. They jest move faster, that's all. They got autos and airplanes (he says *aireoplanes*) and they sorta get around quicker'n what we did but what's the difference? So do you and your wife and me and my wife. Ever'body, the whole fam'ly, gets out and whoops it up a little bit today and that's how it should be. It's jest a case of 'em havin' a better opportunity for gettin' out than they used to have.

IN my time we used to have to set aroun' the house and 'visit.' I guess 'visitin'' was more responsible for kids leavin' home than anything else. Our idea of a big Sunday was to set around and stuff food till we couldn't budge and then spend the rest of the day wishin' we could die. Nowadays ever'body eats less and gets outdoors more

and they're much better off for it.

"Yes and in my day the parents spent half their time worrying about the kids—wonderin' if they'd ever amount to somethin' and frettin' about their diet or cold draughts or what have you. Well, I got three kids, oldest seventeen, and I don't think of 'em morning till night except to sort of envy 'em the good time they're havin'. And they seem to get along all right. They's just one thing I'd change about the youngsters of today. I wish they could see a little more of the animals than they do. That's where a lot of us older ones had 'em. We come off farms or ranches and had chances to gallivant around with horses and dogs. That's good for boys and girls, too. Now most of the kids live in cities and can't tell a horse from a goat. That's too bad because kids need animals. That's because they're so much alike. If I had my way every boy'd have a pony and learn to play polo. My kid's beginnin' to give me a lot of competition at that game, doggone him."

AT this point the conversation switched to society. Someone wanted to know why Will never used the elaborate bungalow built for him on the lot. "Think," he said, "of the gay parties you could have there."

"That's just it!" spouted Will, giving the table a tremendous bang. "That's just why I never go near that bungalow. I'd have to 'entertain' and set around bein' bored by society. What sort of fun d'ya call that? Well, anyway, it's not *my* idea of a good time. So I'm gonna keep right on changing my clothes and putting on my makeup in my coupé and give that bungalow a wide berth. Because if I once start entertainin' I won't have no time for myself. And that's the same reason I don't give parties out to my house. Yes, and always aim to be in Oklahoma when there's an opening. Maybe it's the Indian in me but I'd a darned sight be out on a horse or up flyin' or even workin' than settin' around tryin' to act as if I was havin' a good time at a party. Besides, I'd jest go to sleep."

"Is that why you haven't got a telephone?" asked Borzage.

"You said it! If a man really wants to see me he'll find me, telephone or not. And if he doesn't want to see me about something important, but just wants to waste my time, why then I can get along without him anyhow."

Then: "What do you do all day, Will? How do you get rid of twenty-four hours?"

"Well—," he began, "it's usually gone before I *can* get rid of it. Seems like it's time to turn in before I get started. Anyhow, to begin with, I get up about six or six-thirty and give the polo ponies a work-out. That's the best time of day for me. It's quiet and sort of peaceful and nice. Seems like most people ought to get up around then. At least once,

(Continued on page 129)



Will Rogers and Irene Rich as they appeared in "So This Is London."
Rogers is now making "Lightnin'."

Little Liar

(Continued from page 45)

"You? Do me a favor?" He smiled. "Going to buy me a razor to cut my throat with, Lola?"

"It's about 'Recompense,' Lola said, leaning forward slightly. "I have a hunch you won't want Arden in the part tomorrow. In fact, I'd bet my last dollar that you won't."

"She'll work in 'Recompense,'" he said. "Save your breath and your last dollar, Lola. You'll need them both soon unless you pull up."

"Well," Lola said slowly, "I've been doing a little research. I find that Sue Arden's name is not Sue Arden."

"Not really," Derek said. "I suppose yours is Lolo Marvel, you little Tenth Avenue Annie!"

"I didn't change my name for the same reason that she changed hers," Lola said. "She had a very good reason, though a pretty name originally. Her name was . . . Merle Caron."

"Yes," he said, "that's a pretty name."

"It doesn't mean anything to you, does it?" Lola said. "I brought something along that will, though. Want to see?"

Derek just stood and looked at her. She had a sheaf of newspaper clippings in her hand and was waving them gently back and forth under his nose. She shoved them in his hand, finally. "Look at them," she said. "That's your sweet little Sue Arden. I went to a lot of trouble to get those."

Derek turned them over with numb fingers. Sue Arden's face stared back at him, slightly yellowed on newsprint. Steady eyes, she had, even in a newspaper photograph.

UNDER her picture, there were details. Merle Caron, it said, had been found in Stafford Tracy's apartment the night he was murdered. She had been wearing a negligée, and she had been sobbing hysterically. There had been blood on the negligée. Stafford Tracy's blood. That was important. There was a picture of the negligée, too. A very pretty one, slightly too large for Merle.

Merle Caron declared that she had accepted Tracy's offer of his apartment for the night when he said that he would be out of town. She had awakened at the sound of a struggle, had cowered fearfully in her bed for several minutes and had then rushed into the living

room with a supreme effort. Stafford Tracy was lying on the floor, dead. She leaned over him and lifted his head. That was her explanation of the blood on the negligée. Perfectly natural, the newspapers said rather facetiously, that a girl would get blood on her negligée by leaning over a man who was covered with it.

Merle Caron had been tried. There was only circumstantial evidence, and Merle was beautiful. The clippings about her acquittal said a lot about her beauty and more about the susceptibility of the jurors. The newspaper boys are hard boiled. Jurors don't see so many pretty women.

* * *

DEREK laid the clippings on the table rather deliberately. "Interesting," he said. "What was it you had to tell me?"

"Why . . . that," Lola said, a bit taken aback.

"I might have been interested if I hadn't known it a year ago," Derek said. "It's old stuff, Lola. Run along home now. I'm very tired."

Lola stormed out of the apartment. Derek turned the clippings over and over, thoughtfully. He kissed the picture with the steadiest eyes. "Little liar," he said gently.

When he was sure that Lola was safely downstairs and out of the building, he grabbed his hat and broke all speed records getting to Sue's apartment.

She was still sitting where he had left her, exhausted from tears. Her eyes were red and swollen. He gathered her in his arms, sure of himself now. "Merle," he said, "will you marry me?"

Sue quivered sharply and looked up at him. "You . . . knew?" she said.

Derek shook his head. "I didn't know this afternoon," he said, "or I shouldn't have left here. Why didn't you tell me, Sue darling?"

Sue looked up at his eyebrows. They were steady, without a hint of change. She drew a deep breath and reached up to touch them. "Because of those," she said.

"Those?"

"Eyebrows," said Sue. "I was afraid they'd go up."

"Not these eyebrows," Derek said, "ever."

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Ben Lyon and Ona Munson show you how it's done in the new picture, "The Hot Heiress." Guess you'll want to see it.

Film Gossip

(Continued from page 15)

Everybody was happy—except certain dramatic critics who have never learned to spell the name correctly—nor had the faintest idea what it meant.

* * *

Universal is making a picture called "The Cat Creeps." United Artists have one called "The Bat Whispers"—both mystery—not zoo themes.

* * *

FIGURE this one out if you can: The Hays office considered the title "The Command to Love" too risqué for movie consumption; so a group of the refined boys got together and thought up "The Boudior Diplomat" as a substitute. Subtle?

NOW that Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are again to be teamed under the Fox banner, the divorce reports concerning Janet and Lydell Peck are hot and heavy in the local Newspapers.

If that marriage ever survives the amount of gossip it has inspired since Janet and Lydell "stepped off" it will be one of the greatest miracles of Hollywood.

It is hard enough for a Hollywood marriage to "stick" under the best conditions—but with the whole world lifting an eyebrow over Janet and Lydell, it must have been hard for them to salvage much real happiness from the debris.

Anyway, Lydell doesn't look any too happy over on the Paramount lot . . . even though he has just been promoted to a brand new supervisors job.

Just as everyone had Phillip Holmes well settled with Mary Lawlor, he is seen taking Mary Brian places. At least he sticks to "Marys" . . . and nice ones, too.

* * *

WHAT with all the studios banning publicity concerning miniature golf and forbidding the players to appear, it was with a huge snicker that we witnessed the opening of Mary Pickford's own little \$15,000.00 course over on Wilshire Boulevard. Hollywood had a great time that night, too. Just like the World's Premier of a picture, with the spot lights, stars, onlookers and all. It came to light during the evening, that several others among the colony are on the income side of a Pee Wee Course . . . but they asked to be forgotten.

* * *

Joan Crawford is sporting a new make-up for the street. No powder; no cheek rouge; gobs of lip rouge and mascara. In place of these regularly-accepted cosmetics, she is now using a sort of oil with which she generously anoints her skin. Looks swell for sports wear . . . not so hot for evening.

* * *

AL JOLSON is the first big American film star to invade Germany for the purpose of making an all-talking and singing picture entirely in the German language.

Al has always been a great favorite in Germany since the advent of talkies, and his visit has been keenly anticipated by that country for a long time. Probably the most anticipation, however, has been on the part of several score leading ladies who are all a bib and a tucker about the prospect of playing Jolson's lead.

If you are a rabid Jolson fan (and who isn't?) you may be worried about Al's departure. Not a bit of it. He returns the latter part of November to start work on "Sons O' Guns" in which he will play with Lily Damita. Good Luck, Al.

* * *

REMEMBER Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall in their memorable rôles in "The Covered Wagon"? They are going to be re-united for the first time since that picture. They will play the same types in a Paramount special called "Fighting Caravans," a Zane Grey novel.

* * *

JOAN BENNETT is still officially keeping her apartment at the fashionable *Chateau Elysee*, but most of her time is being spent at the Beverly Hills home of her svelte sister, Constance. This is quite a blow to the rumor hounds who had stirred up and circulated stories that the sisters were not exactly friendly and were waging a war for Bennett supremacy on the screen.

Constance is quite devoted to Joan's small daughter and the three make up a very peaceful and devoted family group—something rather unusual in the Bennett clan.

(Continued on page 130)

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

(Continued from page 75)

Her request denied, Loretta, who since has travelled nearer to stardom than either of the others, departed in tears. It is said that Polly Ann, even to this day, does not know of Loretta's attempt to throw the glory to her.

Another 1929 Wampus baby star who prayed that the award would go to her sister instead was little Raquel Torres, who rose to fame in "White Shadows in the South Seas."

When Raquel's mother died in Hermosillo, Mexico, the father brought the two girls to Hollywood. Then, he, too, passed away. Raquel went to work as a theater usher in order to support her sister. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive noted her beauty, gave her a test—and a contract.

Once before the cameras, she started a campaign in behalf of Renée. Despite the fact that the younger girl was only an extra, Raquel urged the Wampus to eliminate her name from the nominations and substitute that of Renée.

LUPE VELEZ is another who has found a place for her sister on the screen.

Until three months ago, Josephine Velez was a dancer in a Mexico City café. Lupe sent for her and had her registered with Central Casting Bureau. Then she went to Director Tay Garnett and obtained from him a bit for Josephine in Pathé's "Her Man."

THREE Hollywood stars who carry out the query of the scriptures in a big way are Ramon Novarro, Eddie Quillan and Marion Davies.

Ramon's parents were reduced to poverty when their land holdings in Mexico were taken from them during a revolution.

During his early struggles in America, when his earnings as a stage dancer were small, Ramon hoarded even the pennies to feed his father and mother and ten brothers and sisters. When he finally won recognition in the films, he bought a beautiful home and moved the family to Hollywood.

Three of the Novarro girls are now in a Spanish convent. The others are being educated by Ramon.

THE parents and eight brothers and sisters of Eddie Quillan are sharing his success in the cinema. They came here upon his insistence when Eddie was given his first contract by Mack Sennett.

EVER since Marion Davies reached the "big money," she has seen to it that her three sisters and the two children of one of them have wanted for nothing that her gold could buy. Each week, allowance checks go forward to Ethel Davies, who lives with Marion, Renée Davies Lederer and Rosemary Davies Van Cleve. She has furnished university educations for Renée's two offspring—Pepi and Charles Lederer.

THE attachment of Blanche Sweet and Bebe Daniels for their grandmothers is unique in the film colony.

Blanche's mother died shortly after Blanche's birth. When Blanche was seven, her father put her in a fashionable boarding school in the East, but when she continued to plead with her grandmother, Blanche Alexander, to be taken away, that worthy literally kidnapped the child.

They have been together ever since, and Hollywood seldom sees the younger Blanche without Grandma Alexander at her side. They share the same home.

Bebe Daniels was only thirteen when she became Harold Lloyd's leading lady, but her first pay check went for a diamond ring and the down payment on a sedan for her mother, Mrs. Phyllis Daniels, and a new gown for her grandmother, Mrs. George Griffin.

Bebe always has insisted that they make their home with her, and Mrs. Daniels has served as her daughter's manager at a big annual salary.

EVERYONE knows of the devotion of Clara Bow to her father, whom she has maintained in luxury ever since she became a star. On four different occasions she has financed him in business enterprises.

When Betty Compson reached stardom, she purchased a home in Glendale, California, for her mother who had worked to give Betty an education. Then she established a trust fund for the parent, the income from which supplies the aged woman's every want.

EVEN when Mabel was Mack Sennett's only star, and she and her employer swept and scrubbed the studio after the day's shooting was finished, Mabel was sending goodly sums to Josephine and her mother who live on Staten Island. Later she established a trust fund for them. On her deathbed she bequeathed them her entire estate.

NO sooner had Jeanette MacDonald, Paramount's songstress, landed herself in the movies, than she sent for her two sisters, Elsie and Blossom. Blossom had been on the New York stage and wanted to continue her career, so Jeanette saw to it that she got screen rôles. Elsie serves as Jeanette's secretary.

Marian Nixon and her sister, Linda, have been particularly close to each other. Several years ago, Marian purchased for Linda a half interest in a gown shop, and has since paid her a salary of \$250 a month for designing and making her wearing apparel.

Lilyan Tashman remembered her sister as soon as she made good in Hollywood. Kitty receives \$250 a month as Lilyan's secretary and shares the Tashman-Lowe home.

When Dorothy Jordan was given a contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her first act was to send for her sister,

(Continued on page 127)

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"brittle lashes"



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The Modern Screen Directory (Players)

(Continued from page 7)

"The Golden Calf." Now playing feminine lead with Amos and Andy in "Check and Double Check."

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Jack Kirkland; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Hallie Hobart in "The Devil's Holiday." Laura Moore in "Follow Thru." Now working as Peggy Gibson in "Laughter."

CHANEY, LON; died Thursday, August 30, survived by widow, non-professional; born in Colorado Springs, Colo. Was M-G-M contract star. Last two pictures, "Thunder," (silent) and "The Unholy Three," (talkie). At work on "Cheri Bebi," at the time of his death.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES; divorced from Lita Grey; born in London, Eng. Write him at the Charles Chaplin Studio. Producer-star. Last picture was "The Circus." Just finishing "City Lights."

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Sarah Storm in "Sarah and Son." Featured role in "Paramount on Parade." Pansy Gray in "Anybody's Woman." Now working in "The Right To Love."

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount Studios. Contract star. Count Alfred in "The Love Parade."

Pierre in "The Big Pond." Just completed role of Albert in "Playboy of Paris."

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Missouri. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Diplomat," "The Valiant" and "The Big Trail." Now appearing in "Good Intentions."

CLAIRE, BERNICE; unmarried, born in Oakland, California. Write her at First National Studio. Contract player. Mary Dane in "Numbered Men," Mlle. Fifi in "The Toast of the Legion," Virginia Rollins in "Top Speed."

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Barbara Billings in "The Big Pond," Lydia Thorne in "Manslaughter." Now on a world tour.

COLLIER, WILLIAM JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Lummox," United Artists; and "Hard-boiled Rose," Warner Brothers.

COLLYER, JUNE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Warner Brothers. Patricia Hunter in "A Man From Wyoming," Paramount. Now playing Mrs. Garland in "Extravagance," Tiffany.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from London actress-wife; born in Surrey, England. Write him at Sam Goldwyn Studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Condemned," and "Bulldog Drummond." Title role in "Raffles." Now making untitled picture.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO Studio. Free lance star. Jane in "Inside the Lines," RKO. Sally in "The Midnight Mystery," RKO. Now working in "The Boudoir Diplomat," Universal.

COOGAN, JACKIE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, California. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Now staging screen come-back in title role of "Tom Sawyer."

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Montana. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Jim Baker in "A Man from Wyoming." Glenister in "The Spoilers." Now playing Tom Brown in "Morocco."

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Jerry in "Our Blushing Brides." Now at work on "Great Day."

CODY, LEW; widower; born in Berlin, New Hampshire. Write him at Pathe Studio. Free lance player. Played opposite Gloria Swanson in "What A Widow." Now working in "Beyond Victory" for Pathe.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at Sam Goldwyn Studio. Contract player. Leading roles in "The Rescue," Sam Goldwyn; "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," M-G-M; and "The Cock-Eyed World," Fox. On New York stage for last year, but returning shortly to the talkies.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at RKO. Contract star. Title roles in "Rio Rita," "Dixiana," and "Alias French Gertie." Now playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Reaching for the Moon" for United Artists.

DELL, CLAUDIA; unmarried; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Contract player. Annabel in "Big Boy" and Sally in "Sit Tight." Now working in "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in London, England. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Male lead in "Madame Satan" and "Jenny Lind." Now working in "Those Three French Girls."

DIETRICH, MARLENE; unmarried; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Now playing Amy Jolly in "Morocco."

DIX, RICHARD; unmarried; born in St. Paul, Minnesota. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract star. Leading role in "Shooting Straight." Now starring in "Cimarron."

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Asnieres, France. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract player. Featured role in "They Had to See Paris." Feminine lead in "Hot for Paris." Now working in untitled M-G-M picture.

DOVE, BILLY; divorced from Irving Willat; born in New York City. Write her at North Hollywood, California. Free lance player. Starred in "The Night Watch," First National. Now taking vacation.

DOWLING, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Providence, Rhode Island. Write him at Metropolitan Studios. Sono-Art contract star. Produced and starred in "The Rainbow Man" and "Blaze o' Glory."

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Marthy in "Anna Christie." Marie in "Caught Short." Now at work in "Dark Star."

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardner; born in Evansville, Indiana. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Not Quite Decent," Fox; "Madonna of Avenue A," Warner Brothers. Now playing Will Rogers' wife in "Lightnin'."

DUNCAN, VIVIAN; married to Nils Asther; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Topsy and Eva," United Artists; and "It's a Gay Life" for M-G-M. Now taking vacation.

DUNCAN, ROSETTA; unmarried; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "Topsy and Eva," United Artists; and "It's a Gay Life" for M-G-M. Now taking a vacation.

DUNN, JOSEPHINE; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. One of "Our Modern Maidens," M-G-M. Featured in "China



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., likes his pets to be so big he can't fall over them.
The Great Dane's name is Hamlet—get it?

(Continued on page 122)

MODERN SCREEN Directory (Pictures)

(Continued from page 9)

OUR BLUSHING BRIDES (M-G-M)—Joan Crawford in a story which, although it's a little silly, has everything in it that will make you sit up and take notice, including a fashion show that will knock both your eyes out. Don't fail to see it.

QUEEN HIGH (Paramount)—A talkie version of the famous musical comedy which is a wow. Suggest you go right away and see it.

RAFFLES (United Artists)—Ronald Colman as the suave crook, Kay Francis as the girl he loves—both giving excellent performances.

RAIN OR SHINE (Columbia)—Joe Cook in a picture that is a world-beater for fun. It all takes place in a circus and is good for a lot of laughs. Don't fail to see it.

ROMANCE (M-G-M)—Reviewed in this issue.

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE (Paramount)—Here's our own Jack Oakie in a story that will keep you guessing until the very end. Oakie's performance as Littleton Looney will simply have you in stitches. This boy certainly is a swell comic.

THE SEA BAT (M-G-M)—A fairly interesting story which has as its theme a horrible sea creature.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW (Paramount)—In this one William Powell plays the part of the fellow who is innocently accused of the murder. This has been done an awful lot but, even so, Powell's performance lifts it to new heights.

SHE'S MY WEAKNESS (RKO)—A charming story of two young kids in love. Acted by Sue Carol and Arthur Lake in a charming manner.

SHOOTING STRAIGHT (RKO)—Richard Dix plays the part of the city gambler who makes his getaway, gets in a railroad wreck, turns up in a country town under another name and wins the love of the beautiful girl—after, of course, quite a few complications. Strongly recommend you to see it.

SINS OF THE CHILDREN (M-G-M)—A sentimental bit of propaganda in favor of father, but it's well done.

SO THIS IS LONDON (Fox)—Will Rogers—enough said! Don't miss it.

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN (Columbia)—Grant Withers in a triangle drama which has as its setting a United States army post.

SONG O' MY HEART (Fox)—The famous singer, John McCormack, makes his talkie debut in this film. It's just a case of whether you like him or not.

THE STORM (Universal)—Reviewed in this issue.

STRICTLY MODERN (First National)—Dorothy Mackaill in a picture which is very well suited to her own special talents. Better see it.

SWEET MAMA (First National)—Alice White in another cabaret story, with David Manners playing the boy she loves who gets mixed up with a gang of crooks. Good stuff.

THREE FACES EAST (Warner Brothers)—Constance Bennett and Eric von Stroheim in the famous spy story. Well worth a visit.

UNDER MONTANA SKIES (Tiffany)—Kenneth Harlan in a corking Western.

THE UNHOLY THREE (M-G-M)—The late Lon Chaney in his last and first talkie.

WAY OUT WEST (M-G-M)—William Haines as a city slicker who tries to trim the cowboys and gets trimmed himself. See it if you're a Haines fan.

WHAT MEN WANT (Universal)—Modern youth with Ben Lyon and Pauline Starke being the youth. If you like stories about the wild younger generation, better see it.

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE (Paramount)—Commander Byrd's famous jaunt to the South Pole movie-ized for you and posterity. Incidentally, it's worth a visit for its own dramatic sake.

Hollywood After Dark

(Continued from page 55)

wood. The place is overrun with trick soft drink and sandwich stands. Calling them stands may get a letter from the Chamber of Commerce. They are ornate, multi-colored and attractive. They are patterned after wind mills, ice cream freezers, oranges, milk bottles and beer bottles. They are lighted up like Coney Island and you can be

served without leaving your machine.

It would never do to close without mentioning the two best places to dance in Hollywood: The Hotel Roosevelt, and the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador. Both of these places are swell. Swell orchestras, swell food.

It is very easy to have a good time after the sun goes down in Hollywood.

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Do not miss these authors in our December Issue

**THYRA SAMTER
WINSLOW**

**ADELE WHITELY
FLETCHER**

WALTER RAMSEY

Watch for WYNN, the famous astrologer who is going to foretell Janet Gaynor's future by reading the stars. He has foretold many famous peoples' futures with uncanny results.

The Modern Screen Directory (Players)

(Continued from page 120)

Bound," M-G-M; "Red Hot Rhythm," Pathe; "Melody Lane," Universal.

DURKIN, JUNIOR: unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount Studio. Free lance player. Now playing Huckleberry Finn in "Tom Sawyer."

EDWARDS, CLIFF: divorced; born in Hannibal, Missouri. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Comedy roles in "Montana Moon," "Good News," and "Way Out West." Now working in "Those Three French Girls."

EILERS, SALLY: married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York City. Write her at Universal Studio. Free lance player. Played leads in "Broadway Babies," First National; "A Sailor's Holiday," Pathe; "Spurs," Universal; "Dough Boys," M-G-M.

ERWIN, STUART: unmarried; born in Squaw Valley, California. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Eustace Macy in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," Paul in "Playboy of Paris." Oscar in "Social Errors," Ambrose in "Along Came Youth."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.: married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colorado. Write him at United Artists Studio. Contract producer-star. Co-starred with Mary in "The Taming of the Shrew." Now working in "Reaching for the Moon."

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.: married to Joan Crawford; born in New York City. Write him at First National Studios. Contract player. Billy Bear in "The Way of all Men." Douglas Scott in "The Dawn Patrol." Now working in "Little Caesar."

FARRELL, CHARLES: unmarried; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract star. Now starring in "The Princess and the Plumber." Next picture to be "Liliom."

FAZENDA, LOUISE: married to Hal Wallis; born in Lafayette, Indiana. Write her at First National Studios. Free lance player. Hortense in "The Leathernecks," RKO. Aunt Kate in "The Main Street Princess."

FRANCIS, KAY: unmarried; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Gwen in "Raffles" for Sam Goldwyn. Irene Manners in "For the Defense," Paramount. Now working in "The Virtuous Sin."

GARBO, GRETA: unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Anna in "Anna Christie." Madame Cavallini in "Romance." Now working in "Red Dust."

GAYNOR, JANET: married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract star. Starred in "Seventh Heaven," "Two Girls Wanted," "Street Angel," "Four Devils," "Christina," and "Lucky Star." Still under contract, but hasn't worked for six months.

GIBSON, HOOT: married to Sally Eilers; born in Tekamah, Neb. Write him at Universal Studio. Contract producer-star. Starred in "Points West," "The Winged Horseman" and "Spurs."

GILBERT, JOHN: married to Ina Claire; born in Logan, Utah. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Starred in "One Glorious Night" and "Redemption." Now working in "Way for a Sailor."

GLEASON, RUSSELL: unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at Pathe Studio. Free lance player. Johnny Dale in "Officer O'Brien," Pathe. Featured role in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Russell in "Beyond Victory," Pathe.

GORDON, GAVIN: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Tom, the young rector, in "Romance."

GRAVES, RALPH: married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player-writer. Featured in "The Flying Fleet," M-G-M. "Submarine" and "Flight" for Columbia.

GRAY, ALEXANDER: unmarried; born in Wrightsville, Pa. Write him at First National Studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Song of the Flame" for First National.

GRAY, LAWRENCE: unmarried; born in San Francisco, Cal. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Lead opposite Marion Davies in "Marianne" and "The Floradora Girl."

GREEN, HARRY: divorced from Mabel Hurst; born in New York City. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Solomon Bimberg in "True to the Navy." Herman in "The Spoilers." Now playing Gabriel Grabowski in "Sea Legs," Jack Oakie's starring picture.

GREEN, MITZI: unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Featured in "Paramount on Parade." Penelope in "Love Among the Millionaires." Now

working as Becky Thatcher in "Tom Sawyer."

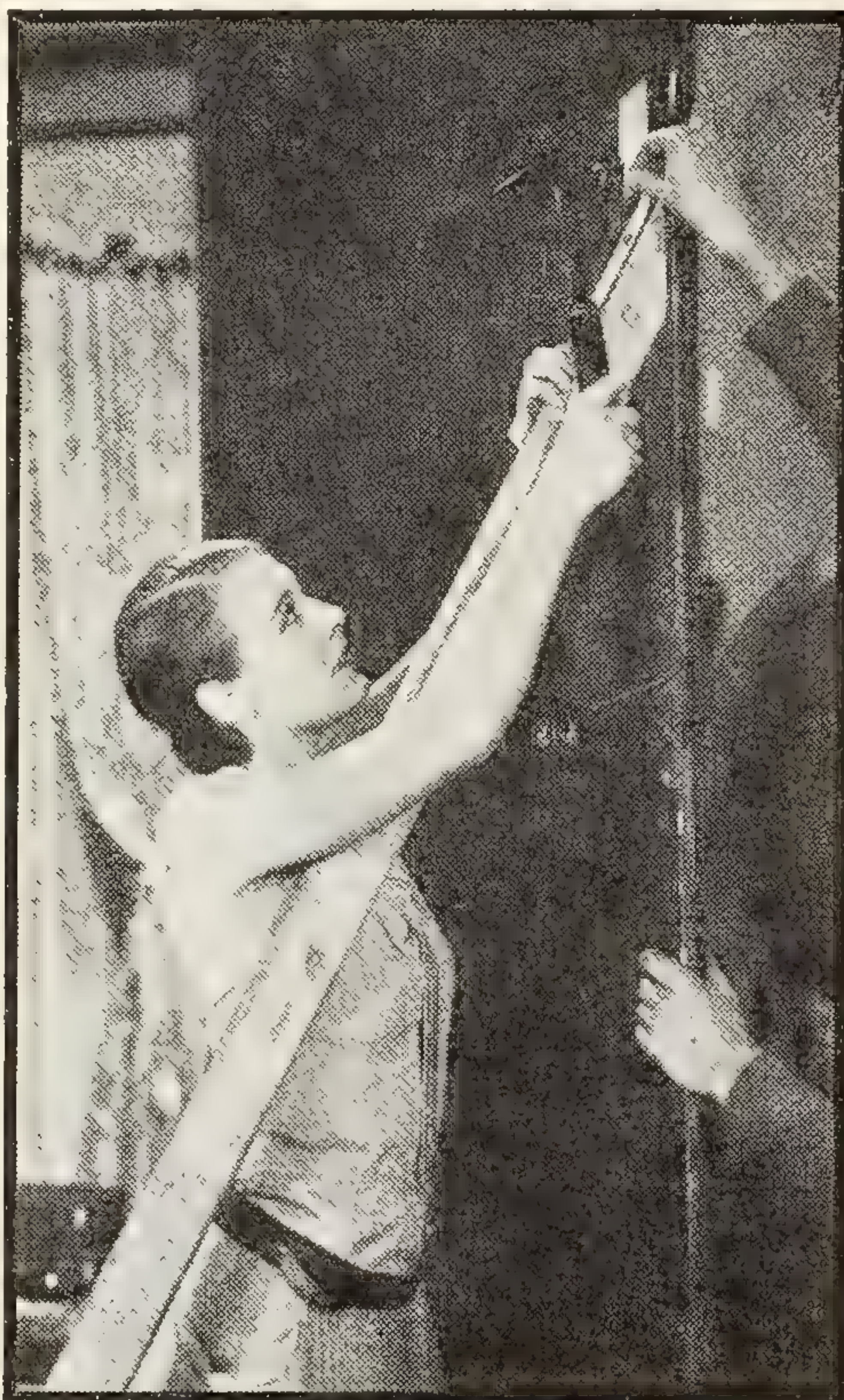
GRIFFITH, CORINNE: married to Walter Morosco. Born in Texarkana, Ark. Write her at Malibu Beach. Free lance star. Stellar roles in "The Divine Lady," "Outcast," "Prisoners," and "Saturday's Children." Now enjoying a year's vacation.

HAINES, WILLIAM: unmarried; born in Staunton, Virginia. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Windy in "Way Out West." Now working in "Remote Control."

HALL, JAMES: divorced; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Warner Brothers Studio. Contract player. Tommy in "Maybe It's Love." George in "Divorce Among Friends."

HAMILTON, NEIL: married to Elsa Whitner; born in Lynn, Mass. Write him at Malibu Beach. Free lance player. Major Brand in "The Dawn Patrol." Doctor Petrie in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." Alice White's leading man in "The Chicago Widow." Now working in "The Cat Creeps," Universal.

HARDING, ANN: married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas. Write her at Paramount. Contract star. Vera Kessler in "Her Private Affair." Linda Seton in "Holiday."



Lita La Roy turns the clock back to the days when the actors helped out with making the props. Look out for that finger, you may need it.

HARDY, OLIVER: divorced; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Hal Roach Studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "The Brat." Now working in "The Rap," Roach pictures.

HEGGIE, O. P.: unmarried; born in Angaston, South Australia. Write him at Paramount Studio. Free lance player. King Louis XI in "The Vagabond King," Paramount. Father Benedict in "The Swan," United Artists.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS: unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. David Stone in "The Devil's Holiday" and Ernst Heron in "Grumpy" for Paramount. Now working in "Barber John's Boy" at Warner Brothers.

HOLT, JACK: married to non-professional; born in Virginia. Write him at Columbia Studio. Contract star. Starred in "Flight," and "Submarine." Now working in "Dirigible," all Columbia pictures.

HUGHES, LLOYD: married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Arizona. Write him at RKO Studio. Free lance player. Male lead opposite Bebe Daniels in "When Love Comes Along."

HUSTON, WALTER: separated from wife but

not divorced; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at First National Studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "The Virginian," Paramount. Title role in "Abraham Lincoln," United Artists. Lopez in "The Bad Man," First National. Now working in leading role in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount.

HYAMS, LEILA: married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Way Out West," and "Way For a Sailor." Now working in "The Passion Flower."

JANNEY, WILLIAM: unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at RKO. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Salute," Fox. Young brother in "Coquette," United Artists. Gordon Scott in "The Dawn Patrol," First National. Tommy Powell in "Shooting Straight." Now working as Tommy Brown in "Crime," for RKO.

JOHNSON, KAY: married to John Cromwell; born in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Billy The Kid," M-G-M, "The Spoilers," for Paramount, and "Madame Satan," M-G-M.

JOLSON, AL: married to Ruby Keeler; born in St. Petersburg, Russia. Write him at United Artists Studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "The Jazz Singer," "The Singing Fool," "Say It With Songs," "Mammy," and "Big Boy," Warner Brothers.

JORDAN, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "Devil May Care," "In Gay Madrid," "Call of the Flesh," and "Love in the Rough," M-G-M. Now at work in "Dark Star."

KEATON, BUSTER: married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kansas. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Free and Easy" and "Dough Boys." Now in Europe on a vacation.

KENT, BARBARA: unmarried; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal Studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "What Men Want," Universal; "Feet First," Harold Lloyd Corporation. Will be Lloyd's feminine lead in his next picture.

KANE, HELEN: unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Nan McGrew in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," Helen Frey in "Sweetie." Now working in "Heads Up" at Paramount's Long Island Studio.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES: divorced from Lila Lee; born in North Dakota. Write him at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Someone to Love," Paramount; "The Time, the Place and the Girl," Warner Brothers; Mark Stone in "The Devil's Holiday."

LAKE, ARTHUR: unmarried; born in Corbin, Kentucky. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract player. Starred in "Tanned Legs," "Dance Hall," and "She's My Weakness Now," all RKO. Now working in "Bunker Bean," RKO.

LANE, LOLA: unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at James Cruze Studio. Contract star. Feminine lead in "The Big Fight." Vacationing at Santa Monica beach and waiting for next Cruze production.

LA PLANTE, LAURA: married to William Sieter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at Universal Studio. Free lance star. Stellar roles in "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," "Show Boat," "Scandal," "The Last Warning," and "The Captain of the Guard," all for Universal.

LAUREL, STAN: married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at Hal Roach Studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "The Brat." Now working on "The Rap," both for Hal Roach.

LEE, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO Studio. Contract player. Juvenile lead in "The Cuckoos." Juvenile lead in "Rio Rita." Featured role in "Dixiana." Now working as juvenile lead in "Half Shot at Sunrise," All RKO.

LEE, LILA: divorced from James Kirkwood. Born in New York City. Write her at First National Studio. Contract player. Judith Temple in "Woman Hungry." Princess Ellen in "The Queen on Main Street." Feminine lead in "The Gorilla." Rosie in "The Unholy Three." Now in a sanitarium in Arizona.

LEWIS, GEORGE: married to Mary Lou Lohman; born in Mexico City. Write him at Universal Studio. Free lance player. Feature roles in "College Love" and "King

(Continued on page 124)

The New "It"

(Continued from page 17)

what the eye sees. Their voices have rung the death knell of many former favorites, but the sixth sense of the producers copes with this, and they import new artists or train old ones, all in the new vein, so as to minister to men's present needs.

A lesson is a lesson and teaches a child or man, if properly administered. And it would seem that the public and the producers have been really clever pupils. The public is now awake to reality and is demanding pictures of life of any class—not only criminal or back-stage—so long as they are true pictures containing dialogue which rings true and is interesting.

MALES are demanding women who, however young they may be, do not demonstrate eternal immaturity, but who allow soul to be felt as an inspiration, the mind to be enjoyed as a stimulant, and the body to be worshipped because it represents the perfect sweetheart type, the perfect wife type, and blends all in what could, in the future, be divine motherhood. This is my conception of the new "IT."

I take my hat off to the producers who sense men's minds, and materialize upon the screen the types which satisfy their desires of the moment.

ANOTHER INTERESTING
FEATURE BY MADAME
ELINOR GLYN WILL
APPEAR IN AN EARLY
ISSUE OF THE MODERN
SCREEN MAGAZINE

The Big 8

(Continued from page 32)

in the motion picture business.

Middle-aged men are in demand as extras and James Kilgannon, nearly forty, is third among the men. He plays bits and has been a barkeeper, a gunman and a sideshow barker in a number of pictures. He was four years in burlesque, an experience which came in the middle of his motion picture work. He has been in and out of the movies as long as he can remember.

FREDERICK LEE played on the stage with James K. Hackett for three years. He tackled the movies two years ago. He is a graduate of the University of Michigan and in his spare time writes for newspapers and magazines. He is forty-one years old and can well pass as the President of the United Dingus Mfg. Co., Inc.

There they are—The Big Eight.

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DON'T FAIL TO READ ADELE WHITELY FLETCHERS ARTICLE
ON HAIRDRESSING IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Half a Million People have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your
Favorite Instrument Without a
Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

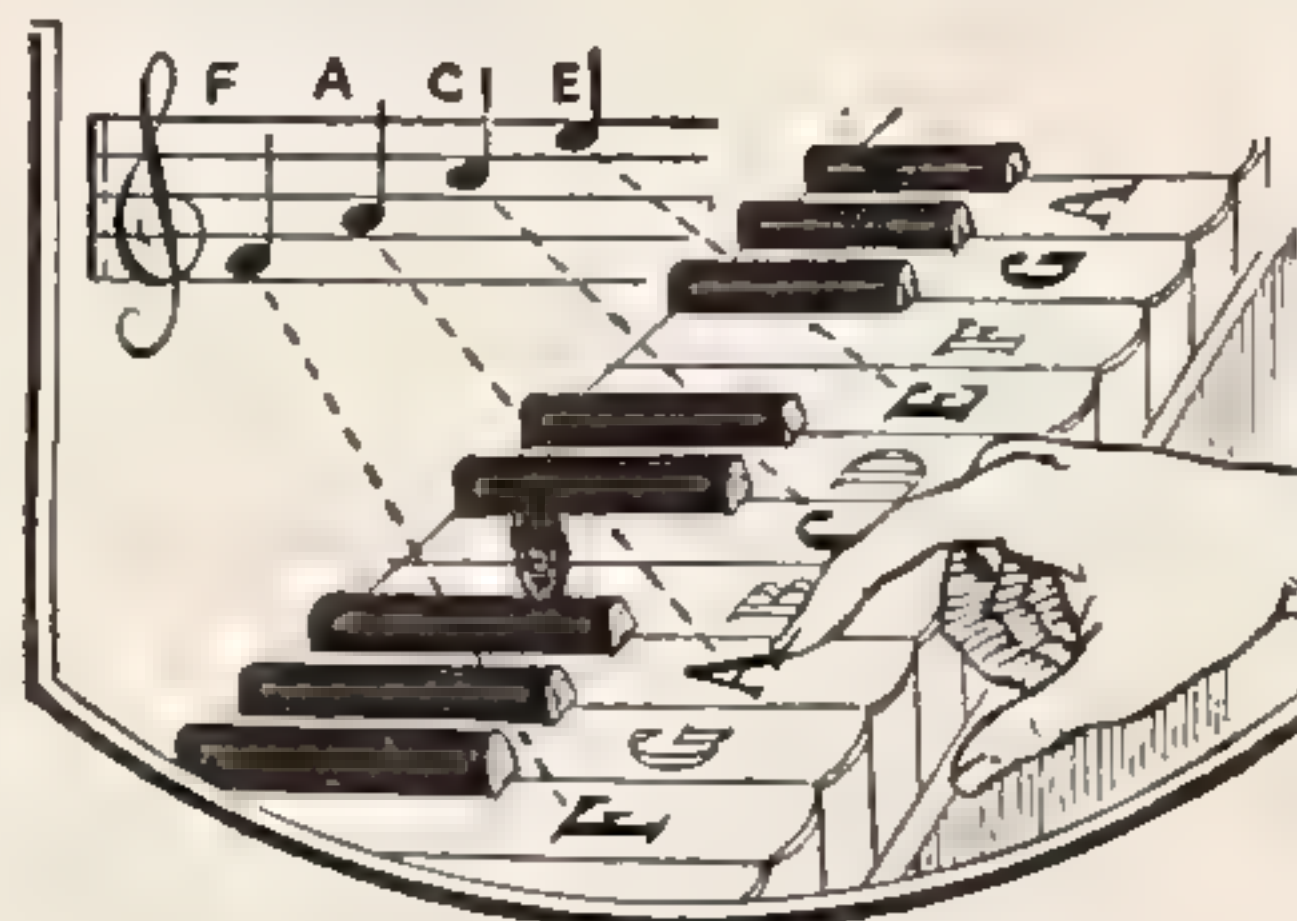
MANY of this half million didn't know one note from another—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all they found learning music *amazingly easy*. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method, perfected by the U. S. School of Music, made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

From the very start you are playing *real* tunes perfectly, by *note*. Every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose.

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Or Any Other Instrument

Learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends. Change from a wall-flower to the center of attraction. Musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have



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Name.....

Address.....

Instrument..... Have you this inst.?



Sue Carol likes all kinds of sports—and proves it by being ready for each and every one.

The Modern Screen Directory (Players)

(Continued from page 122)

of the Campus," both for Universal.
LIGHTNER, WINNIE: married to George Holtrey; born at Greenport, Long Island. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Contract player. Toots in "Hold Everything." Flo in "The Life of the Party." Winnie in "Sit Tight."
LIVINGSTON, MARGARET: unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Canary Murder Case," Pathe's "Official Scandal," Paramount's "Innocents of Paris," and Universal's "The Last Warning."
LLOYD, HAROLD: married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Nebraska. Write him at Metropolitan Studio. Producer-star. Stellar roles in "The Freshman," "For Heaven's Sake," and "Speedy" and "Welcome Danger." Just finished "Feet First," all released by Paramount. Now writing a football story.
LOFF, JEANETTE: divorced; born in Orifino, Idaho. Write her at Universal Studio. Contract player. Featured in "The King of Jazz." Now working as Greta in "The Boudoir Diplomat."
LOVE, BESSIE: married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Good News," M-G-M. Feminine lead in "The Conspiracy" for RKO.

LOWE, EDMUND: married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract player. Louis Beretti in "Born Reckless," Sergeant Quirt in "The Cock-Eyed World." Jerry in "The Bad One." David Cresson in "Good Intentions." Now being starred in "Scotland Yard" in which he plays a dual role.
LOY, MYRNA: unmarried; born in Helena, Montana. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player.
LANE, LUPINO: married to Violet Blythe; born in London, England. Write him at Educational Studios. Free lance star. Featured comedian in "The Love Parade," Paramount. Now starring in stage revue in London.
LUKAS, PAUL: married to a non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Berci in "Grumpy." Gustave Saxon in "Anybody's Woman." Now working in a featured role of "Ladies' Man."
LYNN, SHARON: unmarried; born at Weatherford, Texas. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract player. Feminine lead in "Salute," "The One Woman Idea," "The Vamp," all Fox. Now playing in "Lightnin'."
LYON, BEN: married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at Warner Brothers Studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "Hell's Angels," Caddo Company. Male

lead in "What Men Want," Universal. Just returned to Hollywood from New York, where he made personal appearance at premiere of "Hell's Angels."
LA ROCQUE, ROD: married to Vilma Banky; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Sam Goldwyn Studio. Free lance player. Title role in "Beau Bandit," RKO. Now in Hungary, visiting his wife's parents.
LEBEDEFF, IVAN: unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO. Contract player. Butch Miller in "The Conspiracy." Mischa in "The Midnight Mystery."
LEE, GWEN: unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Our Blushing Brides," "Caught Short," "Lady of Chance," all M-G-M. Now vacationing.
LOMBARD, CAROL: unmarried; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Pathe Studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "The Racketeer," Pathe. Featured role in "Safety in Numbers," Paramount.
LYTELL, BERT: married to Grace Menken, stage actress; born in Newark, N. J. Write him at Columbia Studio. Contract star. Title role in "The Lone Wolf." Now playing dual role in "Brothers."
MACDONALD, JEANETTE: unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Joan Wood in "Let's Go Native." Title role in "Bride 66," for United Artists. Now playing Helene Mara in "Monte Carlo."
MACKAILL, DOROTHY: divorced; born in Hull, England. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "His Captive Woman," "The Love Racket," First National. Now in Europe with her mother for six months' vacation.
MCKENNA, KENNETH: unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at Fox Studio. Featured role in "Men Without Women," Fox.
MARCH, FREDRIC: married to Florence Eldridge. Born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Gunner McCoy in "True to the Navy." Dan O'Bannon in "Manslaughter." Now playing Paul Lockridge in "Laughter."
MARIS, MONA: unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract player. Leading feminine role in "The Arizona Kid" and "Sez You, Sez Me," both Fox.
MARSHALL, EVERETT: unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract star. Carl Van Horn in "Dixiana." Now starring in "Babes in Toyland."
MASON, SHIRLEY: married. Operating beauty parlor in Hollywood. Hasn't worked in pictures for six months. Still managing the beauty shop.
MANNERS, DAVID: married to Suzanne Bushnell; born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Write him at First National Studio. Contract player. Richard Dane in "The Truth About Youth." Caliph Abdallah in "Kismet." Now working in featured role in "Mother's Cry." All First National.
MILJAN, JOHN: married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, South Dakota. Contract player. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Featured role in "Our Blushing Brides," prosecuting attorney in "The Unholy Three." Now working in "Remote Control." All M-G-M.
MERCER, BERYL: divorced from Stuart Holmes; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player. Mother in "Common Clay," Fox. Mary Jones in "Outward Bound," Fox.
MCLAGLEN, VICTOR: married to non-professional. Born in London, England. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract star. Starred in "Hot for Paris." Co-starred in "Painted Women." Now featured in "Women of Nations."
MILLER, MARILYN: divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National Studio. Contract star. Sally in "Sally." Now working on "Sunny."
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT: married to non-professional. Born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Kelly in "Love in the Rough." Featured role in "The Big House." Featured role in "Our Blushing Brides." Now at work in "War Nurse."
MOORE, MATT: unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at United Artists Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Coquette," United Artists. "Side Street," RKO. Now vacationing.
MOORE, OWEN: divorced from Mary Pickford; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at United Artists Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Go Straight," "The Parasite," and "Married." On vacation at Santa Monica.
MOORE, TOM: unmarried; born in County Meath, Ireland. Write him at Hollywood, Calif. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Harbor Lights," and "Pretty Ladies."

(Continued on page 126)

Goodbye, Lon

(Continued from page 39)

quent producers have gladly paid this additional sum to procure the services of so able an actor.

It is a well known fact by now that Lon wrote the section devoted to make-up in the Encyclopedia Britannica besides the preface to a book on that subject.

Lon refused to "go Hollywood," living quietly, far removed from the social activities of the film capital.

Few of his close friends were members of his profession.

He was the most aloof and yet the most democratic of all of his contemporaries.

Never before has there been any Hollywood figure who so frankly and fearlessly realized his own limitations, the demands and inconstancies of his admirers, the dangers of his profession. He was always alert, always eager to banish affectation, always hoping to find one more new and thrilling way to fascinate the countless throng who admired him then and mourn him now.

THE unmade "Cheri Bebi" shall be the symbol of futile regret and disappointment. This picture was to have shown the world a new and amazing Lon Chaney.

Fighting the disadvantages of a man of mystery who spoke, Lon Chaney was planning to surmount the handicaps of his failing voice, caused by a diseased throat, and present his insatiable public with new evidence of his talents.

"... Express grief for thy dead in silence like to death..."

BUT the deserved "silence like to death" can be broken by these few words of eager and reverent admiration and respect.

And, at least, we can all express for this last time our gratitude for the hours of amusement and pleasure offered us by this unique figure in the screen world.

"We are sorry you had to leave us. Good bye, Lon."

—THE EDITOR.

Garbo's Hiding Place

(Continued from page 29)

adament. Mary Pickford, a close friend of the Mountbattens, appealed to her.

"I think I should have a more enjoyable time at home," was Greta's reply over the phone.

MONEY, time and pleasure—even comfort—have been sacrificed by this imported star in her efforts to maintain her absolute seclusion.

How I MADE UP for JOHN'S Shrunkén PAY CHECK



How a little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It has been hard enough before, but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered thru the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done? Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than \$150.00 a week.

Women interested in making \$15.00 to \$50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 6411, Chicago, Ill.

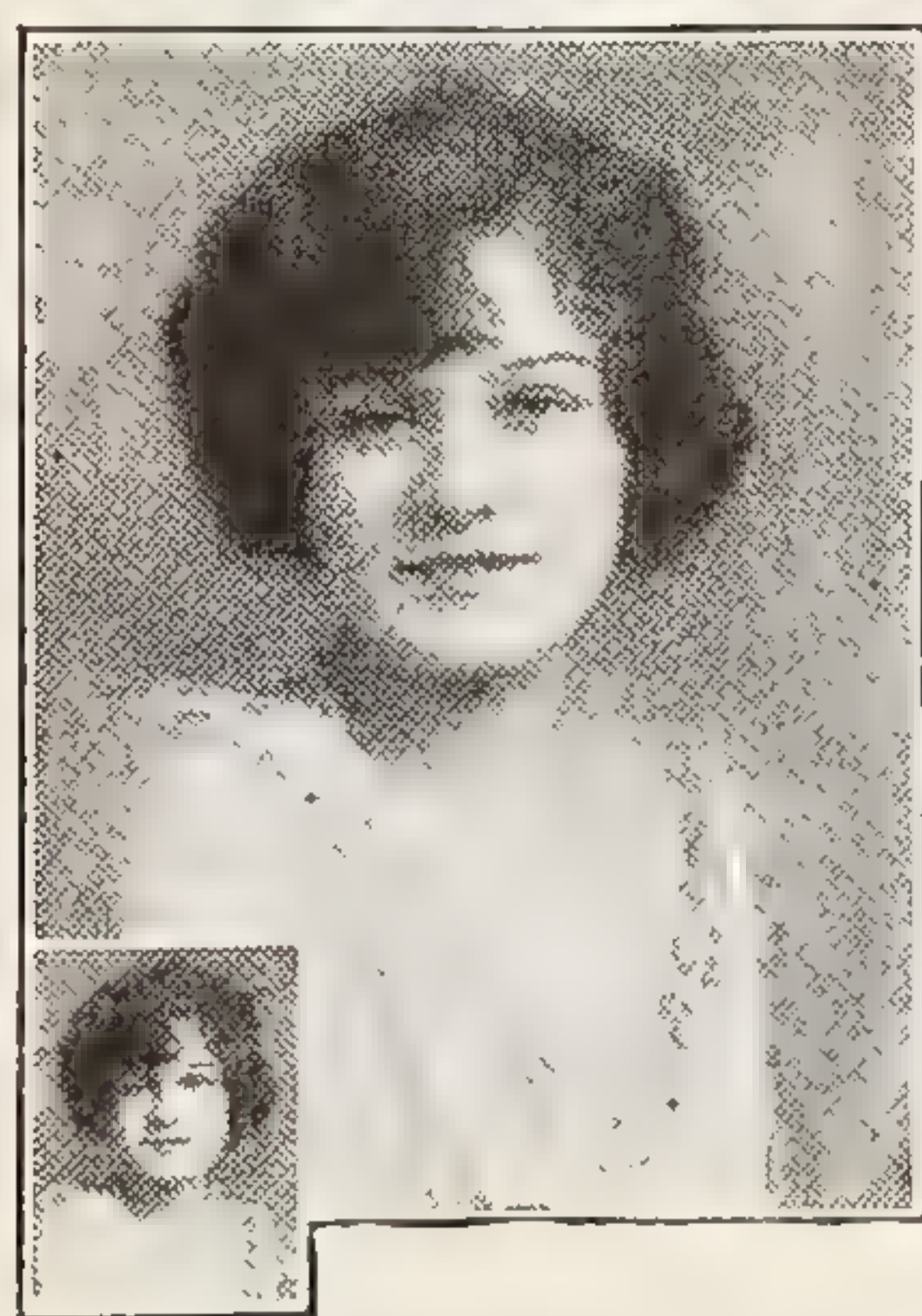
Food Display Machine Corp.,
Dept. 6411, 500-513 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Without cost send me details of your Brown Bobby Plan.

Name.....

Address.....

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344 Waller Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

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Wanted
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☐ 8x10 in.

Please send enlargements from enclosed photo. I will pay postman 49c plus postage for each enlargement. (If 50c cash for each enlargement is enclosed with his order, we pay postage.)

Name.....

Address.....

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Women! Extra Money Quick

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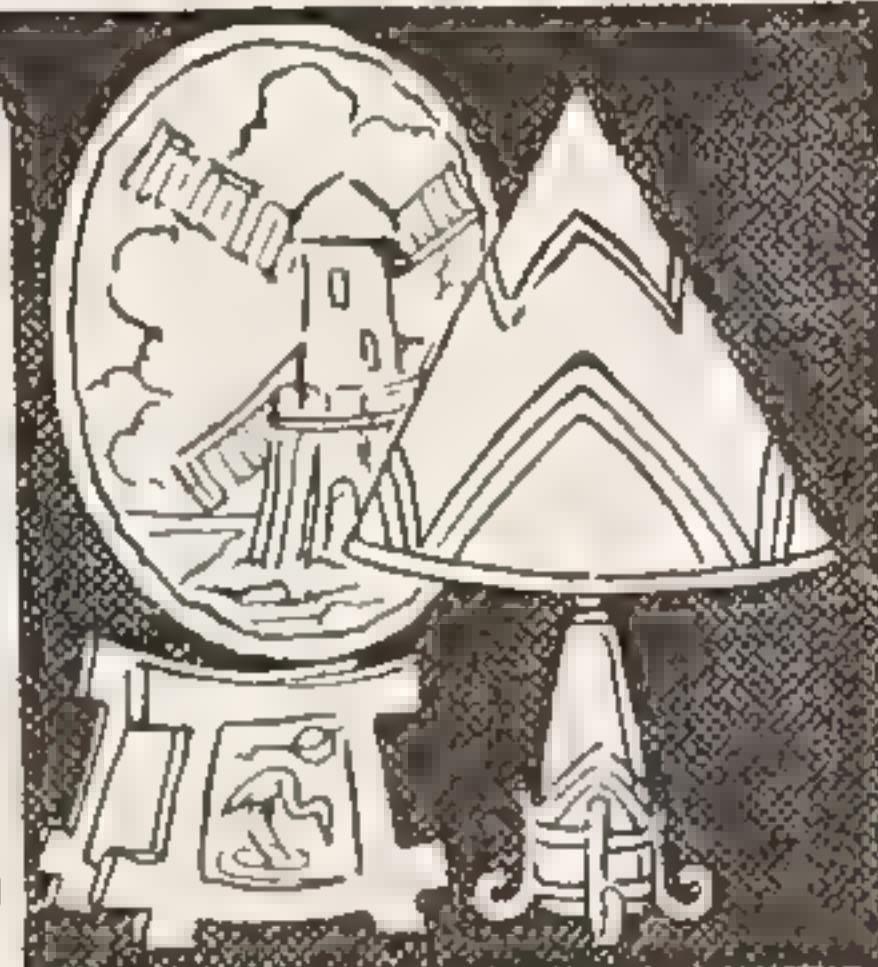
An easy, pleasant, dignified way! No canvassing, no soliciting. No previous training needed. No tedious study nor memorizing. Decorate lovely giftwares in your spare moments. WE SHOW YOU HOW. With Monsieur Petit's Secret of Three Simple Steps you can start at once, for fine cash income. We guarantee your success. We want women in every community. Be the first!

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Send me Free Book. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

The Modern Screen Directory (Players)

(Continued from page 124)

MORENO, ANTONIO: married to Daisy Canfield; born in Madrid, Spain. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player-director. Featured roles in "Careers," "Synthetic Sin," First National. Now directing Spanish versions of M-G-M pictures.

MORAN, LOIS: unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "True Heaven." Now starring in "The Play Called Life." Next picture titled "Blondes," all for Fox.

MORAN, POLLY: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Polly in "Caught Short." Pansy in "Way Out West." Now working as featured player in "Remote Control."

MULHALL, JACK: married to Evelyn Winana; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract player. Johnny Quinlan in "The Fall Guy."

MUNI, PAUL: married to Bella Finckle, professional; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Valiant," and "Seven Faces," for Fox.

MURRAY, CHARLES: married; born in Ireland. Write him at First National Studio. Now working in "The Cohens and the Kellys in Ireland," Universal.

MURRAY, J. HAROLD: married to a non-professional; born in South Berwick, Maine. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Tonight and You," and "Women Everywhere." Now working in "Stolen Thunder." All for Fox.

NAGEL, CONRAD: married to Ruth Helms. Born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Co-starred in "Dynamite." Featured role in "The Divorcee," M-G-M. Featured in "Right of Way," for First National.

NIXON, MARIAN: married to Edward Hillman, non-professional; born in Superior, Wisconsin. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Contract player. Muriel in "Courage." Leading role in "Adios." Title role of "College Widow." Now working in "The Egg Crate Wallop."

NOLAN, MARY: unmarried; born on farm outside of Louisville, Ky. Write her at Universal Studio. Contract star. Starred in "Young Desire," and "Outside the Law," Universal. Now working in "Ex-Mistress," Warner Brothers.

NORTON, BARRY: unmarried; born in Buenos Aires. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Starred in

Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case."

NOVARRO, RAMON: unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "Devil May Care," and "In Gay Madrid." Just finished "Call of the Flesh."

NUGENT, EDDIE: married to non-professional. Born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Father and Son." Now playing featured role in "Remote Control," M-G-M.

NUGENT, ELLIOT: unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Father and Son," and "The Unholy Three." Both M-G-M.

OAKIE, JACK: unmarried; born in Sedalia, Missouri. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Marco Perkins in "The Social Lion." Littleton Looney in "The Sap from Syracuse." Now working as Searchlight Doyle O'Brien in "Sea Legs."

OLAND, WARNER: married to Edith Shearn, professional; born in Ymea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount Studio. Free lance player. Title role in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu" and "The Studio Murder Case," and "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu."

OWEN, CATHERINE DALE: unmarried; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Forbidden Woman," "One Glorious Night," "The Rogue Song," and "The Circle," all for M-G-M.

O'BRIEN, GEORGE: unmarried; born in San Francisco. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "The Last of the Duanees," and "Rough Romance." Now doing stellar role in "Fair Warning," all for Fox.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN: unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox Studio. Contract player. Feminine juvenile lead in "Song O' My Heart" and "So This Is London." Now working as feminine lead in "Just Imagine."

PAGE, ANITA: unmarried; born in Flushing, Long Island. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Featured roles in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Caught Short." Now working in "War Nurse."

PHILBIN, MARY: unmarried. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Universal Studio. Free-lance player. Feminine lead in "Fifth Avenue Models," "The Man Who Laughs," "The Port of Dreams," "Girl-Overboard," all Universal.

PICKFORD, MARY: married to Douglas Fairbanks; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists. Producer-star. Title role in "Coquette." Co-starred with Fairbanks in "The Taming of the Shrew."

PICKFORD, JACK: former husband of Marilyn Miller, recently married to Mary Mulhern; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at United Artists Studio. Assistant director in Mary Pickford's Studio. Former star. Ill health has kept him from working as a player.

POWELL, WILLIAM: divorced from non-professional; born in Kent City, Missouri. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract star. Jim Nelson in "Shadow of the Law." William Foster in "For the Defense." Now working as star of "New Morals."

PRINGLE, AILEEN: married to non-professional. Born in San Francisco. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Dream of Love."

O'NEIL, SALLY: unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Columbia Studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with her sister, Molly O'Day in "Sisters," Columbia. Now on vaudeville tour.

PAGE, PAUL: unmarried; born in Chicago, Illinois. Write him at First National Studio. Free lance player. Alan Ward the young attorney, in "The Naughty Flirt," First National.

PALLETTE, EUGENE: unmarried; born in Winfield, Kansas. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Square Deal McCarthy in "The Sea God." Pierre in "The Playboy of Paris." Now working as Hyacinth Nitouche in "Sea Legs."

PATRICOLA, TOM: write him at Educational Studio. Free lance comedian. Comedy role in "Words and Music," Fox. Now being starred in series of two-reelers for Educational.

QUARTERO, NINA: unmarried; born in Mexico. Write her at James Cruze Studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "The Eternal Woman," Columbia. "Frozen River" and "One Stolen Night," Warner Bros.

QUILLAN, EDDIE: unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Pathe Studio. Contract star. Stellar roles in "The Sophomore," and "Up And At 'Em," Pathe. Now working as Will Musher in "Night Work."

REVIER, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in San Francisco. Write her at Columbia Studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "The Iron Mask," United Artists; "Flight," "Ladies of Leisure," "Submarine," all Columbia. Now playing feminine lead in "Dirigible," Columbia.

ROGERS, CHARLES BUDDY: unmarried; born in Olathe, Kansas. Write him at Paramount. Contract star. Jerry Downs in "Follow Thru." Starred in "Heads Up." Now working as Larry Brooks in "Along Came Youth," all Paramount.

ROLLINS, DAVID: unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract player. Has been working as juvenile lead for the last four months in "The Big Trail." Male lead in "Love, Live, and Laugh." Juvenile lead in "Black Watch."

ROTH, LILLIAN: unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Cora Falkern in "Honey." Arabella Rittenhouse in "Animal Crackers." Now working as Adrienne in "Sea Legs."

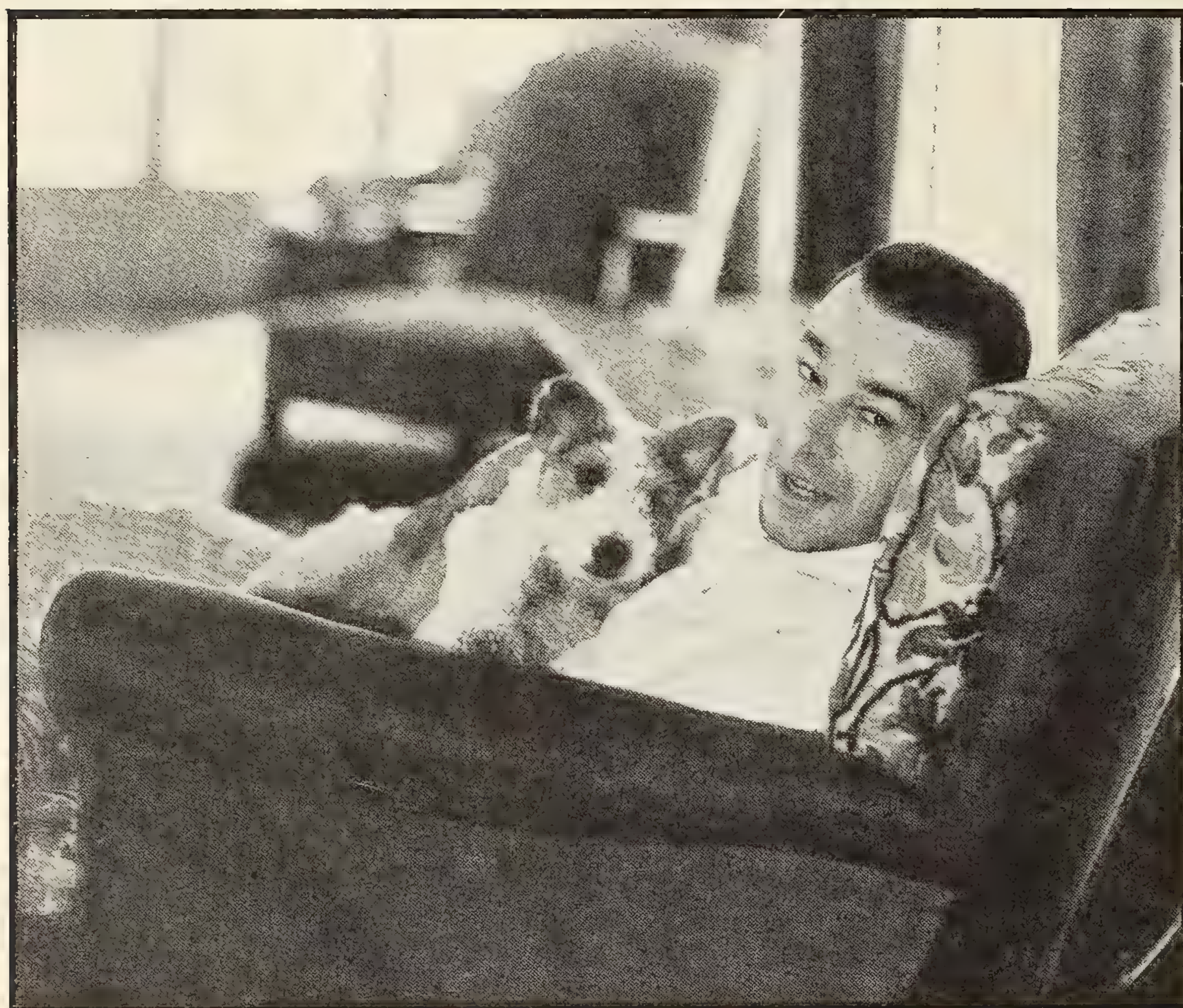
ROGERS, WILL: married to a non-professional; born in Olagah, Indian territory. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "They Had to See Paris." Stellar role in "So This Is London." Now working as Lightnin' Bill in "Lightnin'." All for Fox.

SEEGAR, MARIAM: unmarried; born in Indiana. Write her at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead opposite Richard Dix in "The Love Doctor."

RICH, IRENE: married to David Blankenhorn, multi-millionaire ship owner and realtor; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at Fox Studio. Free lance player. Wife roles in "They Had to See Paris," "So This Is London." Now playing a mother role in "Lightnin'."

ROGERS, GINGER: unmarried; born in Independence, Mo. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Puff Randolph in "Young Man of Manhattan"; Polly Rockwell in "Queen High"; Ellen Saunders in "The Sap from Syracuse." Now working as Mary in "Manhattan Mary."

ROLAND, GILBERT: unmarried; born in Chihuahua, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Stellar role in "Monsieur Le Fox," M-G-M.



Believe it or not, this wire-haired terrier of Bob Armstrong's responds to the cute name of Huckleberry Fin.

(Continued on page 128)

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

(Continued from page 119)

Mary, a resident of Clarksburg, Tenn. Now she is paying for Mary's education in Scripps College for Women at Pomona, California.

LILLIAN ROTH and her sister, Ann, formed a kid vaudeville team when Lillian was five and Ann was three years old. The team was split when Lillian went on the New York legitimate stage, from which she was sent to Hollywood by Paramount. Now she is getting Ann a start in the studios, having won her an important rôle in "Madame Satan" and another in "The Little Café."

Lila Lee has set aside a fund for the education of the two young children of her sister, Mrs. Peggy Tuttle, of Columbus, Ohio.

IT was the "break" given him by his sister, Norma, that led to Douglas Shearer becoming one of the highest-salaried technical men in the studios. He is chief sound engineer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Norma hadn't yet reached stardom when she found a place for Douglas as an assistant director. Then she saw to it that he was transferred to other departments that he might learn something of every branch of the business.

EVER since Charles Rogers played his first rôle on the silversheet, it has been his ambition to have his brother, Bruce, join him. But first he wanted

the younger member of the family to have two years at college.

Last Fall, Bruce entered the University of Kansas, Charles' Alma Mater. During the winter he was stricken with pneumonia. When he was brought to California to recuperate, Charles relented and decided Bruce could start his film career as soon as he was well. Now he's under contract to Paramount.

When Jobyna Ralston was playing opposite Harold Lloyd she told me she had two ambitions—to be a great motion picture star and to make a real man of her brother, Eddy "Buddy" Ralston, whom she adored.

Her first desire has never been fulfilled, but she did rear "Buddy" in the proper way. She sent him through high school, then through the University of California.

He now holds a highly-paid position in the business of First National Pictures.

Dick Heermance, brother of June Collyer, wanted to learn studio operation methods, so June brought him to Hollywood and obtained employment for him in Tec-Art studios.

The first thing Joan Crawford did when she brought her brother, Hal Le Seuer, to Hollywood from Kansas City, was to purchase a small house for him, provide him with an automobile and see to it that he got in pictures.

Truly, the stars are their brother's keepers. But how few people realize it.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 104)

wavy kind—you can put the waves wherever you want them. Well, of course, it does take a bit of practice—but what doesn't?

DIET IS EXPENSIVE!

And now, having saved a few of those nickels, dimes, quarters and even dollars that just seem to melt away on beauty preparations, let us consider a beauty problem which really is expensive. I mean dieting—sane and sensible dieting.

No, indeed—dieting isn't a simple matter of going without food. It's a matter of eating the proper kind of food, systematically following the proper course of exercise, and engaging a competent masseuse. It involves a visit to your physician to find out if your health is good enough to allow you to diet. Even if you only wish to take off that ten pounds around the tummy and hips, it takes forethought, money, and time.

And you cannot—you must not—try to diet economically. It will endanger your health, as you may have heard before. Nor must you follow any of those idiotic diet plans of lettuce and beans, buttermilk and carrots or whatnot. You've heard them praised to the skies, of course. "My dear, she ate nothing but tomatoes and drank cider for a month and now she's as slim as a sylph!" Mmm—and just about as

human as a sylph, I'll be bound.

I must cite my own pet example of what I *don't* mean by sensible dieting. I know a lovely lady who, this time last year was heading rapidly for the two hundred and fifty pound class. You'll just have to believe me when I tell you that she's now one hundred pounds lighter. And she *seems* to be in perfect health and looks marvelous. How? Champagne and milk of magnesia! Did you ever? Well, the lady had a great deal of money and nothing on earth to do but get thin and her physician prescribed that very bizarre diet—with only one meal a week, mind you. Yes, it sounds crazy to me, too, but it worked.

Obviously, however, that is a very impractical method and far from a sensible one. You have, yourself, doubtless, heard of equally outrageous diet plans and perhaps have been tempted to follow them yourself. Don't ever do it!

Therefore, if you have to work in an office, or manage a house, or simply dash about to social events, for heaven's sake get your doctor to prescribe your diet. Then stick to it. And go to a gymnasium, regularly and faithfully. And find a masseuse who knows his business and visit him twice a week. Spend as much as necessary and do without the manicures and shampoos and unnecessarily expensive perfumes till your diet bill is paid.



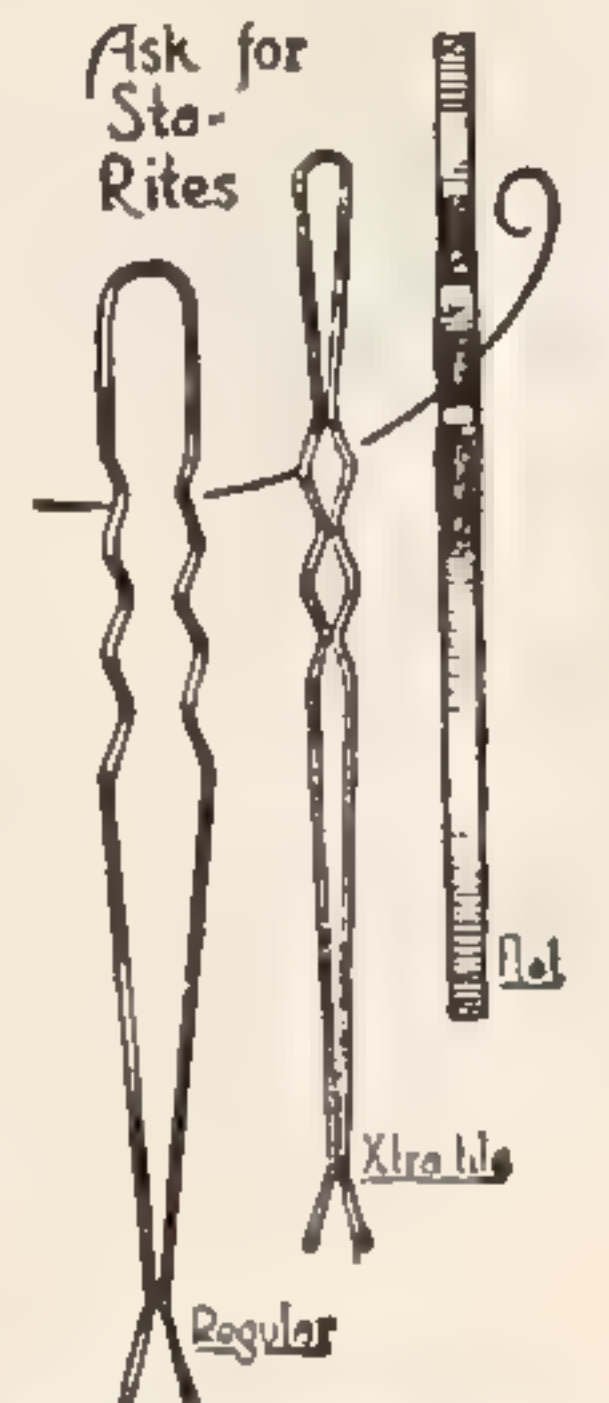
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Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey seem to be getting it in the neck from John Rutherford. They're all in "Half Shot at Sunrise."

The Modern Screen Directory (Players)

(Continued from page 126)

SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH: divorced from Elise Bartlett; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Universal Studio. Free lance player. The gambler in "Show Boat," Universal. Lead in "Cock of the Walk."

SCOTT, FRED: unmarried, born Fresno, Calif. Write him at Pathe Studio. Contract star. Gerry in "Swing High." Now working as Fred Brandon in "Beyond Victory."

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY: unmarried; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "The Single Standard," M-G-M Studio; feminine lead in "Morgan's Last Raid," M-G-M; featured role in "Our Blushing Brides," M-G-M. Now working in featured role in "Dirigible," Columbia.

SMITH, STANLEY: unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Jerry Hamilton in "Love Among the Millionaires." Dick Johns in "Queen High." Now working in "Manhattan Mary," all for Paramount.

SEGAL, VIVIENNE: unmarried; born in White Plains, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. Studio. Free lance player. Prima-donna role in "The Song of the West," "Golden Dawn," "Bride of the Regiment," all First National.

SHEARER, NORMA: married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract star. Jerry in "The Divorcee." Betty in "Let Us Be Gay."

SPARKS, NED: unmarried; born in St. Thomas, Ontario. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract player. Happy Winter in "Street Girl," Happy in "Love Comes Along," Winthrop Clavering in "The Conspiracy," and Dan Walsh in "The Fall Guy."

SIDNEY, GEORGE: unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal Studio. Free lance player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and Kellys in Scotland." Now co-starring in "The Cohens and Kellys in Ireland."

SILLS, MILTON: married to Doris Kenyon. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Fox Studio. Contract star. Stellar role in "The Sea Wolf," Fox. Now working in stellar role in "Net Work."

SKINNER, OTIS: married to non-professional. Write him at First National Studio. Contract star. Now working in stellar role in "Kismet."

STONE, LEWIS: divorced from Florence Oak-

ley. Born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. The Warden in "The Big House." Featured role in "Romance." Now working in "The Passion Flower," all M-G-M.

STUART, NICK: married to Sue Carol; born in Roumania. Write him at Mack Sennett Studio. Free lance player. Juvenile lead in "Joy Street," Fox. Now being starred in a series of short comedies for Mack Sennett.

SWANSON, GLORIA: separated from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Pathe Studio. United Artists producer-star. Stellar roles in "The Trespasser" and "What a Widow."

TASHMAN, LILYAN: married to Edmund Lowe. Born in New York City. Write her at Paramount Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "The Matrimonial Bed," Warner Bros.; "Leathernecking," RKO. Now working in featured role in "The Cat Creeps," Universal.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE: married to Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Delaware. Write her at RKO Studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "Where East is East," M-G-M. Now working in featured role in "Cimarron" for RKO.

TALMADGE, NORMA: married to Joseph Schenck; born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. Write her at United Artists Studio. Producer-star. Stellar role in "The Woman Disputed," "New York Nights," and "Madame Du Barry," all United Artists. Now in Paris on a vacation.

TEARLE, CONWAY: divorced from Adele Rowland, a professional; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. Studio. Free lance player. Featured in roles in "Evidence" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway," both Warner Brothers.

TALMADGE, RICHARD: unmarried; born in Des Moines, Iowa. Producer-star. Stellar role in "The Bachelor's Club" for General Pictures Corporation. Now working in an untitled production for Richard Talmadge Productions.

TOOMEY, REGIS: married to non-professional; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Bob Drexel in "The Light of Western Stars," Tom in "The Shadow of the Law." Just finished featured role in Warner's "The Steel Highway."

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE: married to a non-professional; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract

star. Yegor in "The Rogue Song." Now working as co-star with Grace Moore in "The New Moon." Both M-G-M.

TORRENCE, ERNEST: married to non-professional; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Featured role in "Strictly Unconventional." Now working in "Call of the Flesh." Both M-G-M.

TORRES, RAQUEL: unmarried; born in Hermosillo, Mexico. Write her at M-G-M Studio. Contract player. Feminine leads in "White Shadows of the South Seas," and "The Sea Bat," M-G-M; "Under a Texas Moon," Warner Bros.

TREVOR, HUGH: unmarried; born in Yonkers, N. Y. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract player. Bobby Murray in "The Night Parade," John Howell in "Conspiracy," Billy in "The Cuckoos," Gregory Sloane in "The Midnight Mystery." Now working as Lieut. Jim Reed in "Half Shot at Sunrise."

TRYON, GLENN: married to non-professional; born in Julietta, Idaho. Write him at Universal Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "It Can Be Done," "Broadway," and "The Kid's Clever," all for Universal.

TWELVETREES, HELEN: divorced from Clark Twelvrees; born in New York City. Write her at Pathe Studio. Contract star. Heroine of "Swing High" and "The Grand Parade." Star of "Her Man." Loaned to Universal for feminine lead of "The Cat Creeps," now in production. Next picture from original story of Joseph Santley who will direct it for Pathe.

VALLI, VIRGINIA: unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox Studio. Free lance player. Featured feminine roles in "The Isle of Lost Ships" and "Mr. Antonio."

VARCONI, VICTOR: married to Vienna actress; born in Kisvard, Hungary. Write him at Warner Brothers Studio. Free lance player. Just finished male lead in "The Caballero," Warners.

VELEZ, LUPE: unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at Universal Studio. Contract star. Feminine leads in "Where East is East," M-G-M; "Tiger Rose," Warner Bros.; "Hell's Harbor," United Artists; starred in "The Storm," Universal.

WHEELER, BERT: married to non-professional; born in Patterson, N. J. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract player. Chick in "Rio Rita." Sparrow in "The Cuckoos." Peewee in "Dixiana." Now working as Tommy in "Half Shot at Sunrise," all RKO.

WHITE, ALICE: unmarried; born in Patterson, N. J. Write her at First National Studio. Free lance star. Stellar roles in "Show Girl in Hollywood" and "The Naughty Flirt," both First National. Now enjoying a vacation.

WHITE, MARJORIE: married to Eddie Tierney; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Featured role in "Svenson's Wild Party" and "Happy Days." Now working opposite Frank Albertson in "Just Imagine."

WILSON, LOIS: unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. Studio. Free lance player. Feminine leads in "Conquest," and "Kid Gloves," Warner Bros. "Once a Gentleman," James Cruze Productions.

WOLHEIM, LOUIS: married to non-professional; born in New York City. Write him at RKO Studio. Free lance player. Featured role in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Universal. Starred in "Danger Lights," RKO. To become a director under his new RKO contract.

WRIGHT, HELEN: unmarried; born in Florence, Kansas. Write her at Universal Studio. Free lance player. Feminine lead in "Dames Ahoy," Universal.

WITHERS, GRANT: married to Loretta Young. Born in Pueblo, Colo. Write him at Warner Bros. Studio. Contract player. Lead in "Dancing Sweeties." Now working as Bill in "The Steel Highway."

WOOLSEY, ROBERT: married to non-professional. Born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO Studio. Contract player. Lovett in "Rio Rita." Prof. Bird in "The Cuckoos." Ginger in "Dixiana." Now working as Gilbert in "Half Shot at Sunrise."

WRAY, FAY: married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount Studio. Contract player. Consuelo in "The Texan." Joan Randal in "The Border Legion." Now playing as Daisy in "The Sea God."

YOUNG, LORETTA: married to Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City. Write her at First National Studio. Contract player. Elaine Bumpstead in "Broken Dishes," Phyllis Ericson in "The Truth About Youth." Recently finished featured role in "Kismet."

YOUNG, ROLAND: unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M Studio. Free lance player. Featured roles in "Her Private Life," First National; "The Bishop Murder Case," and "The Unholy Three," both M-G-M.

The Gifts They Get

(Continued from page 109)

is a place for cigarettes and his feet hold a flat white tray.

Louise Fazenda had a duck, Waddles, which was used in her first Mack Sennett comedies. The duck had a long career and then was retired to Miss Fazenda's back yard when it was too old to work. Waddles died last year and newspapers all over the country carried the story. Shortly after, Louise received two beautiful china ducks from an old woman in Buffalo, who suggested that they might decorate her garden as a permanent memorial to the popular Waddles. Two tiny cacti represent another treasure of Miss Fazenda's. They were sent her by a miner in Idaho, who said he would like to have a bit of his beloved desertland planted in Louise's garden.

BEFORE she went to Africa to play the feminine lead in "Trader Horn," Edwina Booth received a regular deluge of portable typewriters from her fans. Another unusual gift received by the blonde Edwina was a large and very fine elephant gun, a gift rarely if ever before received by young women of the screen.

A tambourine from old Spain sent by a fan is Loretta Young's cherished gift, while Joe E. Brown's is the container that a home-made chocolate pie—sent him by a Cleveland girl—came in.

A fan in Havana, Cuba, saw Phyllis Haver on the screen in "Tenth Avenue" and promptly sent her some very rare tropical fireflies!

From Hawaii came Dorothy Mac-

kaill's most novel gift. It was a complete and very lovely Hawaiian costume, sent by one of her staunchest admirers.

An elephant, hand-carved and a magnificent piece of art, is the fan gift that Estelle Taylor prizes above all others.

WHEN Claud Allister was signed for "Bulldog Drummond," his second picture in Hollywood, he was told that he must wear a monocle. He had never worn one, didn't have one in his possession and didn't know where to get one. He started a tour of Hollywood optical shops, but one thing that Hollywood didn't have, it seemed, was monocles. From one shop to the next he went. People in the various stores looked amused at the Englishman asking for something that Americans seemed to think was in the bureau drawers of all Britishers. Allister returned home empty-handed. Two days later a package arrived by mail from an admirer of Allister's who said he had been in a shop on the Boulevard when the actor was enquiring for a monocle. This fan remembered he had one among a lot of old things at home, had asked the optician the full name and address of the actor, and was offering the monocle to him. Allister eagerly took possession of it and now he says he wouldn't give it up for any amount of money.

These are only a few gifts stars receive from fans. There are many, many more. And each and every one is fully appreciated. And that's just what they deserve to be!

Eavesdropping on Will Rogers

(Continued from page 116)

anyway, so they could see how beautiful it is. Then I have breakfast and hit for the studio. At noon-time I borrow some specs from someone (I'm always forgettin' my own) and read the paper so as I can write my daily comment for the next day's papers."

"Where do you write it?"

"Oh—anywhere I can find a typewriter or maybe in my coupé."

"How do you get your ideas?"

HE laughed. "I'll always get ideas as long as there's Congressmen. And when I get tired poking fun at them why then there's the Disarmament Conference and the League of Nations and Prohibition and other jokes. I just fool around till I fill up the column and then don't think about it anymore till next day at noon. Then after dinner I work again and then beat it for the ranch to try to get another game of polo in before supper and bed."

"Is that all?" they asked.

"Well—yes," drawled Will. "Except

sometimes instead of playing polo I fool around with the lasso or go for a airplane ride."

"Can you pilot an airplane, Will?"

"Sure I could. Right down in a heap."

QUESTIONS and answers and laughter kept flying around the place. It was hard to catch all that was said. But I remember one certain question and answer that should be set down. It was when someone asked Will's advice to those who are trying to break into the movies.

Responded Will: "I advise anyone who wants to act in the movies to get a nice strong rope about ten feet long and take it out on a branch about twelve feet from the ground. Then they oughta tie one end of the rope to the branch and the other around their neck and sorta lose their balance. What happened next would be best for everybody."

That was the quip that sent them laughing from the table.

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Film Gossip

(Continued from page 118)

THIS is just a tip to all the girls who think they would like to come out to Hollywood and go in the movies: There are three girl-waitresses in Henry's who used to do extra work in pictures. Their salary on an average was \$15 weekly. Tips included, they are now earning \$100 weekly in this Hollywood restaurant waiting on tables.

* * *

THE skeptics who doubt the artistic hobbies of film stars can take our word for it that Joan Crawford designed all the costumes worn by the Albertina Rasch ballet girls in "Our Blushing Brides."

Joan puts this talent to use at home, too. She and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have a budget and they adhere to it strictly. One of Joan's economies is designing her own clothes. She has them made by a dressmaker and at a surprisingly small expense. In fact, the complete cost of one of her latest elaborate gowns was just \$10.31.

EVER since Garbo started the fad of being a "myth" to her public, several other Hollywood stars have tried to pull the same idea by refusing to see newspaper or fan magazine reporters.

Constance Bennett is the latest to join this fast growing brigade. Just recently she notified her press agent that she would make no more appointments with the press. Connie, it is said, is very dissatisfied with the type of publicity she has been receiving. Especially with the stories to the effect that she spends \$250,000 yearly on clothes—and that "every girl should marry at least one millionaire."

John Barrymore has been refusing interviews for a year.

Joe E. Brown is another man who is not eager to welcome the press. And of course, there's John Gilbert.

* * *

Jackie Coogan received \$7,500 weekly for his appearance in "Tom Sawyer."

HOLLYWOOD sob sisters did their best to try to promote bad feelings between Bebe Daniels and Marilyn Miller, respectively, the present wife, and the former girl-friend of Ben Lyon, by reporting that Marilyn fainted at the Daniels-Lyon wedding. The idea being that she was broken hearted.

In spite of the embarrassment occasioned by these stories Bebe and Marilyn have become the best of friends. They dine and lunch together several times weekly.

* * *

WALLACE BEERY and Arita Mary Beery have decided to go their own way after seven years of what Hollywood believed to be a very happy married life.

So far neither Beery nor his wife have any definite statement to make regarding their trouble.

"I am living in a Hollywood apartment by myself," said Wally to a newspaper reporter. "My wife has gone away—I don't think she is returning."

* * *

Buddy Rogers is a gallant youth. Recently he was seen dancing gracefully in a slow-time waltz with a white-haired lady who looked like some one's mother.

* * *

GRAUMAN's Chinese Theatre will introduce the most unique curtain of theatre history with the opening of "The Big Trail." This "drop" designed by the Spanish artist, Xavier Cugat, depicts all the famous personalities of Hollywood in colored caricature.

Every effort at secrecy has surrounded this curtain. Very few people have seen this work of art, or know much about it. They seem to be holding it for a big surprise.

* * *

WHEN is a vacation not a vacation? When you have to stop off in Chicago and take street scenes for a new picture, is William Powell's answer to that one.

Bill was just passing through on his way back to Hollywood after three months in Europe when the studio wired him to stand by for local atmosphere shots for his next picture, "New Morals."

* * *

HOLLYWOOD isn't taking much stock in the rumored romance between Clara Bow and Rex Bell. Clara still seems to be very interested in Harry Richman, at least to the extent of liking to talk about him and muse over the general "fun" of knowing him.

Rex is quite insistent that Clara never was in love with Harry. "They were just good friends," he explains nonchalantly. "Perhaps Harry did fall pretty hard for Clara, but I don't think there was ever any real interest on her part."

Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.



Handsome Lewis Ayres and cute Joan Marsh go in for water sports on the Universal lot.



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